WEEK ENDING JUNE 8, 1929

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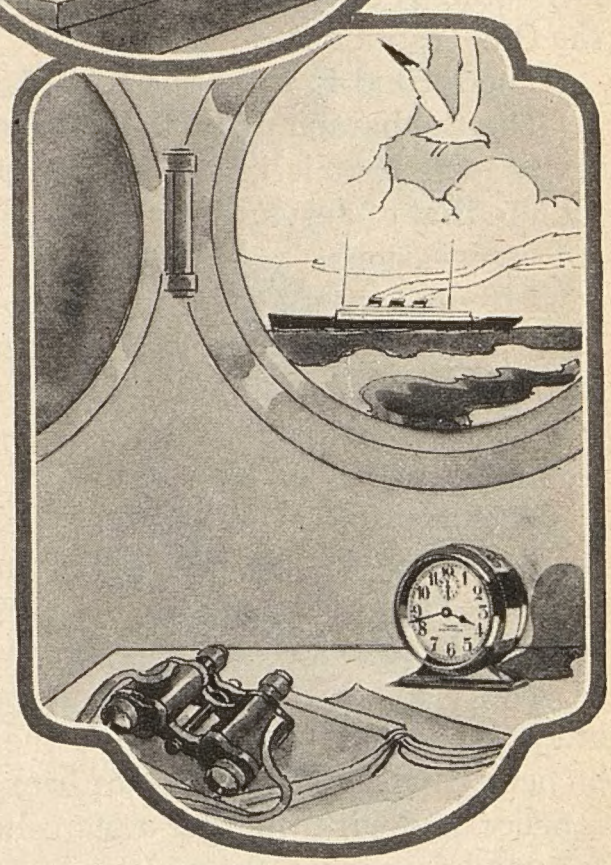

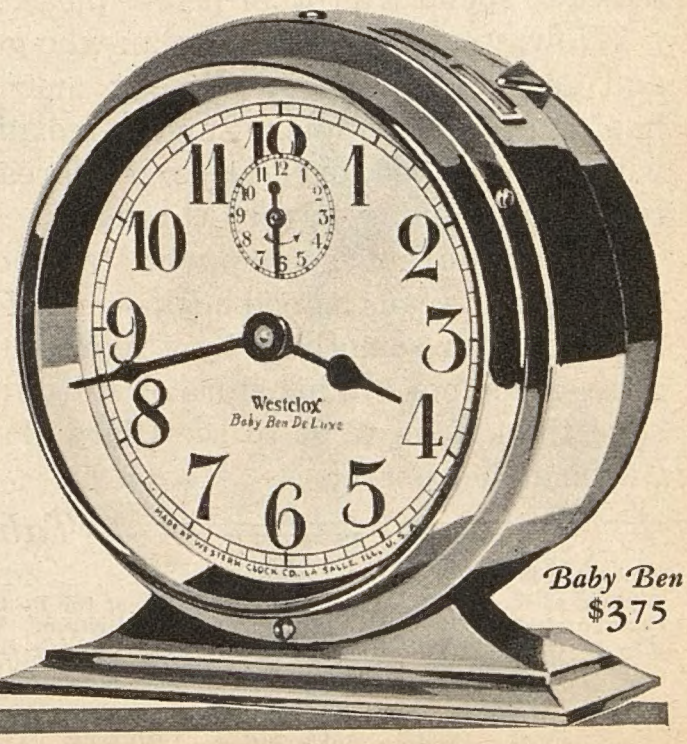

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JUNE 8, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6, No. 22

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

SABBATH DAY

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.
—*Exodus xx. 8-11.*

And it came to pass, that he went through the corn fields on the sabbath day; and his disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn. And the Pharisees said unto him, Behold, why do they on the sabbath day that which is not lawful? And he said unto them, . . . The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.
—*Mark ii. 23-27.*

The first of these quotations is from the Mosaic law—the Ten Commandments, as they appear in the Old Testament.

The second is from the life of Jesus Christ.

The Sabbatarians of today seem to lean more toward the Mosaic interpretation of God's wishes than to that of Jesus. Though not, of course, without reservations.

After all, if we obeyed the Fourth Commandment with any degree of literalness our modern civilization would fall. Policemen, firemen, waterworks, railroad and trolley men, morning newspaper men all work on Sunday. So do waiters.

The question is, how far should the Mosaic law be liberalized in our modern community? Even the most rabid Sabbatarian believes that it should be liberalized to a certain degree.

This is another editorial about personal liberty, but it is not concerned with whether a man should be permitted to take a glass of beer or of wine. It is concerned with whether a man should be allowed to spend Sunday as he pleases, or should be compelled to spend it as other people please.

Now, we admit that the man who gets up early and goes to church on Sunday morning has as happy, often a happier, Sunday morning than he who stays in bed, oversleeps, overbreakfasts, and reads the Sunday papers through.

We admit that the man who stays home Sunday evening and reads a good book—one of the classics if he likes, or something by a representative modern—adds more to his store of substantial knowledge than if he went to see Clara Bow or Greta Garbo do her exercises.

Nevertheless we maintain that if he wants to use his eyes on the latter instead of the former he should be allowed to decide for himself what he shall do.

In many communities of this country movies are forbidden on Sunday.

This seems too bad, because, after all, the showing of movies is attended with less necessary work than almost any other form of sport or amusement.

About all you need in the theaters is ticket-takers, ushers, and operators. The artists themselves—and with the advent of the talkies this means the very best artists—are represented by their shadows and their voices, while they, in their proper persons, are refreshing themselves in Tia Juana and Agua Caliente, recuperating and preparing for the ensuing week.

Boston now permits baseball on Sunday. Among major league cities only Philadelphia and Pittsburgh hold out against the sport; and although this writer is of the opinion that any man, woman, or child will do better playing golf on Sunday afternoon, or just walking in the fresh air, than riding in a crowded street car and sitting in the midst of a crowd at a ball game, watching eighteen hired men disporting themselves on the grass, nevertheless and again he believes that it is still better for the people concerned to decide for themselves which they shall do.

The amount of labor required of hired athletes on Sunday is very slight, and as everyone knows the professional ball player likes to perform before a big crowd. Yet the Lord's Day Alliance and the other upholders of Sabbatarianism have done their best to prevent professional baseball on Sunday, and are still preventing the showing of movies in many places.

In the old times when the churches were stronger than they are now, they felt they had the right to take not only a tithe of a man's income but a seventh of a man's life, and make him do as he was told; and violators of the Sunday laws were punished with jail sentences.

That sort of thing passed away largely with the coming of the American union and the guarantees of the American Constitution. We have abolished it in considerable measure, but not completely. The long, dying battle of Sabbatarianism would indicate this.

Surely it is proper for grown-up men and women to decide how they are going to spend Sunday, rather than to be guided by the votes of members of legislatures which shouldn't be meddling in such things at all.

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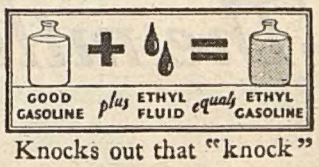

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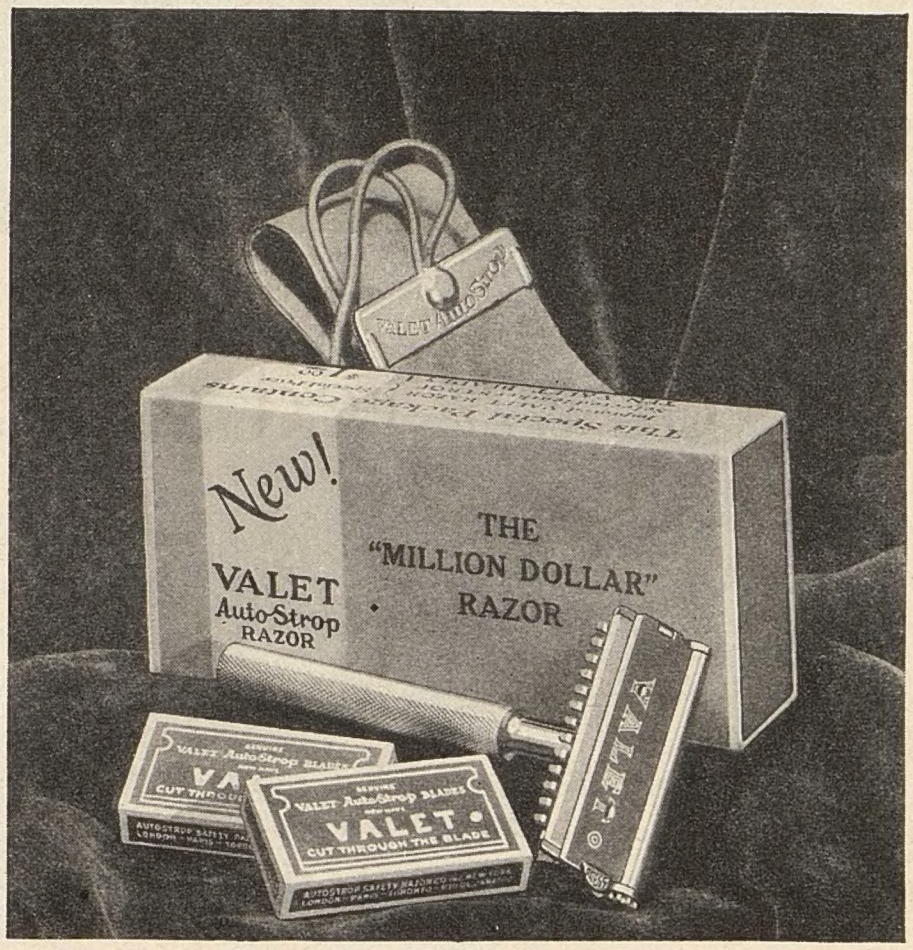

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Tough Luck

HE would arrive and find Vera dressing to go out with the oily-voiced secretary.

A Story of Marriage

By

VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by A. D. FULLER

GRANDPA had fought in the Civil War and he had regarded Abraham Lincoln very highly.

"If the child is born February twelfth," Grandpa told the family, "I'll make him a present of five thousand dollars."

Barry was born on the 13th, and Grandpa gave him a silver-plated spoon.

When he was older and he began to think, it seemed to Barry that it was only proper that he should have been born on the 13th. Grandpa died during Barry's childhood and the ten or fifteen thousand dollars he might have had was left to charity. There was always scraping and saving in the Leeds household, particularly after the advent of Baby Brother Ben. Baby Brother was weak and sickly. It was of monumental importance that he should never be disappointed or crossed. Everything had to be conceded to Baby Brother. Barry did most of the conceding.

Henry Leeds was a hard, proud man. He worked at his job with a fierce conscientiousness and accepted his life with a terrible calm. His only recreation was preaching the doctrine of atheism and using himself as an argument against there being a God.

"I work hard. I've never sinned. And what have I in life? More work, little money, one sick child and another who's a harum-scarum no-account. Do you mean to tell me there's a God up there?"

Nobody meant to tell Henry Leeds anything. It wasn't possible.

Barry loved his father. Something in the hard, thin, unsmiling man touched a soft spot in the boy's heart. He wanted to help him. He was the eldest, wasn't he? He ought to help.

When he was twelve Barry got a job after school hours. He didn't tell his family. He wanted to surprise them with his first week's pay. Three dollars. Pay day came and Barry started home with his wages. When he reached

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

Authors—*and a Call for Help*

THE tale which this page interrupts is the last short story by VIÑA DELMAR which you will find in LIBERTY for some weeks. This is not to say that Mrs. Delmar has cut short her literary career or anything. On the contrary. The youthful and sapient lady who blazed her way into best-seller fame last year with the book called Bad Girl is writing another novel, and we expect to begin publishing it in LIBERTY before this month is over. The opening chapters indicate that it is an even more arresting picture of life than Bad Girl. And when one writes a novel one can't be doing short stories too.

IT is hardly necessary to remind you that GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL, also a contributor to this issue, is the forthright gentleman who, after commanding the United States air forces in the world war, spoke his mind so freely about our army that he found himself presently out of it. . . . As for ALMA and PAUL ELLERBE, they are man and wife, natives respectively of Indiana and Alabama, who live just outside New York City and have done much writing together. . . . BOGART ROGERS is a young Californian of a family to which writing "comes natural." He is a brother of Adela Rogers St. Johns.

READERS who have been disturbed by the omission of Twenty Questions in recent issues may find solace on page 38 this week. Our mail brought so many complaints about leaving the questions out that we have put them back. In our simple way, we thought they had run long enough, and that it might be interesting to have something else. But the customers voted against that. Now we are forced to admit that we were running out of questions anyway, and that we need help. We are going to give $1 apiece for any we accept. If several suggest the same question the *first* suggestion received will be the one considered.

Viña Delmar

General William Mitchell

Alma and Paul Ellerbe

Bogart Rogers

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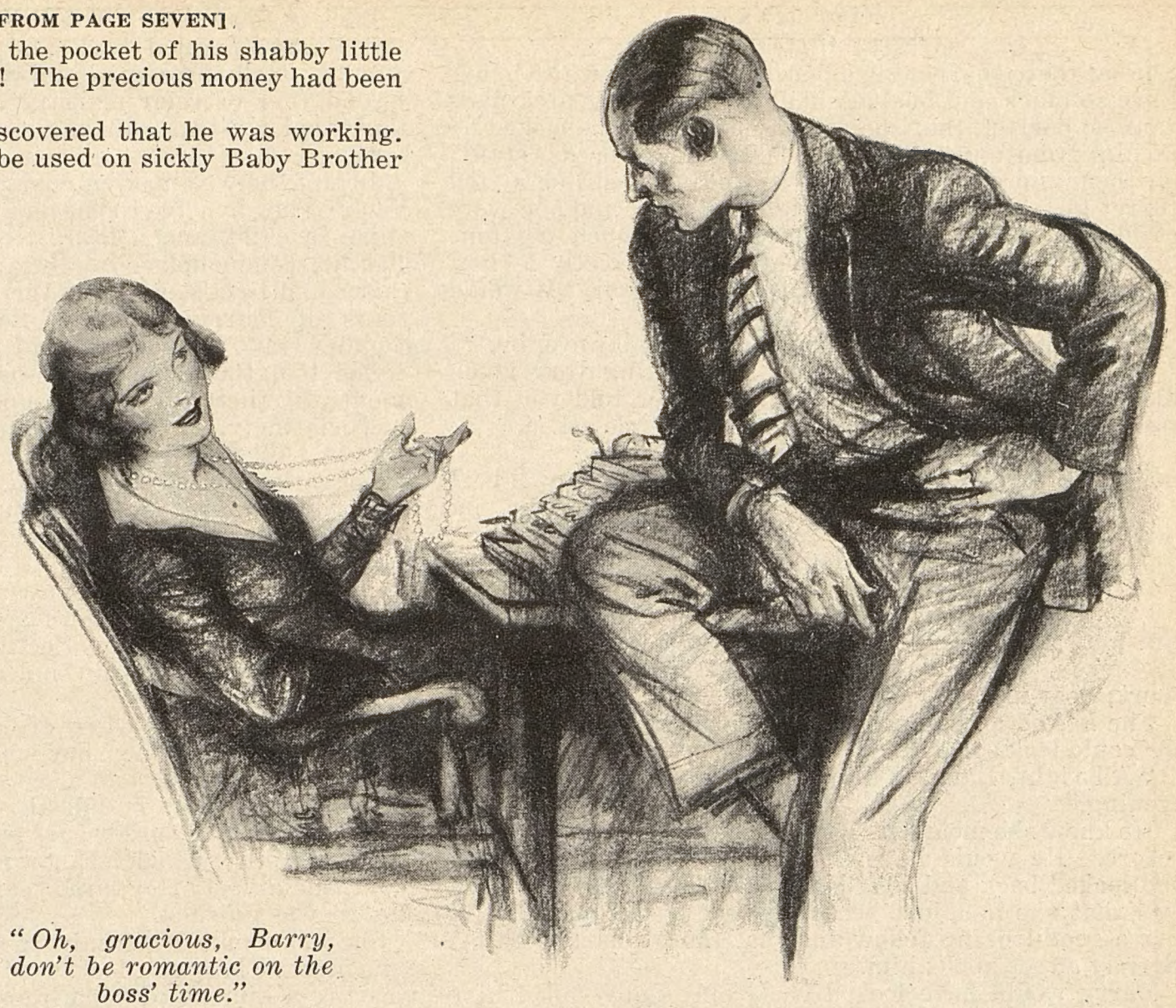
Prize awards for solutions of The Dead Under the Crab-Apple Tree, the tenth problem in Sidney Sutherland's recent mystery series, will be announced next week.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

home, he put his hand in the pocket of his shabby little corduroy breeches. Gone! The precious money had been lost on the way home.

Too, his father had discovered that he was working. The whip which couldn't be used on sickly Baby Brother appeared suddenly from behind the stove. Disgrace — *crack* — his father — *crack* — would —*crack*—he? No call — *crack* — to let the whole town — *crack* — know how poor they were. *Crack.* Everybody would think that Henry Leeds had sent his twelve-year-old son to work. *Crack.* And what had he done with the money? *Crack.* Lost it, eh? *Crack.* Probably spent it on some nonsensical thing for himself. *Cr-ack!*



"Oh, gracious, Barry, don't be romantic on the boss' time."

Barry didn't work again till he was eighteen. His father saw him safely through high school. There had been an evening during the last year at the Elyphalate Bentham High School that he always remembered.

He and his father had been walking in the mellow twilight and had met Mr. Hodges. Mr. Hodges had a son and a quarter of a million dollars. He wore a gold chain across his vest and chewed a cigar while one watched him in unhappy fascination. Mr. Hodges' boy was getting ready to go away to college. Yes, sir; his boy was going to have advantages.

Barry watched his father narrowly after they left Mr. Hodges. He detected a weariness about the thin lips, a worried light in the pale blue eyes. Yes, he would like to go to college, but the old man couldn't afford it and was probably grieved that he couldn't. Mr. Hodges had hurt him with his talk of advantages that *his* boy was getting. Barry took a breath and began:

"Gee, that's no advantage, sending a fellow to college. What for? I wouldn't want to go. All you learn is how to be a snob. I wouldn't go if they paid me. I've got plenty of education now. I'll learn anything else I need with practice instead of theory. I'm anxious to go to work."

There. That ought to buck the old man up a little. What the heck! So long as there wasn't enough money to see him through college, the old man might as well be cheerful about it.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, son," Henry Leeds replied. "I can't afford to send both you and Ben to college, and he wants to go. You, being the eldest, naturally would have got the chance ahead of him, but I've always hated to upset him, him being so sickly. This fixes everything right."

"Yeh," said Barry thoughtfully. "Just right."

SOME people advised Barry to go to Chicago after he had tried for three years to earn a living in his home town. Others said New York was the place. He wouldn't be able to come home nights, nor even for week-ends, from Chicago, so he might just as well be in New York. Barry didn't care much where he went, feeling sure that it would be the wrong place for him, no matter which place it was. At last it was decided that he should go to New York.

The big town was even noisier than he had expected it would be, and three times as expensive. It was imperative that he get a job right away. He rented a room in a woman's apartment far uptown, and got a job in an office far downtown. He became one of the vast army of subway users and was standardized in other ways. He learned to say "Hot dog," "I should worry," and "No kidding." He got a blue suit, a striped tie, and tan shoes.

At first he worked as extra usher in the neighborhood vaudeville and picture theater. The six dollars and tips which he picked up helped considerably with his fifteen-dollar office job.

AFTER a year he gave up ushering because he got a thirty-dollar job. He moved to a brownstone rooming house in the Seventies, discovered seven table d'hôte restaurants and two places to buy gin. He wrote home rarely, didn't know Grant's Tomb from the Soldiers' Monument, and thus became a New Yorker.

Barry met the Reith girls—Sally and Vera. They worked in his office. Sally was blonde and pretty. So was Vera. Sally was smart and quick-witted. So was Vera. Sally was crazy about Barry Leeds. Vera was interested in the boss' secretary, a sarcastic, slim young man with an oily voice.

Barry, of course, would like Vera best. He tried to reason it out in his muddled mind. Sally was just like Vera. Now, why couldn't he love Sally, when she so obviously would return his affection? Her eyes were just as blue as Vera's. Her hair was just as yellow and curly. She smiled as sweetly. The only reason he could find for preferring Vera was that it made things more difficult that way.

The Reith girls lived with their parents and several brothers in a large apartment on Cathedral Parkway. You can call it One Hundred and Tenth Street if you like, but the residents of the street will never learn to love you if you do.

Barry spent a great deal of his time calling on Sally. He would ask Vera if he might call and she would say yes. He would arrive and find Vera dressing to go out with the oily-voiced secretary. Sally would entertain him, and everybody, including Vera, would pretend that he had come to see Sally.

He cornered Vera at her desk one day in the office.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TOUGH LUCK
Continued from page nine]

She sat there sharpening a pencil. Her little white hands were so quick and businesslike, her glittering pink nails were so perfect, that she frightened him. She looked up at him from under her black lashes. She used "stuff" on them and each lash was stiff and pointed like a tiny turret gun. Her dress was tight and chic and she wore chiffon hose, and the fragrance of a French perfume floated about her. Barry couldn't look directly at her. She was too brilliantly beautiful, he thought. It would be like gazing into the sun.

"Vera, may I come up to your house Sunday evening?"

She pouted prettily, her red lips looking very much like a tiny bright flower. "Have I ever told you that you couldn't come when you wanted to?" she asked.

"But I mean—will you be there?"

"Oh, I imagine so; but if I'm not there Sally will be."

"Yes, Vera; Sally's sweet and lovely, but, don't you see, it's—you."

"Oh, gracious, Barry, don't be romantic on the boss' time."

"No kidding, Vera, have a heart. Be there, will you? I'm nuts about you. I can't sleep nights for thinking about you. You owe it to me to give me a break. Be a sport; hear my story, anyhow."

She looked at him soberly. Barry hadn't known that she could look sober.

"All right, Barry, I'll be there," she said. "Sunday evening."

He knew she meant it. She had never spoken like that before. He would have been greatly buoyed up if he had looked back and seen Vera watching him. The fact was that she had just become aware that Barry Leeds was a good-looking fellow and that there was something awfully sweet about him.

Barry would have looked back, only Sally called him to her desk. She wanted to tell him about a picture she had seen the night before. He listened politely. Sally's white hands with their shining finger nails tapped Barry's chest as she emphasized points. He didn't notice Sally's hands nor her chiffon-clad knees nor her French perfume nor anything about her. He was thinking of Sunday night.

Sunday morning Barry awakened with a quinsy sore throat and spent the day and night in bed, miserably ill and lovesick. It wouldn't have made him feel better to know that at 10 o'clock Vera, feeling certain that she had had a "stand-up," telephoned the boss' secretary to come over, and that around midnight she became engaged to marry him.

BARRY found all that out four days later when he went back to work.

Going to the Reiths' house had become a habit with him. He continued to go, and at length reconciled himself to the inevitable. He became engaged to Sally. And when he proposed to her he knew that somewhere in the back of his brain he had known all along that some day he would marry Sally. For Vera was not for a fellow who couldn't even be born on the right day.

Vera was married a week after her engagement was announced. She went to live in Richmond Hill and of course was seen no more at the office. Barry found it easier to love Sally with Vera out of the way. In due time he and Sally were married, and it even became possible for them to joke about the painful crush he had had on Vera.

Barry was earning fifty dollars a week now and Sally quit her job. Barry had saved some money, so he took ten days' vacation and they went home to see the old folks.

The week spent there seemed like a month to all concerned. Barry wasn't surprised that Sally didn't click with his parents. If she had, the trip would have been pleasant, and Barry never expected anything to turn out right.

Back in town they took a little apartment in Brooklyn, and Barry traveled back and forth every day except Sunday. Sally presented him with a little girl during the second year of their marriage, and before he was told Barry knew it was a little girl, because he had wanted a son.

In time he was making enough money to move to New York. They had five rooms on upper Broadway, a Pomeranian, a child, and a low-priced sedan. They were an average, commonplace family, and nothing ever happened that could be discussed by the family until, after eight years of marriage, Barry Leeds discovered that he couldn't stand his wife another year.

She told the same drawn-out stories every evening about why there wasn't a decent dinner. She bored him excruciatingly. She had grown placidly fat. What was the use, said Sally's smug expression, of running after a street car once you've caught it? Why fuss over yourself once you've nailed the man you wanted? She had tantrums continually. Every time there was nothing else to fight about she accused him of being in love with his stenographer. This was always good for an hour's material, and if the interest flagged she always suggested that he still cherished an affection for Vera. There were a dozen things about Sally that Barry despised.

DURING the fifth year of his married life he had wanted to leave her, but when there's a child and an apartment and a dog and a score of mutually owned possessions, separation is difficult, and Barry Leeds was no hero. It took him three years more to get up the courage to face the scene which he knew must follow his announcement, and at last after three years of misery he told Sally that he was finished.

She was combing her hair when he told her. He always remembered how she looked at that moment. She was wearing a kimono of some red-flowered material which was torn at the side. On her feet were old pumps worn down at the heels and buttonless. Sally never wore bedroom slippers; she preferred shoes which were no longer fit for dressed-up moments. She flung the comb at the mirror and turned on him with angry eyes.

"What woman are you going with?" she asked.

"No woman. I am going to live alone."

"Don't try to pull the wool over my eyes! I know you. There's been a dozen women in your life since we've been married. Here I've been living for you, slaving for you, doing without things cheerfully—and you have the nerve to tell me calmly that we're breaking up. Do you think I'll let you go so easily?"

"What will you do?"

"Oh, don't worry about that."

"I shan't, Sally."

There was more to the scene. Sally threw things about the bureau, sobbed broken-heartedly, threatened murder and suicide, and flung herself upon the bed and had hysterics. For an encore she fainted.

Barry was not unmoved. He tried to reason with her, pointing out that she had often been miserable with him and would find a greater happiness when he had taken himself out of her life. He wished he could tell her that he was sorry he had spoken so and that they would forget it; but it had taken courage to open the subject, and he knew that if he let it drop now he was lost forever.

It was a Sunday, and when he found out that he could not soothe Sally, Barry went to the living room and made a brave show of reading the newspapers. His little girl was sitting, white and frightened, on the sofa. She always sat so when Sally's voice was high-pitched and hysterical. Barry smiled at her reassuringly and she came over to him and put her arms around his neck.

"I love you, daddy," she said.

"I love you, too." It was true. He had wanted a boy, but during the first week of her life Margery had conquered all his prejudices and won his heart.

"I heard mama say something about you going away. Will you be gone long?"

This was hard—harder even than breaking the news to Sally. To hurt this tiny girl who loved and trusted him was a high price to pay for his freedom. Only the realization that she would not always be a tiny girl stiffened his resolve. Some day she would grow to be a woman, and then she would go and leave him alone with Sally. He would be old then. He would have thrown his life away because of this moment when tiny, beloved Margery, with her mass of yellow, fluffy curls, had weakened his determination.

He took the plunge. "I'll be gone forever," he said.

Her little nose grew suddenly red, the small mouth trembled, and a mist came over her eyes. She battled bravely against giving up. "Of course—of course you'll come see us sometimes," she said.

"I'll see you," he said, "when your mother lets me."

She broke away from him suddenly. He knew she had run to her room to cry where he couldn't see her. Again he wished that he could call the whole thing off. Oh, God, it was awful to hurt people! But didn't he owe something to himself? This was taking more courage than he had known he possessed. The Pom came over and looked inquisitively up at him. For a Pom it wasn't so bad. It behaved almost like a real dog, nuzzling its cold nose against his hand and begging him with bright little black eyes not to make everybody so miserable.

"I love you, daddy," she said.

"Can't help it, old man," Barry said. "It's taken guts and it will take more, but it'll be worth it in the long run. I'm convinced that I'm not just a skunk. I've stood for a lot, old man."

He felt that he ought to go now, but it wouldn't be right to leave Margery alone with her hysterically inclined mother. Taking Margery along was out of the question. He had no right to Margery under the circumstances. He sat despondently at the window, smoking cigarettes and ruffling idly through the papers.

Around 3 o'clock Sally came out of her room. She had a bungalow apron on and went directly to the kitchen. She was going to cook dinner, evidently. Barry heard her crashing pots and pans about and sighing as she peeled potatoes. Margery joined her in the kitchen and he could hear them whispering together.

NEITHER of them came into the living room until 6 o'clock, when Sally came in to say, "Your dinner's ready." She said it in a sad voice and she waited upon the table with a martyrlike expression, wiping her eyes now and then with the corner of her napkin. It was the best dinner she had prepared in a year, but this did not touch Barry's heart. He knew that she enjoyed feeling like a misused wife who had been a willing slave throughout her marriage.

It was a very silent meal and nobody ate much. The child burst into tears and left the table. Sally went to comfort her, and Barry noticed that Margery's sobs increased under her mother's soothing influence. In time the two returned and the dinner drew to its unhappy conclusion.

The moment the dinner dishes were stacked on the tubs, Sally went to bed. She shunned her usual sleeping place and went to bed with Margery. Barry sat alone in the living room and marveled at what he had done. It didn't seem possible that he, Barry Leeds, had had the courage to tell Sally that he was leaving her, nor that he had been hard enough to hurt Margery. He'd always been a great one for having things turn out wrong. Funny that he'd been strong enough to withstand his kind impulses at the sight of so much misery. Well, this was the only way. It would be foolish to continue with Sally. He was unhappy with her and it wasn't possible that she was anything else herself. They fought so much. Margery would soon get over her grief. Children forget quickly, and he, blessed thought, would be safely away from fat, simpering, unreasonable Sally.

He wondered if it would be possible to broach Sally on practical arrangements in the morning. There was so much that had to be discussed. She could go to Reno and divorce him. He would pay for everything, of course. Also he would pay her anything per week that she thought was fair. He felt that, alone, he could live on a dollar a day if necessary. Oh, the joy of not coming home every evening to Sally! Even going hungry would be a pleasure compared to an evening spent with Sally and her endless recitals and tantrums.

SHE did not get up in the morning to fix his breakfast, but there was nothing unusual about that. He left a note for her:

> Can we have a practical discussion this evening about necessary matters? If you are not feeling up to it, telephone me and I will not come home unless you need me.

She did not telephone him all morning, so he reasoned that Sally was willing to talk things over with him. At 12:30 he got up to go out to lunch, and there was Vera waiting for him in the reception hall.

"Hello, brother-in-law," she said. There was a faint sneer in her tone, he thought.

"Hello," he said.

"Take me to lunch, will you? I want to talk to you."

"Sure." Sally had evidently made at least one telephone call.

He rang for the elevator, thinking how many times he had stood in this very place in years gone by with his mind and heart full of Vera. She was beside him now, looking just as she had looked then, but relegated now to the limbo of sisters-in-law and second cousins.

He took her to a dimly lit, quiet place where they could talk.

Vera laid her purse and gloves aside and slipped out of her coat. The waiter came and took their order, and when he had faded back into the remote quarters of the kitchen Vera began at once.

"So you want to divorce Sally, Barry? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"No, I'm not."

"Well, you should be. Has she ever been anything else but a faithful and loyal wife?"

"No, she hasn't, Vera, but I find that I want more than that."

"Then there is another woman?"

"No, there isn't. I just want to be alone, away from petty rages and stupid stories and unreasonable objections."

"Sally loves you."

"I'm sorry that she does."

"You don't love her?"

"No."

"You should be ashamed."

"I object to your saying that, Vera. First of all, one can't guarantee love, or even a liking for life. Is Sally the same woman I married? No. Was she fat when I married her, and querulous and accusing and careless and mean?"

"Oh, I see. You object to her being fat?"

"That isn't my main objection, but she might have cared a little for her appearance. You're not fat."

"I've never had a child."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TOUGH LUCK
Continued from page eleven]

"Bunk. I know a dozen women, with and without children, who care more for their husbands' admiring glances than they do for dessert and potatoes."

"And, Barry, you know all couples fight."

"Continually?"

"Certainly. Plenty of people do."

"Well, I can't stand it."

"Hasn't she always been good to you and Margery?"

"Anything short of attempted murder would pass for goodness, I suppose. You're a prejudiced listener, you know, Vera."

"All right, then; I'm prejudiced. We'll throw all the arguments aside and I'll show you just how prejudiced I am. Barry, do you know anything else but the radiator business?"

"Not that I would do nearly as well in. Why?"

"Well, you know where Paul is in your concern today, don't you? You have a notion, I presume, of the friends he has made and the power he has. If you leave Sally you're going to lose your job."

"What will become of Sally and Margery then?"

"I have an eleven-room house in Kew Gardens, Barry. They're welcome for the rest of their lives, old dear, and you can just try and find a job."

"You have only been a sister to Sally, Vera. If you had ever been her husband you would know that no future could sound so deadly as one spent with her."

Vera picked up her coat, purse, and gloves. Vera leaned across the table and struck Barry smartly across the mouth with her diamond-studded hand. Vera walked out of the restaurant.

Some people at the table across the way tittered. Barry blushed to the roots of his hair. This business of leaving Sally was just one scene after another. He threw a bill on the table and left the restaurant before the waiter came back.

VERA was outside trying to get a cab. "Don't speak to me," she warned him as he passed.

Barry smiled and walked on.

There was a gentleman waiting to see him in the office. The gentleman turned out to be Augustus Reith, Sally's eldest brother.

"Hello, Gus," Barry said.

Gus was the back-slapping, one-for-all type. He had a smile which was as false as it was effective, and he believed in maintaining the sanctity of the home even if he had to lie to his wife to do it.

Instead of saying "Hello," Gus stalked over to Barry and laid a heavy hand on each of his shoulders. "Barry, old boy," he said huskily, "what's this I hear? You and Sally splitting up? Good God, man, I'd sooner lose my right arm than hear that."

"Sorry, but it's true." Barry spoke shortly. His mouth still stung from Vera's slap.

"Who's the girl, Barry?"

"There isn't one. I'm just fed up with Sally's disposition."

"Oh, come on, now. We're both men of the world. As soon as Sally phoned me, I said to myself, 'Now Barry's fallen for some frail. I'll just run down and tell the boy how some little brown-eyed dame stacks up against all the comforts of home.'"

"Sorry to disappoint you, Gus, but this isn't a story with spice. Your lunch hour has been wasted. You won't hear about a single bedroom scene."

"Now, don't be nasty, Barry. You're too small a man to say nasty things to a hot-tempered fellow."

"Look here, Gus. If you want to take a swing at me, go ahead. I'm leaving Sally, and that's that, and please tell the rest of your family that this is a decision reached after years of misery."

"What about your little girl?"

"What about her?"

"Don't you owe her something?"

"Certainly. I owe her a childhood free of listening all the time to husband-and-wife quarrels."

"They happen in every family. Some couples fight over women, some over money, and some over bridge or

Sally threw things about the bureau,

the way the other drives the family car; but they all fight."

"And throw things and have hysterics and swear and threaten suicide and give the neighbors a free show?"

"Who does that?"

"Mrs. Barry Leeds, née Reith."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, of course, that's optional."

"I'd sock you if you were outside."

"Go ahead. I'm going to lose my job anyhow."

Gus stalked out of the office, red of face and with hands curled into formidable fists. He prided himself on having wonderful self-control.

Barry slumped into a chair and looked out at the tops

-heartedly, threatened murder and suicide.

of the tall buildings across the way. Another scene.

His stenographer, who had hurried in at Gus' departure had evidently heard the whole thing, for she kept casting sly, nervous glances his way. Perhaps she thought that Gus had hit him. Not that it mattered what she thought. He had to be a strong man, and not mind what anybody thought or did, if he was actually going to get rid of Sally.

He had never dreamed that it was going to be this much trouble. He had foreseen only one scene, and that with Sally. Well, to be free was worth all this, even if with his freedom came poverty and want.

He went home, as usual, at 5:30. The matter had to be talked out with Sally. He hoped she would be in a decent mood. Practicalities can't be discussed with a madwoman.

He opened the door of the apartment with his key and walked in. A silence greeted him. For one blissful moment he believed that Sally had run away. Then he heard the sound of clinking dishes and knew that dinner was being prepared. He walked into the living room and sat down. The step that he heard in the dining room did not sound like Sally's. He opened the voile-curtained glass doors and looked in. Sally's mother was setting the table. She looked up and spoke in a sad but friendly tone:

"Hello, Barry. I've sent Sally and baby out. I wanted to talk to you and I thought it would be best this way. Just you and me here alone."

"Oh." He stood looking at her for a moment without speaking, then said: "I'm sorry that you went to all this trouble, ma. It's really no use. I know what you want to say and my mind is made up."

"Well, now, don't say that. Let's talk a little first." She sighed heavily. "If you knew how miserable this makes me, you wouldn't be so set."

"I am sorry, but I'd be sorrier if I let myself be talked down. You're sensible, ma; you're a real person. You must be able to imagine what it means to be miserably discontented."

SHE sighed again and went through the swinging door into the kitchen. When she came back, she brought a platter with lamb chops upon it. Barry didn't feel like eating, but he was afraid that Mrs. Reith would take it as an insult if he didn't at least make an effort. She put two lamb chops, a potato cake, and a little mound of Lima beans on his plate, then burst into tears.

"Oh, Barry," she sobbed, "there has never been a divorce in my family before, and to think that it should happen to my favorite daughter!"

"Well, look here. There doesn't have to be a divorce. It isn't as though I wanted to marry somebody else. Sally and I will just separate, if that will make you feel any better."

"Sally says that there must be a divorce if you leave her. She says she won't be a grass widow. Oh, I think this will kill me!"

"Don't talk like that. Honestly, I'm not a beast, but we haven't been happy together. Sally will marry somebody else and forget all about me."

"Oh, don't speak about her as though she were a light woman! She loves you. She's given the best years of her life to you. If there is no other woman you care for, why don't you try once more to live amiably with Sally?"

"I couldn't. You see, I don't—I don't feel that I could."

"Oh, men are brutes!"

Sally had evidently come quite honestly by her habit of having hysterics. Barry had his hands full for the next hour. Mrs. Reith argued, pleaded, and then played her trump card. She clutched at her heart and collapse on the sofa. For a moment Barry thought she was dead. Then he remembered that she was Sally's mother, and simply threw a cup of cold water on her. Mrs. Reith responded rapidly to the treatment.

"Tell me that you won't leave Sally," she pleaded as she opened her eyes.

"I can't tell you that I won't, because I shall."

"You beast!"

The bell rang. Barry thought it was Sally, but it was Sally's brother Pete. He came into the apartment with the firm, purposeful step of one who treads on his own property. He didn't speak to Barry, for which Barry was grateful.

"What's the matter, ma?"

"Oh, I just feel a trifle rocky." She smiled whitely.

"Come on. I've come to take you home. Haven't any

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TOUGH LUCK
Continued from page thirteen]

of you any pride, that you come begging—actually begging—a man to go on living with Sally? He's no good and he's never been any good. She'll be better off without him."

Mrs. Reith got to her feet and went for her hat and coat. She and her son left without speaking to Barry. He gazed fondly after the retreating figure of Pete Reith. There was a member of the family who had sense. Only it would have been nicer if he hadn't shouted. Barry could see a neighbor hanging out of her window across the court, waiting with an expectant look on her face for more.

Barry went to his window and addressed the lady. "The show is over," he said. "My friend went home."

The lady slammed her window closed and withdrew. Barry laughed. The poor lady across the court was going to miss them terribly.

Sally came home in a surprisingly yielding mood. She put Margery to bed and joined Barry in the living room. They talked together till 2 in the morning, and plans were laid. Sally was going to Reno. She would take Margery with her. Everything would be fine.

At 2 o'clock Barry smiled at her and thanked her for discussing the matter so sensibly and so pleasantly. He shouldn't have smiled. Sally had never been able to get used to his bright, attractive smile. Suddenly her arms were around him and she was sobbing bitterly and telling the neighbors that he treated her like a dog but she loved him just the same. It was half-past 3 when quiet was restored.

Barry lay awake all night, remembering Vera's threat and thinking how little terror it would have held for any man who had had the ill fortune to marry Sally Reith.

The next morning Barry handed in his resignation. He wasn't going to stand by and be discharged. He felt sure that Paul was henpecked enough and Vera vindictive enough to cause his ignominious dismissal if he didn't take matters in his own hands. He felt a little heavy-hearted when he signed his resignation. He had risen from the meanest job in the office to where he was, and now he had to forgo his triumph. Oh, well, it would all be worth it.

Sally left for Reno before the week was out. The car was sold, and she departed with the price it had brought, Margery, the Pomeranian, and a heartfelt wish from Barry that she would be happy.

HE did not take her to the station. He feared that the crowds there would spur Sally on to doing a big scene. Besides, he was busy looking for a new job. He had some money in the bank, but that was for lawyers' fees and the other little debts that Sally would contract along the way. It behooved him to get a job, and get it quickly. There were other radiator concerns, but his name was known to them and perhaps they would not fancy the story which Paul and Vera would be spreading about. Well, he would start over. What difference did it make? No more scenes. Peace. Blessed peace.

And for the second time in his life Barry Leeds got a fifteen-dollar-a-week job and augmented his income by ushering at nights in a theater. He was in the office of a toy manufacturing concern, and he collected his fifteen dollars a week and chuckled to himself. Nobody knew how happy he was in his little furnished room. Oh, it had been worth the scenes and the heartaches and all. He was free. There came a letter from home, from Brother Ben.

"So you've canned Sally," it said in part. "Well, you New Yorkers are great fellows, all right. Just get sick of a wife and can her. It isn't easy here. Adele is looking over my shoulder as I write, and she says, 'Darn right, it isn't easy.' If I ever want to can her, will you help me do it? With neatness and dispatch, you understand."

Barry smiled grimly. If Ben could guess what it had been like to "can" Sally! If he really knew what it had meant! The people who had been hurt, the child who had forever lost faith in her father, the job that had been lost, the humiliation he had suffered with Sally and Vera and the brothers, the years it had taken to get courage enough to speak. Ben couldn't know all that. Couldn't guess what he had gone through to "can" Sally.

He was free at last. Sally was back from Reno and living in Kew Gardens with and on Vera. He hadn't seen her, but he had seen Margery, who had assured him in a tiny, unnatural voice that they were very happy. They were, he guessed. Margery's unnaturalness was caused by her new distrust of him.

He was happy. Happier than he had ever been before. His childhood had been miserable, his adolescence had been a grapple with the home town for a living. His next step had brought lovesickness for Vera, and on the heels of it had followed his unfortunate marriage. But now there was peace and happiness and calm.

IT was a year before he saw Sally again. She wrote to him and requested a few hours of his time. Paul and Vera were willing to pay for Margery's having a European education, but Sally wasn't sure that it was advisable and would like to talk the matter over with Barry. She would be in town Wednesday. Could they lunch together?

Barry had once again given up ushering, because he had secured a thirty-five-dollar position in the office. He had enough money to give Sally lunch, and also he appreciated her consulting him in the matter of Margery.

So he dropped her a note saying that it would be nice and setting a familiar restaurant as the rendezvous.

She was as fat as ever and her voice still had the irritating quality which had come to it soon after their marriage.

Her hat was a soft, crushy cloche which ill became a fat, blank face. Barry identified it as a cast-off of Vera's. There were two stains on her dress. One big and one little. One grease and one ink.

Barry's nerves were calm now after a year of separation and he could regard her carelessness with a light heart. It did not annoy him now.

He put himself out to be pleasant to her. Poor thing. She was probably not too pampered at Vera's and outings were perhaps few. Barry pitied her and almost hated himself as he looked at her.

He turned away and saw a young couple at another table being served something that looked suspiciously nice. It had tinkling ice and a pleasant brown color.

"Oh, say, Sally, I think we can get a drink here. How about a highball? Would you like that?"

"I sure would."

Sally and Barry got their highballs. They drank them slowly and ordered two more. A third wouldn't go badly either, and of course after the third nobody is ready to stop.

When Barry woke up he found himself in a hotel room. Funny, this. What the hell? He made a sudden turn in bed, and his elbow sank into something soft and yielding.

Sally's side. My God! Sally! He was in bed with Sally! She was sleeping, as usual, with her mouth open. He called her.

"Sally, Sally, wake up."

She opened her eyes. "What for, darling?"

"This is a hell of a mess. We forgot and went to a hotel together."

"You seem to have forgotten, Barry. We're married. Don't you remember?" She waved to a slip of paper which he had not hitherto noticed. It was on the bed table beside him. Yes, a marriage certificate. Their second one.

"Oh, God!" he groaned, but nobody heard him. His wife had gone back to sleep.

THE END

Future Flying

A Prophecy of Unlimited Speed and Automatic Safety

By

GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

Formerly Commanding Air Forces, A. E. F., and Director Military Aëronautics, U. S. Army

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

Thunderheads may rise as high as 55,000 feet. Even in theory, airplanes can go no higher than 47,000.

FEW of us realize how primitive are the aircraft of today compared to what they will be not many years hence. Already improvements have been introduced that will totally change our means of air transportation, in appearance, in its factors of safety and comfort, and its methods of operation. These changes do not come all of a sudden but have to be worked out in slow steps and minute calculations, by persons with expert knowledge of what is required.

The reading public gleans most of its aëronautical knowledge from thrilling accounts of flights across the seas, across the land or the wastes of the Arctic, or from reports of ghastly accidents where the crew and passengers of the plane are killed in a crash or burned in the air. People still look on flying merely as a dangerous adventure. Nobody takes the trouble to explain to them the mechanical wonders that go to make up a modern flying machine; and of the absorbingly interesting activity that spells progress, ceaselessly going on behind the curtain, they know nothing.

The sun, "drawing water," is the cause of all the airman's trouble with thunderstorms.

Wide World photo

The author, General Mitchell.

As a matter of fact, the public has not yet been taken into the confidence of the initiated few by whom the principles of aviation are thoroughly understood. For one reason, those who are developing the newest instruments do not want the public to know what they are working on until their equipment is perfected and patented. Also, many think that the public would not understand these things even if it were told about them.

The automobile, however, has made almost everyone a mechanic. Among the younger generation, especially among boys from twelve to twenty, the airplane is better understood than was the automobile by those who are now middle-aged.

Aëronautics, or the power to navigate the air, depends for its development on both scientific attainment—that is, exact knowledge—and vision, the ability to look ahead and see what is required.

Nearly anybody of ordinary ability can take a book and learn everything in it. He can master mathematics, strains and stresses, analyses of structures and metals, the basic principles of flight. But to conceive something entirely new and bring it to perfection is an entirely

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[FUTURE FLYING
Continued from page fifteen]

different matter. It requires the mind of an artist as well as that of a scientist.

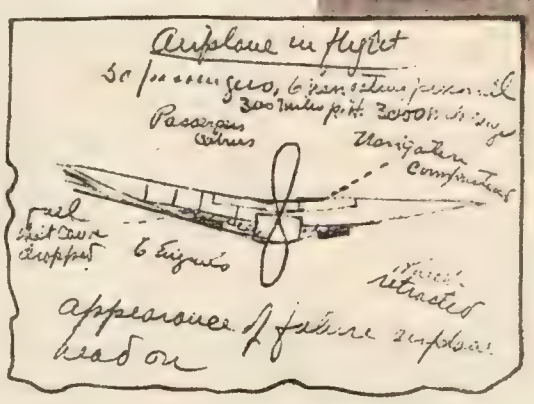
Aircraft and the radio are making the world very small. We can communicate all over the world with the speed of light, and distances are no longer measured by miles, but by the number of hours it takes to go from one place to another. Different means of transportation move at widely varying speeds, but the airplane is from three to six times as fast as any of the others. Therefore, since the coming of aircraft the world has become one-third to one-sixth of its former size.

We can fly about one-third as fast as the sun goes around the earth, which is about 1,000 miles an hour at the equator. I do not think there is any limit to speed in the air except the point of fusion; for example, the burning of a meteorite when it hits the earth's atmosphere.

We hear a great deal from the theorists about the human frame not being able to stand great speed in the air, particularly on turns; or hear that centrifugal force can carry the blood away from the heart so as to cause it to stop beating. There is a lot of romancing about this to attract public attention. I have made the sharpest turns I possibly could in the air, at speeds from 250 to 300 miles an hour, also vertical dives, pulling out as quickly as I could at the bottom, without experiencing a sensation very different from what one feels at slower speeds.

IF a pilot is protected from the great force of the air current blowing by the plane at these high speeds, I believe he will be able to stand velocities up to 1,000 miles an hour. Even today we are able to travel 400 feet a second — that is, 300 miles per hour.

The building of the aircraft requires a knowledge of more than seventy trades and vocations, so complex is the construction of the simplest kind of airplane.



The author's own sketch of the air liner of the future, head on.

One of the most important subjects that have to be studied is that relating to conditions in the air itself. It is meteorology, the study of storms, winds, fogs, up and down currents, and the effect that water, forests, and deserts have on the air, absorbing or generating heat, which produces irregular air currents over them.

The sun is the cause of all our trouble. In the morning it shines brightly, heating up the earth and the air above it. The air expands when it is warm and takes up a great deal of moisture. In the afternoon, when the sun begins to go down, the particles of air cool and descend toward the earth. The moisture in them condenses and forms clouds, which accumulate electricity in their passage over the earth, and soon we have a thunderstorm. The thunderheads rise as high as the atmosphere can hold moisture, which is estimated to be about 55,000 feet. All sorts of disturbances result, such as circular storms, constant winds in a given direction, tornadoes, and twisters.

General Mitchell's conception of the commercial airp

Flying has given us a knowledge of these things we could have obtained in no other way. We believe now that there are definite currents in the upper atmosphere —that is, at 25,000 or 30,000 feet—which in the northern hemisphere blow from west to east and in the southern hemisphere from east to west, at velocities up to 200 miles an hour. The causes are not yet definitely known, but it is thought they are much the same as those which govern the flow of the Japan Current in the Pacific and the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic.

IN a given locality we can usually gauge the breadth or diameter of storms. In the Chesapeake Bay region, the average summer thunderstorm is from fifteen to twenty miles in diameter and moves from place to place at a speed of from twenty to thirty miles an hour. The velocity of the winds inside the storms, however, becomes very great, in some instances over 100 miles an hour. Sometimes two or three of these storms come together. A low-powered airplane is incapable of making any headway in such a storm and in many cases is lost, not only from the force of the wind but from the pilot's becoming confused in the heavy rain, lightning, clouds, and constantly changing air currents.

Once I started with seven airplanes and encountered one of these storms. All the planes were forced down with great loss of life except mine and one that followed me. I was only able to avoid a crash by feeling my way around the edges of the storm and dodging between them,

r future. He says it could be constructed and flown today.

never letting my plane become completely swallowed up in the maw of the storm monster.

As we ascend in the air, the atmospheric pressure diminishes and a given volume of air contains less and less oxygen. At 20,000 feet, a human being begins to need a greater supply of oxygen than is found at that altitude. This can be supplied by compressed or liquid oxygen in tanks, which the pilot inhales through a tube. Gasoline engines also need an extra supply of oxygen at about the same time as the pilot, and this is provided by an instrument known as a supercharger, which takes a given volume of air and compresses it, thereby restoring the necessary oxygen content, and then feeds this to the engine through the carburetor.

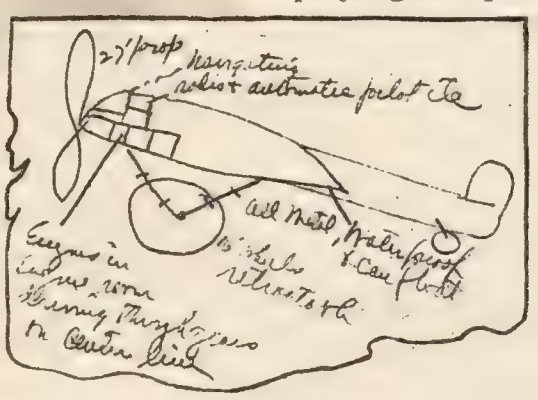
SOME years ago we conducted experiments in high-altitude flying with the object of finding out more about the winds of the upper atmosphere. For this purpose we constructed a metal cabin, hermetically sealed, equipped with tanks of oxygen which maintained the same air pressure in the cabin as that at ordinary altitudes. We worked out a satisfactory method of absorbing the gases given out by the breath, and also devised a new system of controls. The ordinary controls could not be used, as they would necessitate holes in the cabin; but we found that by means of electric controls we could govern the rudder, elevators, and ailerons equally well. If a plane whose speed was 300 miles an hour were equipped with such a cabin, and should enter a 300-mile wind in the upper air, it could attain the appalling speed of 600 miles per hour.

The use of radio impulses is a very important adjunct to aviation. We can guide aircraft by radio, turning them to the right, left, up, or down. We can communicate with the ground from an airplane by radio, either by telephone or telegraph, just as we can from a moving train or automobile, a steamship, or even a submarine under the water. An airplane can be guided from place to place by radio beacons, or from radio impulses given out by wires laid along the ground over which it flies. We can follow these when we cannot see anything.

Photographs taken in the air can be transmitted by radiotelegraphy in one operation of the photographic machine, and reproduced on the ground while the airplane is in flight.

Many instruments are now being developed that will fly the airplane without the touch of human hands. Certain successful ones depend on a gyroscope for their operation. A gyroscope is like a top: spin it fast enough and it will hold its position, no matter how the supporting surface of the airplane is tilted. When the airplane moves out of its course, the gyroscope remains steady and is able to apply power to the controls so as to steer the plane back in the direction desired.

POWER is transmitted from the gyroscope to the controls in much the same way that force is exerted on the keys of a player piano. When you put a paper roll in the piano, it passes in front of a place where air is applied, which is blown through the little holes in the paper, thus striking the keys and playing the piano. In a similar manner, when the airplane gets off the horizontal or longitudinal axis, a stream of air blowing through small holes in the gyroscopic instrument strikes the controls with the strength of a powerful hand, thus bringing the plane back to its normal position. When we first started the use of gyroscopic controls, this power was so great that it tended to break the airplane's wings, so we had to decrease it and make it more gradual.



A side view of the possible giant plane, sketched by the author.

When the pilot has taken off, he can turn the plane over to the automatic pilot, which will fly it on the desired course with no deviation except that occasioned by the wind. The winds are well enough known so that we can compensate for their effect, or the position can be plotted from radio signals and the plane put back on its course. The automatic pilot can be so constructed that it will even take the airplane off the ground and land it, without the touch of human hands.

A gyroscopic control used on many ocean liners is known as the "iron quartermaster." The course is set on the gyroscope, which takes hold of the wheel and steers the ship. This mechanism is a comparatively simple thing and entirely practical, as the ship only

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FUTURE FLYING Continued from page seventeen]

requires to be steered in one plane, that is, on the surface of the water, in contrast to an airplane, which has to be steered up, down, and horizontally.

For a long time, the only instrument we had to indicate direction in the air was the old magnetic compass. As aircraft get into all sorts of positions, the compass is frequently thrown out of balance, which renders its usefulness rather limited. Magnetic compasses are also affected by the metal in the engine, by the electrical apparatus on aircraft, and even by portions of the earth above which they pass. While flying, I have often found the magnetic compass needle as much as sixty degrees off, for no apparent reason.

After the war, we set about getting some new system of determining our direction. Gyroscopes could be used, but they were quite heavy for this purpose. We tried many contrivances and at last attacked the problem from the standpoint that the earth was a magnet, surrounded by lines of electrical force, which if cut by a wire would cause a current to be generated in that wire, just the same as is induced in an electric generator when you rotate the armature through the field of its magnet. We found we could get a current from the earth which could be detected on a galvanometer.

After many trials and experiments, the earth inductor compass was evolved. It is a simple and accurate instrument, consisting of a coil of wire which, when it cuts the lines of force from the earth, will have a current produced in it strong enough to be indicated on a galvanometer. If the airplane flies parallel to those lines of force, no current will be generated in the coil and there will be no indication on the galvanometer.

What we do is to set the compass according to the direction we want to go, so the dial will read zero; then we watch our needle. As long as it stays at zero, it gives us our true course. If it goes to the right, our airplane is flying too far to the right and we must correct it by going to the left.

NOT only can we set a straight course on the earth inductor compass but we can go on a great circle course, over the edge of the earth, where you have to change your course every hour or two. In this case we refer to a time-table made out for the trip.

Another instrument being developed is one that will show the airplane's position graphically on a map. It records the direction of flight, the speed of the plane, and the altitude. The indicator moves right across the map as the airplane progresses, and the pilot is able to see at once where he is. The only correction necessary is for wind drift.

An airplane's speed in the air is not the same as its " ground speed." The behavior of an airplane resembles that of a boat in a current of water. The speed of the boat, with respect to the shore, is modified by the current. If one rows a boat at five miles an hour, with the current, and the current is five miles an hour, the ground speed will be ten miles an hour. But if one rows five miles an hour against a current of five miles, the boat will stand still, and it is exactly the same way in the air. I remember the story of the old woman who lived near one of our flying fields, who saw an airplane apparently standing still over her house for ten or fifteen minutes. The plane happened to be flying into an eighty-mile wind, but she called up the airdrome and told the operations officer that a plane was stuck over her house which had apparently run out of gas, and she thought somebody should come and give it some so it could get home.

Often airplanes have gone backward over the surface of the ground, although they were making just as much speed in the air as ever. Currents in the air are much like those in a river in another respect. Near the ground, where the air strikes the earth, the speed of the wind will be less than it is up high, just as the current is slowed up where it strikes the bottom of the channel. This difference is quite marked in the air. Often we get winds of 100 miles an hour 6,000 or 8,000 feet up, while on the surface they may be only thirty miles an hour.

Showing how speed in the air may be different from ground speed, and why experienced pilots fly low against head winds.

OLD pilots who know their business get right on the ground when they have to fly against such winds. An airplane gets much more lift, something like 10 or 15 per cent more, when it is close to the ground. This is because the air is piled up like a great cushion against the ground or water beneath the plane, with much more sustentation as the result.

Many of these things are not known by the average aëronautical engineers, because they have had so little experience in the air.

Heavy fog, the silent, dreaded enemy of every aviator, is a serious matter to contend with. When an airplane flies into a fog, the pilot experiences the same sensation as though he were on the inside of a sphere all painted a dark gray. There is no point of reference, such as the horizon, against which the wings of the plane can be leveled, nor any point to fly toward, such as a church steeple, a mountain, the sun, or a star. The result is that, without an instrument, a man is incapable of keeping his equilibrium and the plane may get over on its side or even on its back without the pilot's knowing it.

We now have an instrument which will tell us when we are in a horizontal or a vertical position, on or off an even keel. It is actuated by an air current coming in through a little tube that impinges on a turbine, by which a small gyroscope is kept spinning at about 22,000 revolutions per minute. This gives us a stable point of reference by which the pilot can steer.

A new instrument is necessary for making safe landings in fog. Heretofore, a barometer has been used for this purpose, which indicates how much air there is above us, but we want to develop something that will measure the column of air underneath —that is, between the airplane and the ground. We could put down a wire with a plummet from the airplane and could sound, as a ship feels for the bottom at sea, but due to the speed of the plane, when we approach closer than 500 feet to the ground there is too much lag on the line.

At 20,000 feet an airman is in need of a supply of additional oxygen.

We tried reverberations, measuring the time that sound took to go to the ground and get back to the plane. We also tried electrical devices and radio, none of which was entirely satisfactory.

In this connection, some interesting experiments were made with birds and animals. Birds are very sensitive to sound, especially pheasants. Often thunderstorms will kill young pheasants from the noise alone. The British used these birds during the war to indicate the approach of Zeppelins; long before anyone could hear the drone of the motors, the birds were unmistakably affected by the vibrations and acted in a very agitated manner.

Another experiment was conducted with bats. A large

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Noted

Berlin beauty specialist

ELISE BOCK

All middle Europe seeks the refinements of beauty in this smart Berlin establishment, the elegant salon of Elise Bock, at 158 Kaerntnerstrasse.

sends America a 2-minute home beauty treatment...

"Foundation cleansing – the daily elimination of all pore-clogging dust, powder and rouge – by one means and one means only, daily use of the soap blended of palm and olive oils – Palmolive! . . . I urge all my clients to use it as well as my own Pasta Divina and Eber Cucumber Emulsion."

Elise Bock

BERLIN W. 158 KAERNTNERSTRASSE
ROME–PRAGUE–VIENNA–SANTIAGO

YOUR facial loveliness, according to the celebrated Elise Bock, depends upon "foundation cleansing." And foundation cleansing depends on the daily use of a soap blended of palm and olive oils.

The smartest women of the Mid-European world take all their beauty problems to Elise Bock of Berlin. Madame Bock's salons de beauté in Rome, Prague, Vienna and Santiago are well known to women of fashion, who consult her constantly.

Known throughout the world

Many of our own lovely women go to *Vienna* and hear from Pessl this same truth. Madame Jacobson, of *London*; Massé of *Paris*; Attilio, of *Rome*; de Neuville, of *St. Moritz;* Lina Cavalieri, of *Paris*—these are just a few of the outstanding beauty specialists who advise twice-a-day use of one soap—and one soap only—Palmolive! Leading American specialists have long agreed on the importance of palm and olive oils in cleansing. These are the reasons why Madame Bock stresses the importance of "foundation cleansing." Powder and rouge gradually work their way into the pores. Only a part remains on the surface. The rest combines with dust, dirt and oil. And soon, tiny, stubbornly hard masses form. Unless one washes the face this special way morning and evening—blackheads, pimples, dreaded blemishes appear!

A famous 2-minute rule

This is the 2-minute home beauty treatment Elise Bock herself would give you in her select studio de beauté: massage the warm creamy lather of Palmolive into the pores with both hands, for about two minutes. Then rinse thoroughly, first with warm, then cold water. That is all.

What Elise Bock tells her Mid-European patrons, Paris long has known, for today, in France—home of cosmetics, leader in soaps and elegant toiletries—Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps ... it is first in the United States and 48 other countries!

Retail Price
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PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Fashion's smartest attire for sun-bathing . . . for active swimming . . . the new *Sun-suit* by Jantzen! Permitting, with modesty, a maximum exposure of skin surface to the healthful ultra-violet rays of the sun. Matching the sophisticated lines of a smart evening gown so that there need be no conflict between sun-burn and social ambitions! And best of all, a new and greater freedom for swimming, greater than that for which Jantzen already is famous. You swim gracefully . . . with every muscle free. A Jantzen fits your body lightly, comfortably, smoothly . . . *without a wrinkle!* You leave the water as smartly clad as when you entered. This remarkable perfection of fit is due to the magic of Jantzen-stitch. Tightly knitted wool! Only the strongest long-fibres are used. See this and other new Jantzen models . . . the *Twosome*, the *Speed-suit* . . . at leading stores everywhere. Conveniently buttonless up to size 42; unbreakable button on larger sizes. Colorful, color-fast hues for every type . . . blonde, brunette or titian. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

Jantzen Knitting Mills,
Dept. 41, Portland, Oregon

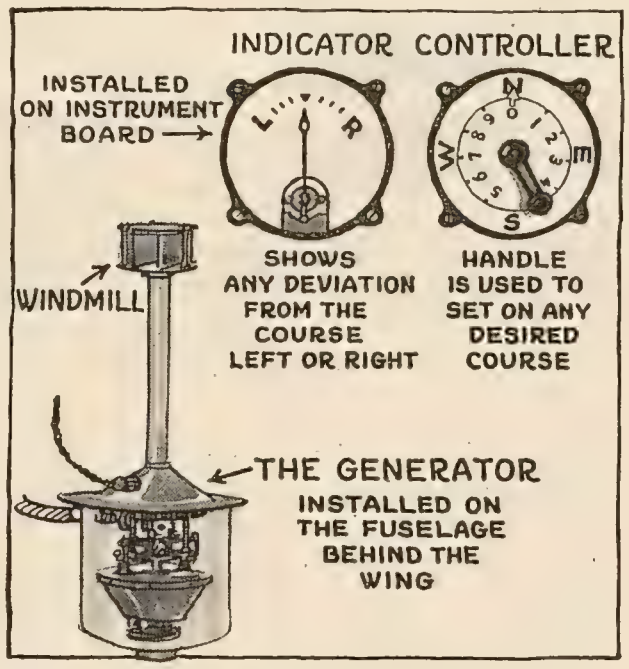
[ ] Send me free *"Jantzen Color Harmony Guide"* showing Jantzen colors best suited to my type; also suggestions for creating a colorful beach ensemble.

Name_____ Address_____

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

room was painted black and sealed so that no ray of light could enter, having been beforehand strung with wires about a foot apart. Several bats were turned loose in it and the room was closed. Men waited at listening devices which were connected electrically so that the least touch on the wires would be indicated. The bats flew round and round, never touching a wire. It is thought that they put out some sound and get an echo from it when it encounters an object. If we could do that in the air, it would solve the problem of landing in fogs or in the dark.

An instrument for landing in fogs, now being perfected, operates on the principle of an electric condenser. The amount of electricity which the plates of the condenser are capable of containing depends upon their nearness to one another. The nearer they are, the greater the amount of electricity they can hold. Now, with one plate of the condenser in the airplane and using the earth as the other plate, the varying amounts of electricity can be recorded by an instrument which measures the farads, or units of electric capacity. From this we can tell in tens of feet our distance from the earth. Thirty feet is near enough, because with our present landing gear we can fall from that height, "pancake" as it is called, without smashing up.

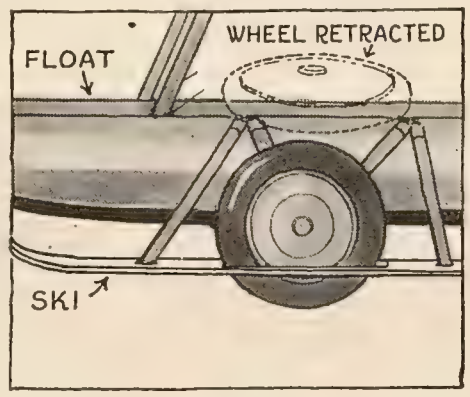


The indicator and controller of the earth inductor compass, as installed on the instrument board, and its air-driven generator.

With modern landing gear, a plane going 100 miles an hour can hit the ground and not be broken up. The shock is taken up not only in the large wheels and pneumatic tires, but also along hydraulic buffers, long cylinders with pistons in them, containing oil, glycerine, or other fluids. They are similar to the mechanism used to take up the recoil of great cannon.

A very serious menace to air navigation is the formation of ice on the wings, body, and propeller of aircraft when they are forced to travel through snow, cold fogs, clouds, or hail. The formation of this ice not only puts on the plane a tremendous additional weight, which alone might force it down, but also changes the shape of the surfaces of the plane so the controls will not act properly, and a crash is usually the result. Or ice may form on the propeller and throw it out of balance, causing it to vibrate so strongly as to tear the engine out of the ship.

I have often had ice form on my ship. I remember one instance in this country where it was especially serious. I had flown to Ithaca, New York, accompanied by my aide, Lieutenant Lester Maitland, in another ship, to look over some new airplanes. Upon our return flight to Long Island, we ran into snow clouds; they did not look very high and I thought we could go over them.



The modern giant plane has a triple combination landing gear.

WE ascended to 12,000 feet, and as we went further they rose behind us. We got up to 16,000 or 17,000 feet; our ships, the old De Havillands with Liberty engines, would go no higher; but still we could not rise above the clouds. A snow cloud is quite black and at that altitude sometimes holds hail. I tried to turn back, but found that the clouds had risen still higher behind us, so I signaled Maitland to descend through the cloud going west, while I went east. It is easy for one airplane to run into another in a cloud like that where the instant you enter it everything is blotted from view.

As soon as I got into it, frost began to form on the wings and propeller of my machine. I did not think ice could form so quickly and to the extent that it did. In a few moments, the vibration in my engine was so great that I was afraid it would jump out of the machine. I thought the propeller had been broken on one end and had thus been thrown out of balance, so I throttled the engine down. Pretty soon my air-speed indicator showed that we were scarcely moving, but when I stuck my head out of the cockpit, I found we were going at a great speed. The flying sleet cut right into the flesh of my face.

The air-speed indicator had become clogged with ice and would not work. I did not know where I was or whether I would get out of there alive, but I just felt the ship down, not knowing whether the clouds extended right to the ground or not, and expecting to hit something at any instant. I came out of the clouds over Binghamton, New York, about 400 feet up, and saw that the plane was covered all over with ice about an inch thick.

THE ice was breaking off the propeller in bits; that was what had made it unbalanced. Gradually the ice left the propeller entirely and all vibration ceased, and I was enabled to continue my flight toward Long Island.

We came out of that situation unharmed and I could tell what was needed to meet such conditions. If we had crashed, no one would have been the wiser. I mention this incident, which occurred nine years ago, to show the necessity for obtaining a means of keeping ice off our planes. Practically none of my airplane instruments worked because the little tubes through which air blew to the indicators were clogged up with ice and snow. We immediately pushed our experiments for snow and hail flying.

We tried emulsions and heavy fluids on the wings, such as are put on the windshields of automobiles in snowstorms to keep the ice off, and found that they worked partially. We put little windmills on the air-speed indicators, instead of the air-pressure tubes, and found we could in this way overcome the clogging with snow.

Airplanes must be constructed to withstand the very worst conditions of atmosphere. If they are not, they will be overtaken by them at unexpected times with disastrous results.

I believe that most of the airplanes lost in attempting to fly the Atlantic have been forced down by the formation of ice on wings and propellers.

Upon getting into bad weather many pilots attempt to go over the clouds, thereby getting into a stratum of very cold air which causes ice to form on the plane. Under such conditions, it is often better to get down low, near the ground or water, where the temperature is not so low and ice does not form so easily.

The German Junkers airplane that crossed the Atlantic from Europe to America had paraffin on its wings and body to keep off the ice. It may have had some other substance also that we do not know about.

Unquestionably we can prevent the formation of ice, not only by covering the wings and propeller with a frost-resisting compound but also by actually heating the wings, either electrically or from the exhaust of the engine.

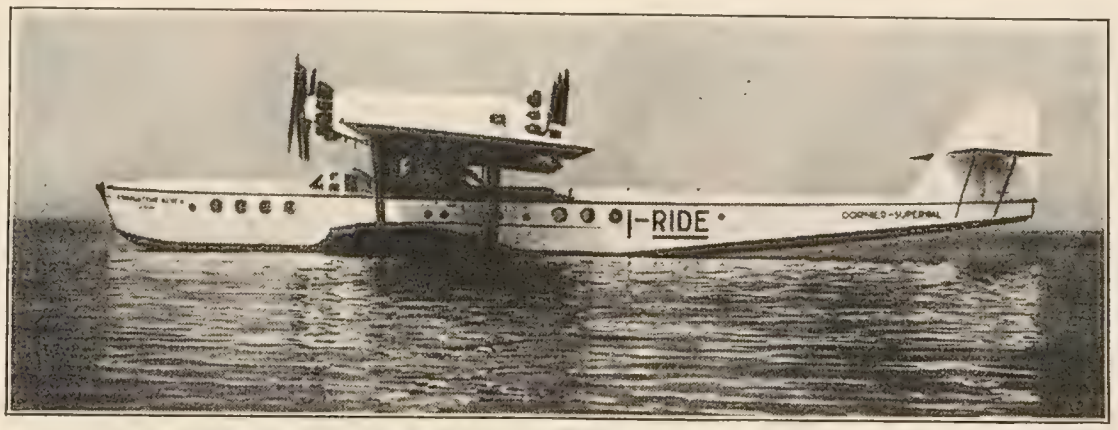
Our means of propulsion, of pulling our aircraft through the air, are comparatively primitive. We still have to use the internal-combustion gasoline engine. From a scientific standpoint, there has been very little development in it since its invention by Daimler in 1879. We have made it stronger and more reliable, by getting

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FUTURE FLYING
Continued from page twenty-one]

better materials, fewer working parts, better ignition, better carburetion, an improved system of cam shaft and gears—but still the engine remains the same old thing. The average aëronautical engine today has from 2,500 to 6,000 or 7,000 parts—a terribly complicated affair. Anybody can make a complicated thing, but it takes a good man to make a simple thing that works.

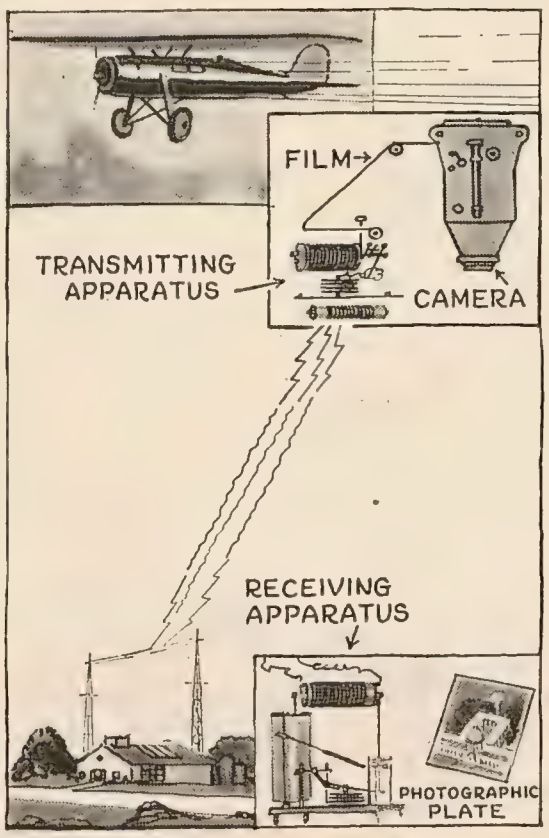
Many firms and individuals are working on a Diesel heavy oil engine for aëronautical use. The Diesel engine depends for its ignition on the heat generated by compressing the fuel to a very high degree, about 500 pounds pressure to the square inch, which in itself is sufficient to explode the mixture taken into the cylinders—as distinguished from the ordinary gasoline engine whose mixture is exploded by an electric spark. Such an engine would require only about half the number of parts used in a gasoline engine. The result would be greater simplicity, which makes for safety, and a greatly enlarged radius of operation, with many more flying hours to a given weight of fuel.



A giant passenger-carrying seaplane of the present time. This four-motor Dornier "Superwal" belongs to an Italian company.

In the past, our main trouble with this type engine was that the cylinder walls had to be made so strong, to stand the very high compression necessary, that they could not be made light enough in weight for use in airplanes. One company in the United States has already announced that it has a Diesel airplane engine and has flown an airplane equipped with it. This will be a great advance if it proves successful.

Experiments were made a number of years ago with steam engines for use in airplanes. The engine itself can be made very much lighter than the gasoline engine, but the fuel and water required weigh so much as to make the whole installation too heavy for practical purposes. Mercury and other liquids have been tried, but without much success. Gasoline and mercury-vapor turbines have also been tried, but so far unsuccessfully. If the turbine principle could be applied to an aëronautical engine, it would eradicate many of our troubles.



Illustrating the radio transmission of photographs taken in the air.

WE have nothing better than the gasoline engine at present, and therefore we try to get as great a factor of safety with it as possible. Where an engine has so great a number of parts, the liability to trouble and stoppage is very great. We try to safeguard the airplane by getting a number of these engines working together, so that if one or two go out of business, the others will sustain the craft in the air. This is exemplified in a rudimentary way by the two-engine and three-engine planes we now have. So far, no aircraft operated in the United States has several engines on the center line inclosed inside the body. The American planes have the engines hung under the wings, where they offer a tremendous amount of resistance to the air and are less efficient.

Large propellers that can get out and grip the still air away from the wings of the airplane, and that do not spin around like the little toothpicks in present use, are what we must come to. Some years ago I had a large airplane designed which would have been capable of attaining a speed of 300 miles an hour and carrying fifty passengers. It would have been able to go from New York to San Francisco in from twelve to sixteen hours, including stops. It was to have a propeller twenty-seven feet in diameter, driven by four 500-horsepower engines. We had the gearing constructed for these engines and tested to show that it was entirely practical. The plane was never built, because after we sank the battleships, all our experimentation was stopped by the government.

In the old days, when we first began to fly, our engines had only about forty horsepower. We used large propellers that moved slowly, turning over about 800 revolutions per minute, but with those low-powered engines we obtained remarkable efficiency. When we tried to push up the power in our engines, we increased the compression and ran up the number of revolutions per minute to about 2,500. This gave us more dynamic horsepower, but, due to the materials we had to use in our propellers, we had to reduce their size or they would fly to pieces.

THE end of the propeller, turning over at its maximum speed on the ordinary airplane engine, travels at a rate of about 400 miles per hour, which is entirely too fast for efficient operation, as the "slip" through the air at these speeds is tremendous. Engineers are realizing this and are gearing the engines down so as to get slow-moving propellers big enough to get away from the structure of the plane and take hold of the good, still air—that is, air not affected by the slipstream from the propeller.

The quality of the air has a great deal to do with a propeller's efficiency. At a high altitude the air is thinner than at sea level, and consequently the propeller has much more difficulty in getting hold of it. It is harder to take an airplane off the ground at Cheyenne, Wyoming, an altitude of 7,000 feet, than on Long Island, which is practically at sea level.

Where it is very hot, the air is expanded and thin, and then again it is difficult to take hold of. The last time I took off from the field at Calexico, California, the temperature was 130 degrees in the shade, without much shade. The engine had to exert itself to the utmost to get the plane off the ground, which made it heat up tremendously. Just beyond this place the main ridge of the Rocky Mountains rises, and an altitude of 12,000 feet or more had to be attained to cross it. On that particular day, due to the inefficiency of the propellers and the overheating of the engine, I had to wait until the sun started to go down before I could climb over the mountains.

All of this could have been overcome by two things: First, by having propellers whose pitch could be varied—that is, the angle of the blades could be changed so as to obtain a greater grip on the air. Such propellers can be adjusted from the pilot's seat. Second, the airplane engine should have been equipped with a supercharger. With this equipment, the plane would have had no difficulty whatever in getting off the ground at any altitude and surmounting the highest mountains. Some Euro-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Beauty and Size beyond its price

Grace of line and luxury of finish distinguish the new Willys-Knight "70-B" as the outstanding creation of modern style specialists. Its big motor is the *patented* double sleeve-valve engine, so notable for smoothness, silence, economy and increasing efficiency.

A heavy seven-bearing crankshaft reduces vibration to a minimum, while the improved frame construction gives extra rigidity and enhanced riding comfort. Only quantity production and volume sales make possible the low price on so artistically designed and scientifically engineered a car as the new style Willys-Knight "70-B."

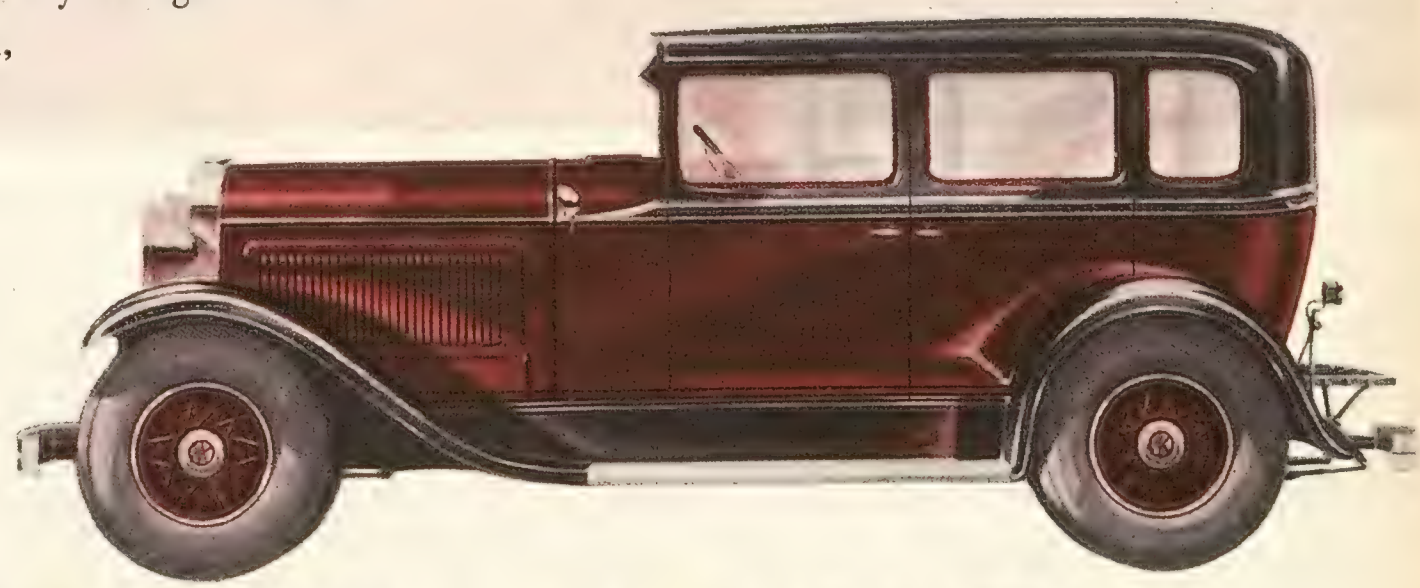
"FINGER-TIP CONTROL"

One button, in center of steering wheel, controls starter, lights and horn. Simple design, easy operation; no wires in steering post.

WILLYS-KNIGHT "70-B" FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN

$1145

Coach $1045; Coupe $1045; Roadster $1045; Touring $1045. Wire wheels included. Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice. Equipment, other than standard, extra.



NEW STYLE **WILLYS-KNIGHT** MOTOR CARS

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

THIS AT BUICK

A NEW SIX AT A PRICE WITHIN THE REACH OF MILLIONS

FOR more than twenty-five years the motoring world has paid tribute to Buick engineering, Buick craftsmanship and Buick ideals of enduring value. Now the accumulated experience of these years of leadership has been focused on a new car—the Marquette. And in this new car are offered, at a price within the reach of millions, all the priceless advantages of Buick manufacture.

In appearance, the Marquette has true modern smartness that expresses the tempo of the age without conforming to accepted pattern. In every phase of performance, it demonstrates abilities that set it apart entirely from all cars of comparable price. In basic value, it embodies the added margin that Buick's experienced craftsmanship and great production make possible.

Millions have long wanted such an automobile as the Marquette—many to enjoy Buick ideals of dependability and uninterrupted service in a car priced within their means, many to have a second car in keeping with the standards their Buicks have created for them. Every motorist will realize instinctively that the presentation of the Marquette is an occasion well worth attending. Visit the Buick showroom Saturday, when this eventful new car will be on display.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
BUILDER OF BUICK AND MARQUETTE MOTOR CARS

SATURDAY
DEALERS

Marquette

Body by Fisher

BUILT BY BUICK

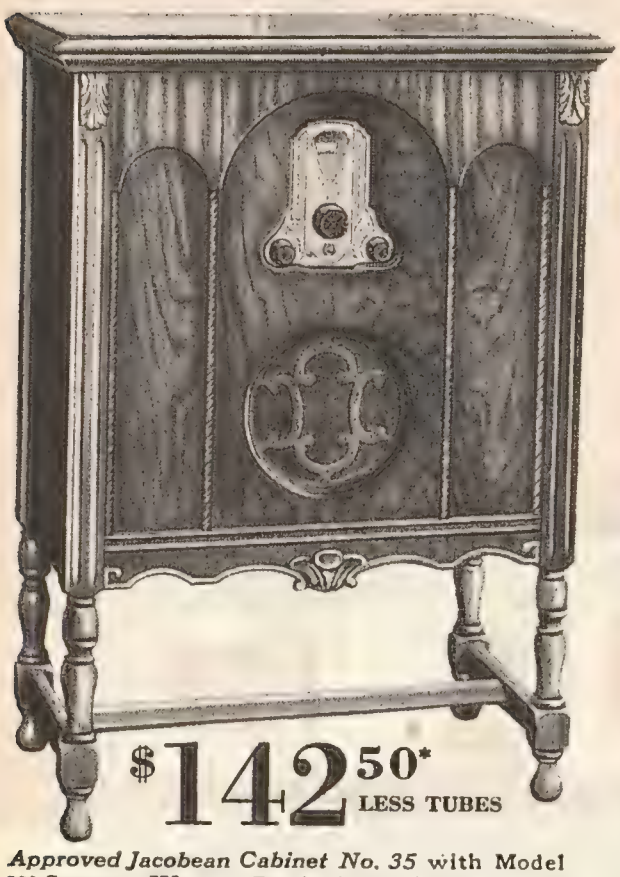
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

When Major Segrave shattered all records with a speed of 231 miles an hour, his feat was hardly more astonishing than the new Stewart-Warner's performance in wiping out existing standards of radio reception.

A NEW CHAMPION IS HERE!

an all-'round champion that combines selectivity, tone, volume and distance-getting ability never before known

The new 900 Series STEWART-WARNER RADIO



$142.50* LESS TUBES

Approved Jacobean Cabinet No. 35 with Model 900 Stewart-Warner Radio, illustrated above. 8 tubes, including rectifier. Uses 2 UX-245 power tubes together with five 227's—the most advanced and powerful tube equipment known to radio today. "Balanced Bridge" circuit. Plug-in for Television—an exclusive Stewart-Warner feature. 22-carat gold-plated connections. Illuminated visible angle dial. New Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer. Cabinet of American Walnut, with African Walnut trim.

Stewart-Warner Radio comes in 60-cycle and 25-cycle AC, 100 to 130 volts, models for any current. Also DC and battery operated.

*West of Rockies, $147.00, less tubes.

Through the severest field tests to which any radio was ever put—by night and by day—across even the most difficult mining regions—the new Stewart-Warner has come with flying colors—and out-performed in side-by-side comparison sets costing double its price.

For Stewart-Warner Radio Engineers have done the thing that "couldn't be done"

—by developing an entirely new "balanced bridge" circuit—by creating a radio so selective it gets stations you never knew existed. It's so powerful it brings distant stations booming in with a volume never before possible. It's so exact it reproduces programs with unmatched realism of tone.

Here's the *new* champion of the air—here's "*The Set With The Punch.*" Modern—even to plug-in for television. Performance that's 5 years ahead.

Before you even consider the purchase of any radio, hear this new Stewart-Warner—"*The Set With The Punch.*" Then you'll appreciate the difference between this 5-years-in-advance *champion* and "just a radio set."

The Stewart-Warner line is complete and embodies the last word in radio design plus many exclusive Stewart-Warner features.

The models include Sheraton and Jacobean period consoles, consolette ensembles and table models. And prices range from $89.75 to $170.50, less tubes.

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION, Chicago

STEWART-WARNER RADIO

"The Voice of Authority"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

pean automobiles have been equipped with superchargers, but no working or service airplanes in the United States have any such installation.

The airplane is the only means of transportation which can be made equally efficient in the heat of the tropics and the cold of the Arctic. We have used airplanes in temperatures down to sixty below zero in Alaska. It took a good deal of experimenting to overcome some of the difficulties. Only since the war have we become familiar with the effect of Arctic conditions on planes, although some little experience was obtained during the war, in northern Russia and Siberia.

In extremely low temperatures, substances become very brittle. Steel and wood will often fly to pieces when hit or moved very rapidly. Water condenses on the inside of metal tubes and gets into the carburetors of the engines, so we learned to disconnect all the metal tubes that led the gasoline from the tank to the carburetor and thence to the engine, and every morning these would be blown out so as to get them clear of water and ice which had condensed overnight.

If the oil in the crank case was not heated, it would become so thick that the engine could not be turned over, so we heated it over a fire before putting it in. With water-cooled engines, we never poured water into the radiator until we had started the engines and kept them running till they were good and hot; otherwise it would have frozen instantly and probably cracked the water jackets. Air-cooled engines helped this feature a good deal in cold weather.

Aircraft can be equipped with skis so as to land on ice or snow in comparatively rough places without damage. In fact, they can carry a combination landing gear that will allow them to land on the water, the land, or open snow and ice. Pilots and passengers can be easily protected from cold by keeping them out of the strong wind in the slipstream and electrically heating both their clothing and the cockpit or cabin in which they sit.

AS far as the wings and shapes of aircraft are concerned, we are discovering more about their resistance to the air and what the best shapes are for a given purpose. One way of determining this is by means of an artificial wind produced through a tube or tunnel, in which a model of the airplane is placed, balanced on an instrument that records the pressure of the wind against it. In other experiments we use water tanks with aluminum dust on top of the water, through which the models are pulled. Sometimes smoke is blown across a model and note taken of how the smoke goes around it. When it has been decided which model embodies the most advantages, an airplane is built along these lines. Sometimes faults develop in the plane which could not be detected in the model, and these must be ironed out; or unexpected virtues appear, which may bring about something entirely new in airplane construction.

At present, were we untrammeled by politicians and selfish interests that seek above all else to make money out of aircraft, we could construct a great single-wing airplane of 150-foot span, with a chord or width of wing of thirty-five or forty feet. This wing would be about ten feet thick and equipped with accommodations for fifty passengers. In the center would be the engine room, containing six or eight engines, driving on to a single propeller thirty or forty feet in diameter, the pitch of which could be varied according to the altitude. These engines would be equipped with superchargers. If one or two engines failed, the rest would sustain the airplane in flight while those out of order could be worked on by mechanics. Each engine could be run at a constant speed; all of them could be used to get off the ground when a maximum amount of power was necessary, or when bucking storms or producing their highest speed. Otherwise, in horizontal flight, a couple of engines could be thrown out of gear and used as a reserve in case of emergency.

Powerful shock absorbers would allow the airplane to hit the ground at 100 miles an hour. The landing gear would have wheels fifteen feet in diameter and tires a couple of feet thick, which could roll without damage over ordinary ditches and fences or obstructions eight or ten feet high. This landing gear would be folded up into the wings of the airplane when it left the ground, to reduce the head resistance and allow more speed. As the plane took off, the controls would be turned over to an automatic pilot, which would guide it straight through fogs, storms, snow, or ice, to its destination. The wings and propellers would be made frost-proof so that ice could not form on them.

NEXT WEEK—

Soames and the Flag

The Story of an Unknown Soldier

by

John Galsworthy

THE position of the plane in the air would be checked by radiotelegraphy, and constant communication kept with the ground by both telephone and telegraph. It would receive reports every five minutes as to the weather 100 miles or more in front of it.

This plane could be refueled in the air, if necessary, by another airplane flying either above or below it. Mail, express, and even passengers could be delivered to it while it was flying in the air. If for any reason it was forced to land in rough country, its metal construction would be so rugged that it would take a tremendous crash to hurt it very much, and its crash-proof gasoline tanks could be jettisoned so as to prevent fires. If it landed on the water, its stanch metal construction would keep it afloat for many days.

It would have a speed of at least 300 miles an hour and would be capable of operating in either the Arctic or the tropics.

Airways would be established straight across the country, with radio beacons which would act as constant guides to these craft. We would provide a means of bringing the airplanes over airdromes and even landing them, in case of fog, using the instruments that can be made at the present time.

This is the commercial ship of the future, one which we ourselves will probably see, and which our children and grandchildren will certainly see and use. With aircraft such as this, passenger lines will operate not only from New York to San Francisco in from twelve to fifteen hours, but from New York to Peking, China, by way of Bering Strait, in forty or fifty hours.

We shall be able to go from New York, by way of Greenland and Iceland, to London, Berlin, and Paris in thirty hours; from New York to the tip of South America in fifty hours; and thence across the Antarctic continent to Australia and New Zealand, or to South Africa, in another fifty hours.

With these routes, the distances over water are very small. Between America and Asia, the longest distance to be crossed over water is only twenty-one miles. To Europe, the greatest water jumps are about 450 miles; to Australia, about 400 miles; and to Africa, 500. Turn to your globes or maps and trace these routes, and you will see.

In future, the avenues of power will follow the meridians of latitude instead of the parallels of longitude. Travel routes between continents will no longer stretch over wide reaches of ocean; instead, we shall wing our way over the top of the world. There lie the future lines of civilization and conquest.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

PROF. DR. EINSTEIN, who estimates the diameter of space at 700,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles, feels certain that the collar button he has just dropped can't be far away.

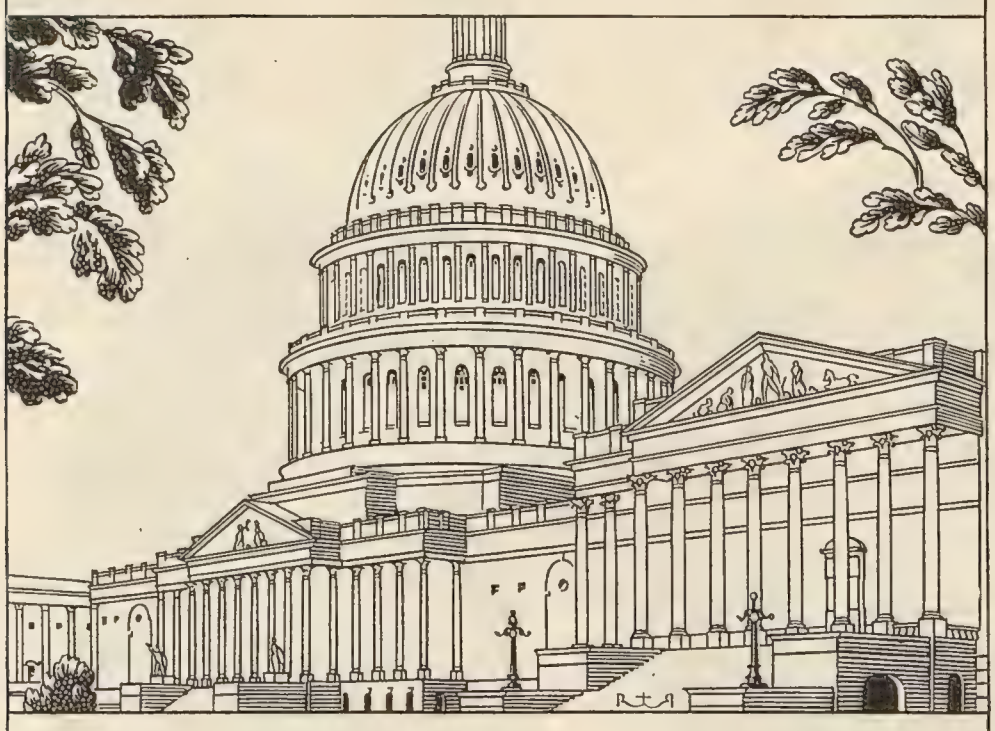
THE SPORTING SPIRIT DEVELOPS IN THE COAST GUARD. The old battleship Oregon, with an armament of eight-inch guns, is sold to the Amalgamated Rum Running Enterprises, Inc.

THE SIXTH SESSION OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS PREPARATORY COMMISSION FOR A CONFERENCE ON WORLD DISARMAMENT adjourns, having spent the entire session apologizing for the insults offered among the delegates during the five previous sessions.

THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.)

REMEMBERING THE ENORMOUS COST OF DIGGING THE PANAMA CANAL, the government opens a women's golf course on the site of the Nicaragua Canal.
(Idea by Franklin Piner, Chicago, Ill.)

Men buy Buicks and Government Bonds with the same sense of security



The wide gulf between promise and proof—between the nearly good and the good—still confronts motor car buyers. And the preference of the discriminating public for KNOWN VALUE causes more than twice as many people to choose Buicks as any other fine car.

Buick

THERE ARE SO few things of which human beings are sure . . . and such a deep, imperative desire on the part of all for surety—

—surety in important investments—in the vital interests of family life—and in all policies and products.

ONE THING of which everyone is sure is the fundamental goodness of Buick automobiles. For that goodness has been proved throughout a quarter of a century, and is accepted everywhere as an established fact.

NOT ONLY do people the world over favor Buick . . . not only do they recognize it as the standard of comparison among fine automobiles . . . but they have come to regard its very name as a symbol of reliability.

THEY VIEW this car, and the institution behind it, with the same confidence as a Government bond, and buy it with the same certainty of value.

THAT IS WHY more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200. That is why more than eighty per cent of Buick owners buy Buicks again and again. That is why these owners *alone* purchase more Buicks than the total production of any other individual car in the Buick field.

THE BUILDERS of Buick know the value of confidence fully as well as the buyers of Buick cars. And they will keep faith, as they have for the past quarter of a century, that it may always be said:

"*Men buy Buicks . . . and Government bonds . . . with the same sense of security.*"

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ontario
Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Cloudburst

The Love Story of a Prodigal Son

By

ALMA *and* PAUL ELLERBE

Pictures by DAN CONTENT

" I must go home," he said to himself, " and that's that."

HAL DUNNING looked out through the haze of many cocktails and smiled at the little black-haired girl with the tiptilted nose. The inverted silk lily that she wore for a dress began, without benefit of shoulder straps, very far down and ended almost immediately. There wasn't much of her that he couldn't see, and all of her was beautiful.

Her name was Jean. He was perfectly sure of it; but he wasn't sure of anything else. He didn't know whose party this was, or who had brought him here, or anybody's name but Jean's. Jean who? He didn't know. But he thought that as soon as she finished her God-knew-how-many-th cocktail she was going to sit in his lap, and the fervor with which he anticipated that shone in his eyes. He watched with a somewhat fuddled smile while the bottom of her glass went up and up.

And then she set it down and turned toward him, and suddenly something inside of young Hal Dunning—something like the archangel Michael in complete and shining steel—arose and cracked a whip over him and brought him to heel like a dog, and he got up and started for the door. Somebody put a hat on his head and a coat over his dinner clothes and an elevator dropped him to the street. He walked out of the apartment house and the doorman got him a taxi and he sank into it.

" Drive around a while," he said. " I want some air." And heaved a gin-laden sigh.

They drove around.

The archangel Michael, or whatever it was, had sobered him, but he didn't remember what city he was in, or the name of his hotel. But he would in a minute, and it didn't make any difference, anyhow. All places were alike. Wherever he was, he breathed, not air, but cigarette smoke, and saw life through a haze of cocktails. New York or Denver— Yes, that's what it was—this was Denver! If he let his mind alone, the name of his hotel would come round next.

Well, New York or Denver, it was all the same. As the cuckoo moved around the earth in the midst of spring, so did he move around it in a cocktail haze; seeing here, there, or anywhere, white shirt fronts and black bow ties, low-cut dresses and silk-clad legs and faces like smart advertisements, and hearing the pound of jazz.

He slumped down in his seat and thrust out his dancing pumps and scowled at them. Why did he live like that? There must be other ways to live. Something he had read as a kid floated into his mind: " The jungle is large and the cub he is small: let him think and be still."

" Hey! " he said to the taxi driver. " I want to walk."

The man stopped and he gave him a bill and got out.

" It's a bum place for walking," the man said; but he paid no heed and stretched his legs.

In a block or two he was crossing railroad tracks under

Over and over he tried to say: " I'll be jogging along back tomorrow." And over and over he couldn't.

a viaduct. It was slushy and smelly and dark, but he didn't mind. " Think and be still." That was a swell idea! He'd like to try it, but would he? He laughed aloud (he didn't like himself a nickel's worth just then) and swung out from the hips to walk off what could be walked off. As for the rest of it—

" You feel like this every now and then," he told himself, " when you've had too much hooch and hooey; but you'll never change, old son! On the day before they shovel you under you'll be jazzing along to the same old tune! "

And just then a man stepped out and hit him in the back of the head and changed him in the twinkling of a sandbag.

. . . . .

He came back to consciousness in the midst of creaking and clanking and the smell of coal smoke, and discovered by the aid of a little pale light that came in through the cracks that he was lying on the floor of an empty box car. His head was swollen and sore and he felt achy and shaken and stiff.

" Gone, of course," he thought, sitting up and feeling for his pocketbook; and so it was—along with his watch, a gold cigarette case, and a hip flask of German silver.

He grimaced into the half dark and remarked with cunning sophistry: " One doesn't really need those things "—hoping to make a dent in his overwhelming feeling that just then one didn't need anything else.

He rose, and groped to the door. It gave to his hand, and the Rocky Mountains breathed their thin, cool, spruce-scented breath in his face. He could make out

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

And just then a man stepped out and hit him in the back of the head and changed him in the twinkling of a sandbag.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

dimly an open space and the shapes of spike-topped, flare-skirted trees against the paling sky. The train was climbing.

The whistle of the locomotive ripped through the other noises; the brakes ground down almost to a stop, let go, and the train jerked forward again. Something, he supposed, had crossed the track.

"Why don't I take a hand in this myself?" he thought, and swung down.

The train creaked and groaned and went away. He stood in his tracks and watched it go, and then he looked about him. All around him for hundreds of miles something was happening. Innumerable ranges of mountains were coming slowly out of the dark. More sky than he had ever stood beneath was gently breathing itself from rose to amethyst to flame. Light was playing in hundred-mile-long funnels and planes and fingers over the widest sweep of land he had ever seen. And only the thin, keen cry of an eagle and the whisper of the wind touched the endless silences.

"'Think,'" he muttered, "'and be still.'" And funny little feelings went up his spine. For a long time he stood perfectly still and watched. "And this has happened here always!" he thought. And then: "Well—I didn't know it. The big question now is: when do we eat?"

He put down his paper-soled dancing pumps, one after the other, on the surface of the Rocky Mountains, and stepped out in search of food.

DOWN he went, and down and down, between spruce trees with sharp cone-laden tops like spikes, until he felt there could never be flatness on the earth again; and then at last, quite suddenly, the road laid itself out levelly in a valley, and he turned a curve and came upon the pants. Just a pair of rather seedy pants, topping a little rounded hill on a line that stretched from a pine to an aspen tree; but nothing could have been more significant. Jocund and wind-filled, they pranked against the sky, symbolical and immense, as though put there to say: "Here one meets again the human race."

And young Hal Dunning, with his head aching and spinning, his feet cut and bruised, his shoes but little more than mementos of a previous existence, and hunger and thirst no longer to be kept out of his mind for five minutes on end, was ready to acknowledge that the human race was what he wanted to meet. The most Calibanish representative of it would have worn in his eyes just then a certain glow; and the girl that the next step or two revealed had the kind of glow one would have noticed at any time.

She stood in a doorway with a house of some sort around her like a frame, beside an old-fashioned cookstove, with her hand raised and the sun in her deep red hair. There was a spoon in her hand, and from it a string of thick amethyst drops flashed down through the sunshine into a big burnished copper kettle, and the pleasant pungency of chokecherry jelly filled the air.

Behind her, through an open window, he saw a squirrel

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

Making a Sound Picture
—with Western Electric Equipment

SILENCE in the studio! The director discards his megaphone, cameras whir in sound-proof booths.

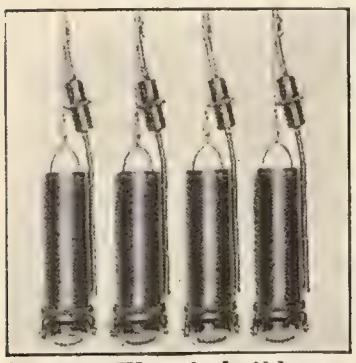
In the sound-proof "monitor room" a man at the control board regulates the volume and quality of sound recorded by Western Electric apparatus on a film or disc.

Hear Sound Pictures at their best—*go to a Western Electric equipped theatre*

Sound Pictures, made by the eleven great producers who have adopted the Western Electric system, are naturally best when reproduced in theatres with equipment from the same source.

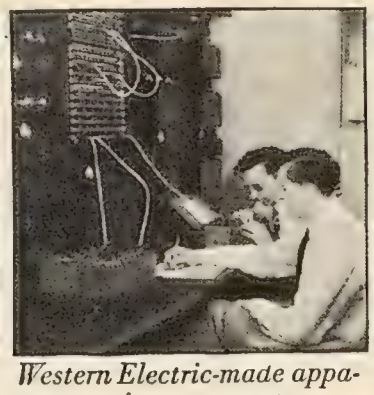
That is why exhibitors everywhere, mindful of their patrons' satisfaction, either have installed or are now installing the Western Electric system—the sound equipment that assures clear and natural tone, that reflects a half century's experience in making telephones and other apparatus for reproducing sound.

(Photographs courtesy of Paramount)

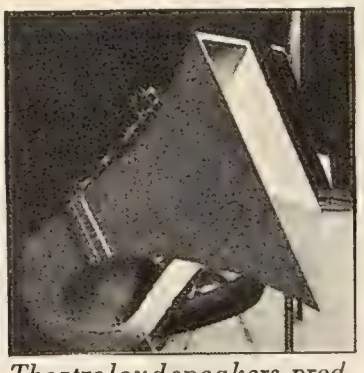


Western Electric builds special microphones for studio requirements.

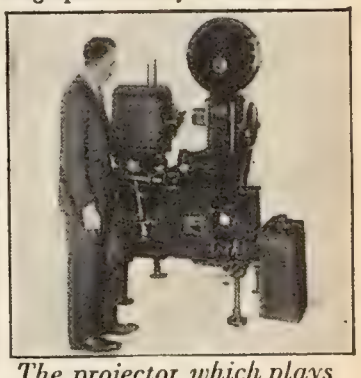
The "monitor" controls quality and volume of all sound recorded.



Western Electric-made apparatus insures true-tone reproduction.



Theatre loud speakers, product of acoustical experts and craftsmen.



The projector which plays the sound picture in the theatre.

Western Electric

THE VOICE OF ACTION

SOUND SYSTEM

GIVE YOUR CHILDREN THIS PURE TASTY MODERN YEAST

IF THEY ARE RUN DOWN, UNDER-NOURISH-ED AND...

ONLY HALF THERE

CHILDREN need yeast. It builds them up, gives them appetite and good digestion and helps them get full value from their food. But ordinary baking yeast is not suitable for the reason that it ferments and causes gas.

Give children Yeast Foam Tablets. Pure whole yeast with nothing added. So prepared that it can not ferment or cause gas. A fetching taste that makes most people chew the tablets like candy.

As to purity and potency, please remember that this yeast is used and recognized as the standard for vitamin studies by the leading universities of the nation and by the U. S. Government. This is *your* guarantee.

Six tablets in the glassine envelope for 5 cents or the 10-day bottle from your druggist for 50 cents. Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ON THE AIR

Every Wednesday 7:00 P.M. Central Daylight Saving Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers," through N. B. C. Blue Network. Also Milwaukee, Duluth, Minneapolis. Tune in!

CLOUDBURST

[Continued from page thirty-two]

upright upon a bough with its head atilt and bright eye cocked. The girl's eyes were on him too, and a collie dog's which stood beside her, too replete with a general feeling of all's right with the world, it seemed, to bark at him. He felt that all this little new bright sun-washed world was waiting for him to declare himself.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "I'm a really respectable person. I—"

"Hadn't you better sit down?"

She laid the bowl of the spoon in a saucer and pushed forward a split-bottom rocking-chair, and he came and sank into it gratefully.

"Was it," she said quite matter-of-factly, "a nice party?"

He shot her a quick look. She was neither kidding nor fearful. She wasn't an eastern girl. She stood there indescribably differently, in her elk-hide boots and brown corduroy skirt and old-blue blouse of some basket-weave material, with heavy roll collar and deep V neck. Her skin was the most beautiful, even, deep brown he had ever seen. Her spiderwort-blue eyes let you look as deep as you wished: there was nothing to hide. He was going to like this girl.

"No," he said; "the party was punk. There were too many cock—" The room began going gently round. "I say, would you mind giving me something to—to eat?"

She seemed to be right at his elbow with coffee.

"Look out, it's hot. You're pretty well all in, aren't you?"

"Well," he said, sipping, "about another hundred miles of your perpendicular country would've been my limit. Gosh, that's good!"

"I was just getting breakfast. There's plenty for two. And you needn't move."

She pulled up a little table covered with a red and white checked cloth and began setting it.

HE let his head rest against a red calico cushion on the back of the chair and sighed with gratitude.

"You *are* kind! And spunky! Taking in a thing that looks like me!"

She had the nicest way of smiling entirely with her eyes.

"There's no harm in anybody Pete won't bark at. Besides, my husband's just over the hill. He's had his breakfast and gone out to mend a fence."

"I would have passed on in an hour," he thought regretfully. "It would have been nice to think of her here alone with the squirrel and the dog and the mountain. I wonder what he's like." He sat up suddenly.

"Owner of the pants?" he said a little fearfully.

She set down the last of the breakfast and pulled up a chair.

"Owner of the pants."

The gold went out of the sunshine and he sighed.

When coffee and toast and bacon and eggs had brought back visibly a measure of his strength, "Now tell me," she said, "how you happened to come wandering along in dinner clothes on a road that hasn't got a house on it in that direction for twenty miles."

"Well," said he, "it all began with a little black-haired girl named Jean, with a nose tilted up like that—" And immediately won back a certain zest by orchestrating for her benefit the theme of his midnight cogitations about jazz and cocktails and little chattering girls who told you everything.

"How can they tell you everything," he said, "when they don't know anything?"

She was interested, this girl with the spiderwort-blue eyes. She leaned her bare brown arms on the table and her attentive face on her interwoven fingers and listened with intelligence and comprehension.

"HAVE you always lived like that?"

"Oh, yes. Everybody I know lives like that. It's New York."

"It sounds," she ventured, "rather silly."

"Doesn't it? Well, it *is!* Now, this—" He looked around the homely bright kitchen, with its firecracker-red calico cushions on the backs of the chairs and valance of the same material at the curtainless windows, its red oilcloth-covered shelves, its walls of dark stanch old logs chinked solidly with white cement, its little raised platform over the well at the other end of the room, with the well pump in the middle painted a bright green; at the rag rugs on the floor faded to a pleasantly mottled red and black; and then through an open door into another low-ceilinged friendly room with more rag rugs and a flowered quilt on a fat, bulging bed. "I wonder how it would feel to live like this."

"*I* like it," she said in her deep, quiet voice that had a purl in it like a river, and rose to her feet.

"Don't you want to put on those pants out there, and a pair of my husband's shoes and a shirt? It would make you look less—well, queer, when you go to Kinnikinic to take the train."

"This *isn't* the thing for morning wear in the great open spaces, is it? Thanks a lot. I'll mail them back to you."

And so it came about that he found himself in a little bathroom that smelled of squawberry bushes and juniper and shone like a new dime, changing his clothes.

He went in rather gayly, but he came out sad. It was all very well

not to judge a man by a baggy, spotty pair of pants that a six-foot 160-pounder had to turn up at the bottoms and fold across his middle like a stomacher; but when you added to these, elastic-sided shoes of the kind the English call jemimas, a flannel shirt of a peculiar mustard color that crinkled up the edges of your soul, an old-man's coat with peppermints and temperance tracts in the pockets, and a made-up bow tie of mottled maroon that clung feebly to the wearer's collar button by means of an elastic loop, a vision of lackluster and jejune elderliness erected itself that made the little house, when he went back into the kitchen, seem scarcely less than the theater of a crime. *That* girl married to such a man!

She met him with a startled glance that strove for sobriety. But it was no use.

"Oh, my poor husband! I never saw him assembled before! So *th-that's* what he'd look like! Don't mail him back, *burn* him!"

"You don't mean," he said, with an upward bound of the heart, "that you haven't *got* one?"

"It's no use," she said. "I can't pretend in the face of that. I'm the unmarriedest girl you ever met, and I live in this place alone. I hung up those pants to scare off—well, the kind of people you looked like when you came down the road. They and the rest of the outfit were left here by an old fellow who used to work for me. I am"—she pointed to white hives dotting the hill—"a honey farmer."

. . . . .

DEALSATISFACTORILYCLOSED AND PAPERS MAILED YESTERDAY FROM DENVER STOP GOT BLACKJACKED ROBBED AND SHANGHAIED THERE STOP SHIPPED UNCONSCIOUS IN BOX CAR TO THIS PERFECTLY SWELL PLACE STOP MAGNIFICENTLY WELL STOP AM GOING TO TAKE HOLIDAY STOP SEND AS MANY SULTANA CIGARETTES AS YOU THINK YOU CAN AFFORD AND NO ADVICE BY AIR MAIL STOP JOHN CAN HAVE MY GIN ETCETERA STOP HONEST STOP THIS WILL SERVE AS DEED TO MY SHARE OF BROADWAY TO ANYONE WHO WANTS IT STOP LOTS OF LOVE

HAL

When he had sent that to his family—the male members of which were also, as it happened, his firm—he got himself credit at the Kinnikinic General Store by telephone from Denver, had the storekeeper cash a check, purchased some groceries and certain bits of protective coloration made of corduroy, elk hide, and flannel, and went out and rented himself a house, a little bare, pine-sweet shack that he was sure had grown there from a seed, high up on the mountainside above the town.

And then he sat down on the porch of it and looked off over the new world he had discovered and told himself explicitly that he was east and she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

3 DAYS

Whiten Teeth

3 Shades!

Amazing Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique Removes the "Yellow" without Injury to the Enamel

The secret Kolynos formula contains one ingredient that makes it foam in the mouth. Note what this means.

It means first of all that you can use Kolynos, a highly-concentrated dental cream, *full strength*. It means also that you don't have to wet your tooth brush—that you can use it *dry*. Thus the bristles remain stiff enough to scrub the tooth surfaces properly and penetrate the crevices between the teeth, and the pits and fissures in the grinding surfaces.

The active, antiseptic foam spreads itself all over the teeth. It "works" on the mucin coating on teeth like millions of tiny fingers, breaking it up and washing it completely off the teeth. Teeth are cleaned down to the naked white enamel without injury.

The foam pushes its way into all the tiny crevices in the mouth. It penetrates where no "inert" tooth paste can go. It cleans out and disinfects all those places where food particles lodge and cause decay.

Make This Test Brush your teeth with any other tooth paste you choose. Then try Kolynos—a half inch on a dry brush. Note that your ordinary "heavy" tooth paste reaches only the outer surfaces of your teeth and that it has to be pushed about with the tooth brush. Mark, on the other hand, how Kolynos bursts into an active foam which you can feel filling your mouth. This expanding foam, antiseptic and cleansing, literally forces its way into all the crevices in your mouth. You can feel the difference in your mouth after a brushing with Kolynos.

FREE Trial Tube

All drug and toilet counters sell Kolynos, but a trial tube is free for the asking. Simply mail this coupon.

The Kolynos Co.,
Dept. LD1 New Haven, Conn.

Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

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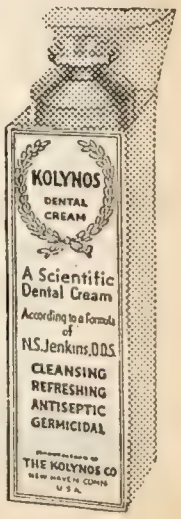
Street & No.....

City..... State .....



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wherever you go

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[CLOUDBURST
Continued from page thirty-five]

was west and neither one transplantable; that he wasn't, therefore, going to fall in love with her; and that she must be shown this immediately, so that this little golden interlude—the sort of thing the gods provide too rarely—might play itself out unspoiled.

That night he slept to the strong chafe and sob of a mountain stream and the soughing of the wind in pine trees, and the next morning, with the symbolical pants and the other garments in a bundle under his arm, he walked to the honey farm.

She returned his hail from the river.

In hip boots and blue flannel, she stood out in the swirling water, mending the bridge that spanned it.

"It's got to be strong," she explained, "because every two or three years there's a cloudburst up in Ice Box Cañon, and if it isn't it goes out. You see, it's the only way into the pasture there, where the cattle are."

She pointed with her hammer, and he looked and saw that the mountains came down about her bit of meadow in a steep, unscalable crescent whose points extended into the river.

"And you face the possibility of that sort of thing, and run the place here, and look after the cattle, and everything, *alone!*"

"Rather! I love it."

She drove a tenpenny nail in to its head with half a dozen clean, swinging blows of her heavy hammer, and splashed her way to the bank and stood up beside him, nearly as tall as he was, her wet black boots shining, her brown face faintly flushed, her red hair alive with a life of its own—behind her a far still cone of snow floating in the brilliant blue.

"NO eastern girl that ever lived," he said, "could learn to drive a nail like that. You're a brand-new breed to me, you know. I envy you. But"—he looked at her with an honest question in his eyes—"how on earth can you stick it here?"

"Here?" She smiled. "I couldn't stick it anywhere else! Don't you like it here?"

"As a playground, better than any place I've ever seen. But—well, when it gets down to brass tacks, I guess I'll have to admit that my world is fourteen miles long and sixteen blocks wide, and that my roots and all my people's are wound tight around the rocks of Manhattan Island."

She nodded.

"As mine are here. I wouldn't leave this—" She let her glance wander over the spruce-shaggy walls of her meadow and the green winding valley through which the river flowed, and come to rest on the far, serene cone of snow.

"I wouldn't leave it," she said in a tone as quiet and definite as the coming out of a star at the close of day.

"Not even," he said lightly—putting a period, as it were, to his specifications for a perfect golden interlude—"for a lover on a red roan steed of steeds who was properly thrilled when you showed him the swans' nest among the reeds?"

She looked at him levelly and spoke him a word for his whole summer's use:

"Not even for him. I shall die in sight of Old Squaw Mountain there."

After that, of course, he proceeded to fall in love.

Not in any fashion that was quickly recognizable, but so slowly and imperceptibly that, though he was a very aware young man indeed, he didn't know what was happening. It is a common enough phenomenon and seems to delight in occurring to those who think they understand and have precluded it.

EXPERIENCING its quite usual preliminary stages, Hal Dunning thought how pleasant it was that nothing of the sort impended.

Thus are the generations kept coming on!

Every morning he bathed with the mountain trout in the stream near by, shaved under the eyes of a family of bluebirds who had taken the southeast corner of his cabin eaves, shared his breakfast with two chipmunks on the front porch, and walked three miles to the honey farm with the collie dog—who formed the habit of trotting over to get him. And the rest of the day he devoted to the strange pursuits of Nancy Garth. And those of a red Indian could scarcely have been stranger to the product of his particular backgrounds and experiences.

He learned the ways of honeybees and chaperoned them while they swarmed; he swung a sturdy hoe in the garden patch; he built a fine, solid retaining wall where the river ate toward the house too eagerly; he shot game and caught fish for food; and he liked it.

They worked together and played together and rode and walked and swam in a near-by lake; and, being young and spry-minded, addicted to a moderate extent to the reading of books, and possessed of inquiring dispositions, they talked of most of the things in the world save love and lovers.

When it was that he became filled with love of her as a lamp is filled with light, he couldn't have told you. But one day he knew that it was so, and that there was a large devil to pay.

He tried—that being one of the articles of his code—to take it casually, as he took, or tried to take, everything.

"I must go home," he said to himself, "and that's that. She doesn't care about me; and even if she did"—a great, uncasual, deep-sea joy stirred strangely in some unsuspected depth of his heart and frightened him, so that he drove it down again—"even if she did I couldn't live here!

"Not if they made me a present of the state!

"And she won't live anywhere else. I must, therefore, go home." And proceeded to try to.

He put his back into it. Over and over again he tried to say, quite casually:

"It's been a jolly summer. So awfully nice to have known you, and all that.

"I'll be jogging along back tomorrow, I guess"; and then to shake her heartily by the hand and pull Pete's ears and *jog* along back.

And over and over again he couldn't.

The days and the nights walked beautifully into that high empty country over the eastern mountains and beautifully out of it over the mountains in the west—quite a lot of them—and found him still there. And found, too, the same sunlit friendliness in Nancy's spiderwort-blue eyes with which she had greeted him when he came to her door, and nothing more.

Whereas he—there was no use pretending anything about casualness now—was hopelessly, violently, and exclusively in love.

WHEN he sat now on rainy afternoons on one side of her piñon fire, restless and wretched and gnawed at by despair, and she sat on the other as quietly as a young growing tree after rain, with as little suggestion of lassitude and as deep and living a stillness, neither knitting nor sewing nor fidgeting, her competent brown hands and all her strong body still and alive—he felt the thick of the world between them.

And so things went, until there came a day—as there always comes a day, in fiction and in fact.

It flared in over the mountains as blue as paint, and it was a hard day for him and for Nancy's brindle cow.

He chose the early hours of it as the point beyond which he would not—so help him, God!—defer the writing of a letter home promising his return within the week, and the cow chose it as a good time to have a calf.

They were, the two of them, about equally low when Hal—having written and posted his letter—reached the honey farm.

But before the exigency of the dumb mother's pain he forgot his own.

Nancy was doing what she could, without even having stopped to feed the rest of the cattle or the pigs and chickens, and he swung in beside her. There was something gravely noble about that deep sense of kinship she had for animals and had taught him to share. In her presence and the sun's there was nothing common or unclean. How could he go away from her?

At last he and she and the brindle cow had succeeded in handing on the ineffable spark to the little wisp of brown and white; and his eyes and Nancy's met, and they nodded to each

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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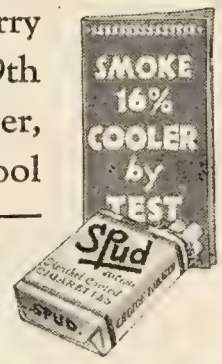

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[CLOUDBURST
Continued from page thirty-seven]

other, and something stirred so deep down below any feeling he had ever had before that he had to turn and walk away.

"It's *time* for the end," he thought, and opened his mouth to announce it, when—

"Look at that!" she said in a voice tense with fear, and he whirled and looked.

He had had a sense all the morning of the day burning on into deeper and deeper blue, and sharper and drier heat, and that intense concentrated clarity that annihilates distances, but no sense at all of what was happening in the west. Clouds had come up above Ice Box Cañon and the headwaters of the river like a mass of night.

"Do you hear anything?" Nancy said, as taut as wire. "It *may* be just a summer storm."

Little yellow butterflies fanned lazily about the purple thistle tops; white columbines nodded pure and apart in the green shrines of the lush growth along the banks; and the restless leaves of the aspen trees hesitated on the very edge of stillness. But a sort of glow of sound inhered in the quiet air. Almost as faint as the ringing at the heart of silence, but growing. Growing until it sounded like the very far-off roar of the elevated railroad. Until they knew that the black waterlogged clouds had burst and dumped their tons of rain into the river.

They leapt together and without a word for the peaveys or cant hooks that she kept in the woodhouse, caught up one apiece, and ran back to the river.

"If the bridge goes out," she shouted—for already the din was terrific—"there's no way to get feed across. The cattle—"

"It's not going out!" he shouted back. "Great gravy, look at her come!"

THE taut lines of her face relaxed and she gave him her old good grin, and, as the upreared mass of dark water thundered around the bend above them, with its long white mane of foam spread out behind, and trees and rocks and bushes in its angry teeth, something in their two hearts leapt to meet it as one thing—he could feel it.

It was a grand fight. Through the roaring came the sharp, pistol-like reports of stones wrenched from their setting and snapped together like castanets. One of them struck the bridge heavily on its middle pier. Logs and trees rammed it head on or slammed it sideways; upended themselves and interlocked.

The two pushed and pulled and prodded and steered and yanked—broke the jam over and over, only to have it form again; shunted off logs and trees, only to have others come shooting in to take their places. Worked till breath came in gasps that hurt and Nancy's peavey almost fell from her hand. Again and again he begged her to quit, but she wouldn't. And then—

He never knew how it happened. One moment she was beside him on the bridge, and the next, half of her was in the river, with the swift water pulling at her skirts and her hands clawing at the wet boards where she had stood—clawing uselessly, with nothing to stop her slipping finger nails. Even as he bent she was gone. In the split second it took him to realize it, he saw how little it mattered about the bridge. And then he was in the river.

It was impossible that he could have failed to bring her out. He did it as a rock falls, as the earth rotates about the sun, as the mad river plunged downward toward the plains. He rolled over and over, clasping her tight—he was swept a hundred yards down the stream, and bruised and battered and scratched—but he brought her out. He had no strength left to carry her with, but he did it with something else. Feeling somehow kin to the river and the rocks and the primeval havoc that surrounded him, he rose like the first man out of the slime and bore his woman to safety.

THEY stood in the midst of flopping fish and logs and branches and uprooted bushes that were covered with mud and ooze, with the water dripping from their hair and clothes, and their lungs heaving.

"I'm not going away!" he said, as soon as he could get the use of enough breath to say anything. "I thought I couldn't live in the west, but—I'm going to stay! And if I can ever make you care about me—I know you don't now! But if you ever do—it'll be all right about New York! I'll stay right here all the rest of my life! Buy a ranch—a mine—something. Raise cattle—horses—make a go of it somehow! Do you mind if—if I just stay—and try?" he begged.

She stood against the cool, twinkling green of an aspen tree, with all her young new western world stretching off behind her.

She had the effect of something molded. Her brown wet arms curved up to the piled mass of her wet red hair and her clothes clung in tight metallic folds. She lowered her arms and shook her head.

"No," she said; "you mustn't stay. Your job's back there. I—I've been fighting the idea of New York just as you've been fighting the idea of the west. We've both been as swollen with feelings about things that didn't matter as those clouds were with rain. I—"

Something definite, ultimate, new in her clear, direct gaze caught at his galloping heart. Realization tingled in every fiber of his body.

"I've loved you since the second day!" she said, and the wind of beauty that blows down the world forever touched her with its breath—touched her for that fleeting moment with the quality of eternity. "It wouldn't be *my* life if we stayed out here, or *yours* if we went back there, but—"

Diana's bow was broken and her dogs were dead.

"*Ours*," he said, "wherever we were!" and took her in his arms.

A bull bat high overhead dropped with a deep vibrant *zoom*, caught its prey, and swerved up again. A coasting meadow lark spilled little round pearls of song. One could hear these things now: the chaos had passed on to another place.

THE END

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3—Of what is heterodox an antonym?
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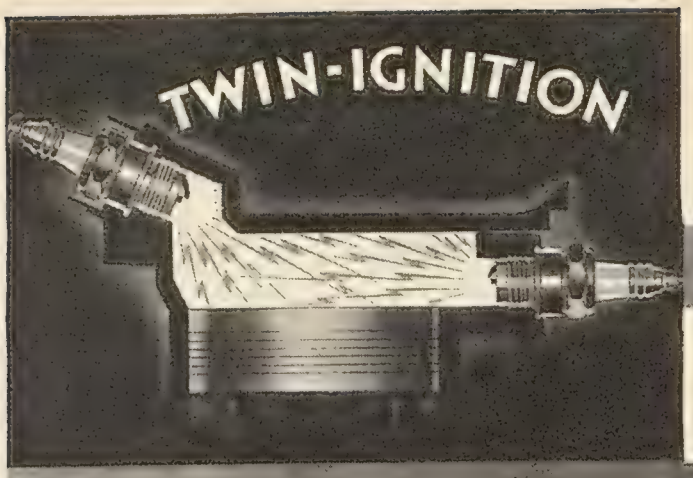
5—For what do the initials A. W. O. L. stand?
6—Why are dill pickles so called?
7—What American city is called the City Beautiful?
8—What is a simoon?
9—Who said "for whither thou goest, I will go"?
10—What is the origin of the word centipede?
11—What is *rapprochement?*
12—What is common to the names Manitoba, Winnipeg, St. John?
13—Who is the Secretary of the Navy?
14—Elsewhere than in the United States, where is there a region called Georgia?
15—Who is the President of Cuba?
16—Who were the Cyclops?
17—What are minutiæ?
18—What is treacle?
19—Give the next line after "Oh what a tangled web we weave."
20—Who were called road agents?

(Answers will be found on page forty-seven)



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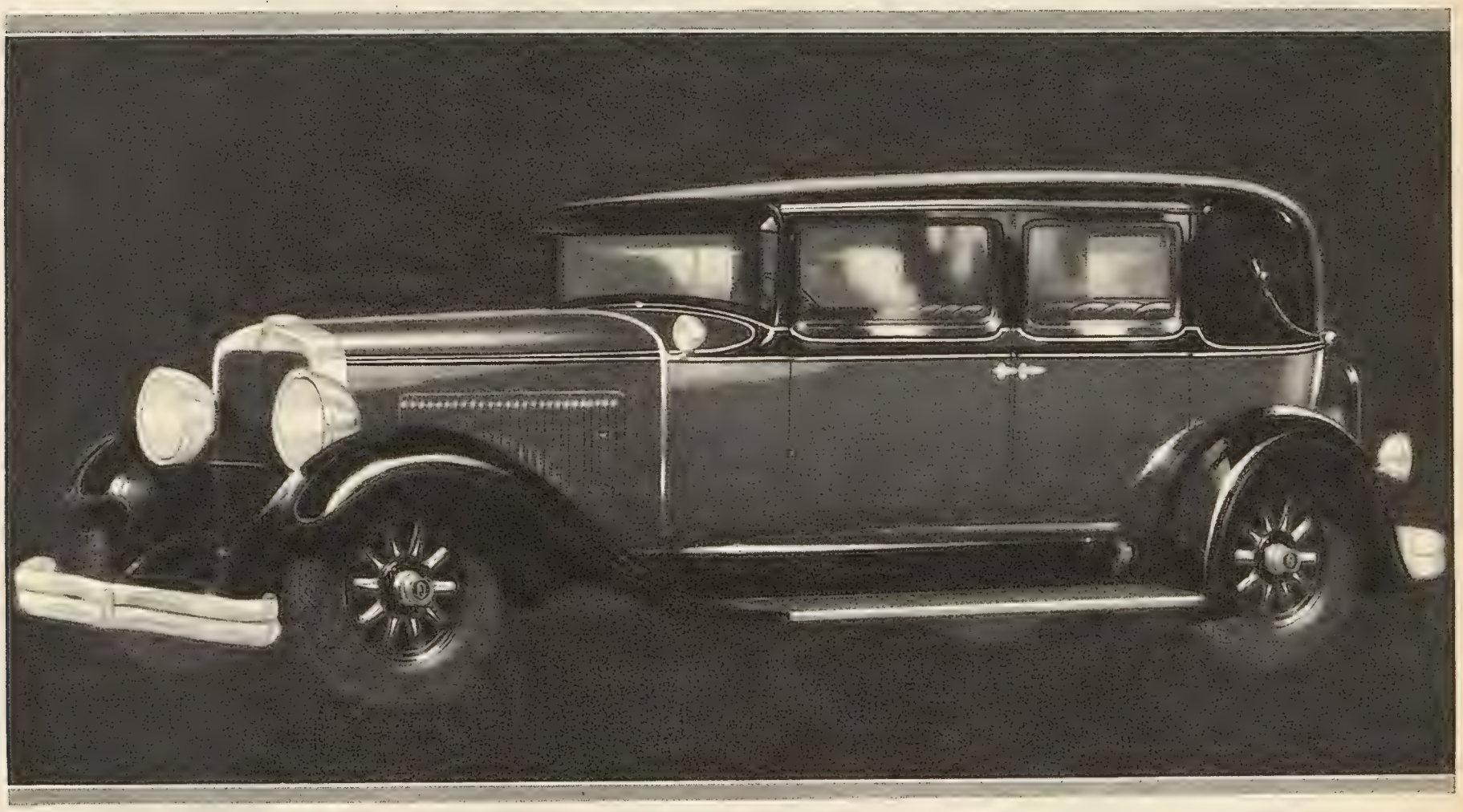

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Show Girl in Hollywood

Have been trying for months now to get my feet in some trough but all I get is the run around.

You're too pretty to be writing for a living.

Maybe I could get a job posing.

By J. P. McEvoy

You remember Dixie Dugan, Show Girl!

Dixie made her debut in the pages of LIBERTY. She took the country by storm! Newspapers from coast to coast reprinted her story. Hollywood filmed it, and filled the movie houses. When printed as a $2.00 book, it became a best seller. SHOW GIRL was translated into German, Danish, Swedish, French. Ziegfeld is producing it on Broadway.

And still America demands: "More Dixie Dugan!" LIBERTY will meet the demand.

DIXIE DUGAN, high-stepping, wise-cracking as ever, has crashed the gilded gates of Hollywood . . . Dixie is strutting her stuff for the speakies . . . worrying her pretty head over contracts and options . . . quarreling with her true love Jimmy Doyle, now scenario writer for Colossal Film Corporation . . . fighting with callous-hearted picture executives.

DIXIE, in brief, is having one high time in Hollywood—the new Hollywood, filled with sound and plenty of fury . . . filled with Broadway actors and playwrights . . . with high brow authors doing stories for Rin Tin Tin . . . with Broadway song writers thinking up theme songs in three by six bungalows . . . doll-faced stars with limping larynxes fading into oblivion . . . great big technical men from Rochester and Schenectady . . . Wall Street money men, merging . . .

And does Dixie find adventure? Well—we're telling you to read this new LIBERTY feature!

Popular as SHOW GIRL was, we believe this is even brighter, gayer, more glamorous, louder and funnier. With telegrams, letters, diary extracts, press clippings and what have you, McEvoy weaves a great story around this sparkling show girl. It will be quoted from Park Avenue to Sunset Boulevard. Don't miss it if you want to stay smart! It starts in the issue of LIBERTY on sale June 15—a week from next Saturday.

I sez to myself Fritzie I'm just what your osteopath ordered to stop that pain in your head.

What do I want with a screen test? Suppose it turned out good? I'd have to leave New York and go to Hollywood and make pictures.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Watch for the start of this new LIBERTY feature!

Blood Money for BLUECOATS

IT takes all kinds of birds of both sexes to make a stool pigeon system.

How a Stool Pigeon Ended a Vendetta Against a Whole Police Force

As told to Prosper Buranelli

By

MICHAEL FIASCHETTI

Former Head of the Italian Squad, New York Police Department

Pictures by G. PATRICK NELSON

"LOOK for a man with a hole in his hand."

It's nine years this spring since that rather mysterious message came, and it was where it came from that made it loom big and compelling—from Akron, Ohio, from Harry Welch, chief of detectives of the Akron police force. Now Akron is a nice town, spry and up to date, and the rubber tires have plenty of mileage in them. But in Akron things had been happening—a kind of racket to make a copper see red.

Suppose the world of criminals should start a concerted war against the police. Yes, I know all about neighborhoods where dropping a brick on a patrolman's head, or otherwise putting a copper out of commission, is a recognized sport. But suppose the underworld were to revolt and begin systematically killing off the police. An idle dream; an ugly, foolish fancy. But get this—in Akron.

On the night after Christmas, 1918, on one of the residential streets, Patrolman Robert Norris was shot in the back and killed. No clues. Three weeks later Joe Hunt and Edward Costigan, on patrol together at night, were shot dead in a similar mysterious way. Two weeks after that a fusillade of bullets caught Patrolman Gethin Richards.

Maybe you think there wasn't consternation in the Akron police force! It looked as if somebody had started to bump off the whole force. And that, as it turned out, was just about the case.

The local detectives nosed around like Sherlock Holmes and a pack of bloodhounds rolled into one. A reward of $20,000 was posted, and circulars were sent all over the country. Nothing happened in the way of a solution of the mystery, and it looked like just standing around helplessly and waiting for the next copper to drop.

Then came that rainy day when I sat in my office at police headquarters and ripped open Harry Welch's letter: "Look for a man with a hole in his hand." A stool pigeon in Akron had sent in the tip. Somewhere in New York was a man, probably an Italian, who knew something about the murders, and he had a hole in his hand. That was all. It certainly was vague enough, and meant a tough assignment. A needle in a haystack would have been easy in comparison to picking a single perforated palm out of the daffy mazes of New York's spaces and millions. A classical job of combing a city. It meant work for me and for the detectives of the Italian Squad under my command—and for the stool pigeons.

THERE'S nothing a cop likes better than catching the killer of a cop. It's natural; a kind of vendetta feeling. And here was a chance to get on the trail of systematic cop-killing. Yes, indeed, the stool pigeons had their work cut out for them. They were the one best bet for hunting out the man with a hole in his hand—and that's the way you comb a city anyhow.

It was the biggest stool pigeon operation I ever had anything to do with. As I've explained, it takes all kinds of birds of both sexes to make a stool pigeon system. The Italian Squad had an extensive one, and we pressed the whole of it into service. I got my staff of informers busy, and the detectives under me got theirs. Telephone calls, meetings in obscure places, cajoleries, threats—"You'll be doing me a big favor, boy, and I'll do something for you," or "You know I've got you where I want you, and you'd better treat me right." The hunt for the man with a hole in his hand was on.

Days went by and nothing happened. There wasn't anything to do but keep after the stool pigeons and put pressure on them, and more than one listened to a song and dance something like this: "You're laying down on the job, and I'm going to close your place," or "You're double-crossing me, and I'm going to send you away for a stretch." And still nothing happened, and all we could do was tighten the screws some more. Finally, after three weeks, a telephone call came from a pool-room keeper.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

"He was in my place last night. Says he is coming again tonight. Looks like he'd been shot through the hand."

You can bet that I was among those present that night. Yes, there was the hand with the livid scar. I got my man, him and a pal that was living with him. Their names were Tony Manfredi and Pasquale Biondo, respectively, and both had recently come to New York together from Akron. So far, O. K. We gave ourselves three cheers, and got ready to ship our two prisoners out to Akron. I was to take them.

"Mike," I said to myself, "it would be swell if you could break this case right off the reel, but how are you going to do it?"

I had the man with a hole in his hand and his pal, but what of that? Those two birds weren't going to get up and make a speech. No, it didn't seem the time for any third degrees. Sometimes it's a big mistake to start right in with direct questions, a police headquarters grilling, the old war cry: "Come through, you so-and-so!"

In this particular case there was one line of approach that I spotted right off, and it had to do with that perforated palm. The scar on Manfredi's right hand was red and fresh. It was fairly new. He had been shot through the hand not long before. I judged that the wound had been inflicted some time since the beginning of the Akron murders. That was interesting, provocative. How come? Wasn't there a hook-up somewhere?

The psychology in the case was just as interesting. Manfredi, with the hole in his hand, and his pal Biondo were an oddly assorted pair. Taking Biondo first, he was right out of the book, type and figure of the Italian gangster—fierce, wary, grim, and silent. One look at him and I had him plain as daylight, and he didn't need any more study. The man with a hole in his hand, though, was altogether different. Manfredi didn't seem to belong to the underworld. He was obviously of better family. The natural surmise was that he had got into bad company. His other characteristics bore that out. He was a fool, shallow, impressionable, vain, and boastful.

The dour, silent Biondo was clearly the dominant one. He exerted a peculiar influence over Manfredi. It wasn't that Manfredi seemed afraid of him. On the contrary, he seemed to worship him.

"Biondo is a great guy," Manfredi said to me. "I'd do anything for him. Know why? He's been a true friend to me."

And he repeated over and over what a great little friend Biondo was—which struck me as peculiar, judging from Biondo's face.

P. & A. photos

Tony Manfredi, whose confession ended the Akron police murders. Above is his "true friend" Biondo.

MEANWHILE I was treating my two prisoners like a couple of dear old pals, laughing and joking and pretending that I took their word for it that the Akron police had pulled a dumb one in having them picked up. I hoped to hear a thing or two.

No forthright, bullheaded questions, though. You couldn't have opened the savage Biondo's jaws with a jimmy, and Manfredi was so much under the control of his loyal and devoted friend Biondo that the only way to make him come through would have been to break Biondo's hold on him.

My idea was to kid the sap Manfredi along and get him to chatter, hoping he would let something slip that I could build up. Every time he opened his mouth I could see it made Biondo uneasy.

We were in a parlor car on the night train to Akron when Manfredi made the slip, although he never guessed it was a slip. Biondo had dropped off to sleep, and I came to the point that had been bothering me all the while.

"That scar on your hand," I said. "How did you get it?"

Manfredi brightened up. He did like to talk about himself, and this time he had a chance to tell of an astonishing experience.

"You wouldn't believe anybody could be so dirty!" he exclaimed. "Four of us were out visiting a friend in the country. And the others were my buddies, my pals—at least, I thought they were. It was night, and we sang as we walked along, songs of my province. I was out in front singing loudest. I've got some sweet voice, Mike, believe me."

"What happened?" I demanded.

"Well," he said, "I was out in front singing, when bang, bang! Would you believe me, Mike? They were shooting at me! One bullet got me in the hand. But I was too smart for them. I can move fast, Mike, when I have to. I ducked and ran, and got into the brush and hid. I could hear them stamping around and hunting, but they couldn't find me."

"WHAT did they do it for?" I asked.

"I don't know. Some grudge." And he shut up.

"Was Biondo with them?"

That stirred him up again.

"Biondo? Not on your life. He's what I call a friend! If he'd been there he wouldn't have let 'em do it. He came to me afterward and said how dirty they were. He turned against them for what they had done to me, and wouldn't have anything more to do with them. And so, when I said I'd better get out of town, he came on to New York with me. He's a real friend!"

That friendship certainly had Damon and Pythias stopped. Well, I was making a few guesses, trying to figure the layout and the psychology. It was a problem, a criminal equation to be solved, a matter of explaining the facts at hand by my general knowledge of criminal gangs.

One line of reasoning couldn't be missed: any chuckleheaded babbler like Manfredi was likely to get knocked off in any mob. He talked too much. My guess was that Manfredi's gang were afraid he would spill something—about the murder of the Akron policemen—and decided to knock him off. They must have felt fine when their attempt to kill him got balled up. What would a mob do under the circumstances?

I formed my surmise, and it turned out afterward that I was right. It didn't matter at the moment whether I was right on that particular point or not, provided I could make Manfredi believe I was.

I took him into another compartment.

"Manfredi," I said, "do you know why Biondo has been hanging out with you? I'll tell you. He was going to kill you."

He glared at me, appalled.

"Listen," and I gave him the works. "I know all about those policemen killed in Akron. You were in it and so was Biondo. The gang tried to knock you off because you knew too much, and they were afraid you would talk. When they made a mess of the job, what else could they

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

There Is No Other Tire Like It

The new *Dual*-Balloon principle *alone* has been successful in combining greater mileage with regular balloon low-pressure — and with this low-pressure there is the extra advantage of the longer wearing, non-skid tread which will carry you through season after season of safety and assurance. ~ ~ In this day of speedy stop-and-go traffic a more effective and permanent non-skid is essential. The tire that will not wear prematurely "bald" holds every assurance of security for many seasons to come. ~ ~ On all roads you want trouble-free travel, without the annoyance of a moment's attention to the tires, without the tension of tire worry — the new experience of never having a puncture or a moment's delay because of your rubber. ~ ~ Whatever particular feature you most desire you can take in full measure from the *Dual*-Balloon. The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

"Viewing the Grand Canyon." Painted by Walter Klett for the General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

The New GENERAL DUAL-BALLOON 8

—goes a long way to make friends

Gum troubles *come* when you neglect "pink tooth brush"

If your gums are tender . . . sensitive . . . easily irritated . . . if your tooth brush occasionally shows a tell-tale tinge of "pink" . . . you can justly blame the food you eat every day of your life.

For nearly all our modern food is too soft—too highly refined. We order tender cuts of meat. We demand fruits stripped of their peels, vegetables deprived of their fibre, grains robbed of their husks. We cook our foods until they almost fall apart. We often cover them with creamy sauces. We denature them of their coarse and fibrous elements.

How soft foods impair the health of our gums

So our gums lack exercise. They get no work, no stimulation from the normal act of mastication. The blood circulates but slowly through their walls. The tissues become starved and anemic, the gums soft and flaccid.

Soon the delicate membrane of the gum wall starts to give way. Sometimes the gums bleed—ever so slightly. "Pink tooth brush" is a common warning of worse troubles looming up ahead. Gingivitis and Vincent's disease are only two of a long list of oral ills that start this way. Even pyorrhea, though less frequent than you might suppose, is among the possibilities.

So play safe. Guard your teeth from the dangers they face through unsound gums. Don't take chances when the remedy is so simple . . . the preventive so safe, so effective!

Gum troubles *go* when you use IPANA with massage

IN two minutes your dentist will explain to you the simple device of massage . . . why it is so good for the gums . . . how it stirs the flagging circulation and invigorates the dormant tissues. He will show you, too, how to perform it easily, quickly . . . with the brush or with the fingers . . . at the very time you clean your teeth.

And very likely he will tell you to use Ipana Tooth Paste for the massage as well as for the regular brushing. Thousands of the best dentists recommend it. They know the good it does.

For Ipana's content of ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic, has a salutary and stimulating effect upon the gums as beneficial to them as the massage itself.

* * *

DON'T wait for the alarming reminder of "pink tooth brush" . . . start now with Ipana. The coupon offers a 10-day sample, gladly sent. It will prove Ipana's splendid cleaning power and delicious taste.

But the better plan is to start at once with a full-size tube from the drug store. For that lasts over a month—a fairer test of Ipana's power to harden and strengthen your gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB69
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

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More than a quarter of a million users *and they haven't spent a single dollar for service*

Two years ago this month the General Electric Refrigerator was first publicly announced. And how it was received! Everywhere you heard it said that General Electric had completely revolutionized the art of refrigeration. They had indeed.

Fifteen years of research and development had produced a refrigerator with an hermetically sealed, dust-proof mechanism, mounted on top . . . a refrigerator with an improved type of cabinet, mounted on legs . . . one with an accessible temperature control . . . that established a new standard of quiet operation . . . that required no oiling . . . that dispensed with all troublesome machinery . . . that banished installation problems . . . that eliminated all radio interference . . . that lowered operating costs.

This small-family model sells for $215 at the factory $215

Today more than a quarter of a million homes are enjoying the exclusive innovations which only the General Electric Refrigerator offers. And not one of these owners has ever paid a dollar for service . . . that was our guarantee to them!

There has been no fundamental change in the original design of the General Electric Refrigerator. A radical improvement, however, has been made in the cabinet! It is now all-steel! It cannot warp. It is as strong as a safe. This remarkable cabinet and the hermetically sealed mechanism combine to make what we believe to be the most perfect refrigerator ever built. For descriptive booklet address Section L-6, Electric Refrigeration Dept. of General Electric Company, Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

do? Biondo wasn't in on the shooting. They sent him to make friends with you, pal around with you, and wait for a chance to take you for a ride. That's the tip that's come from Akron. There's been a squeal. I jumped in just in time to save your life."

The man with a hole in his hand was pale and silent. I told you before that he was impressionable. Anyway, the line I was giving him would have shaken a stronger man than he. Fool though he was, he knew enough about Black-Hand ways to see the reasonableness of it.

P. & A. photos

Two views of Rosario Borgio, who put a $250 bounty on Akron's policemen.

The picture that stood before his mind's eye was a real piece of high art. On one side was the implacable gang. On the other side was the electric chair. I gave the idea a good chance to sink in, and then eased a way out for him.

"Come through, Manfredi," said I, "and you won't burn. Do the right thing, and you'll get off with a prison sentence."

Strong argument, that. I don't know whether he would have fallen for it if he had kept intact his faith in his dear friend Biondo. He had the strain of loyalty in him that you often find in a sap. As it was, though, he broke into a torrent of curses, ending with the wailing cry:

"And I thought he was a friend of mine!"

They had all done him dirt, he raged, and he'd show 'em!—if he could be sure he wouldn't burn (which means, go to the chair). That part of it settled, he spilled everything.

"IT was Rosario Borgio," he said. "It all began with him."

You could hardly believe the story. It was too barbarous and wild and woolly for this day and age.

Rosario Borgio was a resort keeper, grim and swarthy, a faithful friend, a fantastically vindictive enemy. Not an unfamiliar type. What was singular in him was that he carried a weird perversion of the primitive code of his feud-loving people into a modern industrial city of the United States.

His place was raided several times, and he was arrested several times. It made him furious, and he swore that the cops were picking on him, which maybe they were. In fact, they figured he was a bad egg and they were set on running him out of town. Borgio nursed his grudge. He was filled with a mania for revenge.

HE was a padrone, a big man, and had all kinds of gangsters and Black Handers hanging around. He called half a dozen of them into the back room of his saloon one night.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a head for policemen!" he growled across at them.

He offered that sum for each policeman they killed. They thought it a reasonable bargain, and set out to earn the rewards.

The patrolmen were shot down, and Borgio paid promptly, and everything was going all right until the bragging Manfredi was found to be talking too much. Then came the unsuccessful attempt to kill him, and the detailing of Biondo to do it.

Meanwhile, the murder campaign was suspended. The gang was only waiting for word that Manfredi's mouth had been permanently closed to start in again on the job of wiping out the Akron police force.

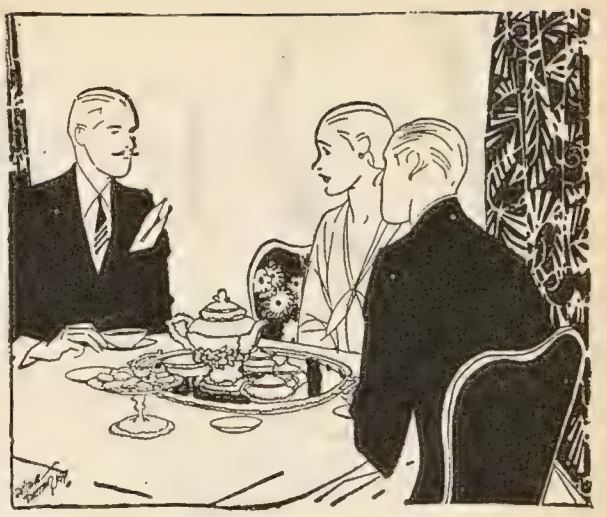
In Akron we staged a fancy round-up. They were a tough lot. One put up an ugly fight. We got them all and convicted them all. Manfredi got twenty years in prison. Biondo gave evidence, too. He escaped with a prison sentence. The rest, six in number, were sentenced to death and executed.

I got a lot of credit for that job. I suppose I should have taken my hat off to the stool pigeons. I'm doing it now.

Another "stool pigeon" story by Mr. Fiaschetti will appear in an early issue.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 38

1—North.
2—A card game similar to pinochle.
3—Orthodox.
4—An edible fungus which grows underground.
5—Absent without official leave.
6—Because they are flavored with dillseed.
7—Birmingham, Alabama.
8—A hot dust-laden wind that blows occasionally in Arabia, Syria, etc.
9—Ruth said it to Naomi, her mother-in-law (Ruth i. 16).
10—The Latin words *centum*, a hundred, and *pes, pedis*, a foot; hence, a hundred feet.
11—The establishment or state of cordial relations.
12—They are names of lakes in Canada.
13—Charles Francis Adams.
14—In Transcaucasia, directly south of Russia.
15—Gerardo Machado.
16—A race of one-eyed giants in Homeric legend, fabled to inhabit Sicily.
17—Minor particulars.
18—Molasses.
19—"When first we practice to deceive!" (Sir Walter Scott's Marmion.)
20—Highwaymen, especially in unsettled districts of the West.



No one needs to give up friendly coffee

So MANY people enjoy to the fullest their breakfast coffee—and yet strictly deny themselves its flavor and cheer at the evening meal. And all because ordinary coffee contains a drug that often upsets sleep.

If they only knew it—how unnecessary! For there's a coffee, today, that lets you sleep. A coffee with 97% of this drug caffeine removed. Kaffee Hag Coffee will not disturb your nerves nor keep you awake.

Kellogg's★ Kaffee Hag Coffee is not a substitute. In fact, there's no purer, more satisfying coffee on the market. It's a blend of several of the world's choicest coffees. Mellow, full-strength, heartening.

Try Kaffee Hag Coffee. All the family can drink this delicious coffee morning, noon and even at night, without harm. And what could be more welcome to the coffee lover who has been putting up with substitutes!

Kaffee Hag Coffee comes in sealed cans. Steel cut or in the bean. Sold by dealers everywhere. Served in hotels, restaurants, on diners. Let us send you a generous trial can. Mail the coupon.

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Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

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★Now a Kellogg product

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

DEAD GAME

The Story of a Father's Night Out

By
BOGART ROGERS

Pictures by
KENNETH FULLER CAMP

MRS. SIMPSON folded her napkin and stowed it carefully away in a silver ring.

"That pet chicken of Oliver's kept me awake half the night, Sam," she remarked.

"I didn't hear him, and I'm a very light sleeper," said Dr. Simpson without taking his eyes from the morning paper.

Mrs. Simpson knew that for approximately twenty years her husband had heard nothing from the time he went to bed until the breakfast bell rang in the morning, but she declined to argue.

"He crowed constantly," she continued.

"That's strange," said the doctor. "The slightest noise usually awakens me. However, if he disturbs you I'll speak to Oliver about it."

"What does he want a rooster for without any hens?"

"I really can't imagine," said the doctor.

"He's a beautiful bird," said Mrs. Simpson. "His coloring is gorgeous and his manner quite regal, but he has an evil glitter in his eye. He's a prize chicken of some sort. Oliver says he is grooming him for the poultry contests."

"What poultry contests?"

"I don't know. He won't feed him anything but cracked corn, and he has built a sort of squirrel cage in which he places the poor creature and makes him run for hours at a time."

"That's strange."

"Oliver says it's to give gloss to his plumage."

"I'll have to look into this."

Oliver arrived forthwith for questioning. His seat at the breakfast table served as a witness stand from which he withstood an almost daily investigation into his varied and colorful activities. Let it be said in Oliver's behalf that he was seldom caught without a satisfactory explanation or alibi. He possessed positive genius for dissipating paternal and maternal doubts and suspicions.

It would be wrong to mention Oliver without describing him. He was seventeen. The color of his hair doesn't matter because it was clipped right down to a startling contour of cranial knobs and depressions. Oliver's head was truly a phrenologist's delight. His nose had been broken in a successful attempt to protect the high-school goal line from the cleats of an invader. A front tooth had suffered somewhat in the same valiant defense. His ears were well shaped and not too protruding, but ostentatiously red. His blue eyes sparkled like the ocean on a summer's day.

A green half-sleeved shirt, open at the throat, a pair of quite dirty corduroy trousers decorated with two broken, bleeding hearts which were visible only when he was on foot, and a pair of tennis shoes comprised his wardrobe.

"MORNIN', mom; mornin', pop," he said, wriggling into his chair without pulling it from the table. "Where's the sport page?" He propped it against his glass, ignored his napkin, and started to eat.

"Your mother tells me that your new pet chicken kept her awake last night," said Dr. Simpson.

"Aw, I'm sorry, mom." Oliver's voice positively dripped regret. "He'll cut it out in a day or two. That new coop's strange to him."

"What sort of chicken is he?" asked the doctor.

"Warhorse," said Oliver.

"A Warhorse," said Mrs. Simpson. "What a strange name for a chicken."

"Sounds like he might be a fighter," said the doctor.

"Well, that's the breed," Oliver explained; "but of course fightin's against the law. I guess they don't do it any more."

"I should think not," said Mrs. Simpson, slightly horrified. "It was a cruel and inhumane sport—a relic of the dark ages."

"Well, well," said the sergeant. "The Browns must have been holdin' a reunion tonight. You're the third Robert Brown that was at that cockfight."

"They make swell eatin'," said Oliver. "If this one lives I'm going to get some hens and raise a lot of little ones so we can have 'em for Sunday dinners."

"Is this one ill?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, no, but they're kinda hard to keep. They die awful sudden sometimes."

"If this one doesn't stop disturbing your mother he may die awful sudden some morning," said the doctor as he rose to go.

Oliver followed him to the door.

"Listen, pop. Does that proposition about gettin' me a roadster before school starts still go?"

"I said that when you produced fifty dollars you had earned yourself I would place fifty more with it. You may spend it any way you wish."

"I just wanted to be sure," said Oliver. "I think I'll have it all right."

TO the detriment of Mrs. Simpson's slumber, Oliver's pet chicken continued its nocturnal noisiness. Four mornings later the doctor delivered an ultimatum.

"I'm sorry, sonny," he said, "but you'll have to get rid of your pet. He has kept your mother awake every night."

"Aw, mom!" Oliver's wail of anguish would have clutched at the heart of a stone statue. "Just let me keep him another night—just one more night. Maybe he'll stop it. He ought to be getting used to the place by now."

"All right, Oliver," she said, succumbing as usual to his skillful pleadings. "We'll see how he behaves tonight."

That was Wednesday morning.

On Wednesday evenings Dr. Simpson seldom came home to dinner. For more than a decade he had spent them with Charlie Case. Sam and Charlie were cronies in college and had been at it ever since. Their weekly dinners were often followed by the innocuous merrymaking of men in their late forties. They played chess or went to an occasional prize fight, or perhaps they only sat and talked. Dr. Simpson was not, by any stretch of the imagination, a gambling man, but he was invariably gambling with Charlie Case. He would rather win a dollar from Charlie than make a thousand at his profession.

On this particular Wednesday evening Sam Simpson didn't inquire into the evening's program. It was Charlie's night as host, and whatever he had arranged would have to satisfy his guest. That was the custom.

They adjourned to Charlie's apartment for one highball, as they had been doing for years, and Charlie led the way down to François' for dinner.

"I've got a surprise for you tonight, Sam," he said, with the coffee.

"That's great," said Sam. "What is it?"

CHARLIE leaned over the table confidentially.

"I'm going to take you out to see some chickens."

"Chickens!" The doctor was startled. Chickens? What kind of chickens? Could it be that Charlie was planning to lead him astray?

"I'm going to take you to see a hackfight," Charlie confided in the tone of a man imparting a great secret.

"A what?"

"A hackfight. Greatest sport you ever saw."

"What's a hackfight?" Sam had heard of numerous kinds of encounters, but a hackfight was beyond his ken.

"It's a cockfight—game chickens."

"They're against the law, aren't they?"

"Sure they are," said Charlie. "So's murder."

"I mean they don't hold them any more in this country, do they?"

"No, they don't," said Charlie. "Only in about every city, village, and farmyard from Maine to California."

"You don't tell me!" said Sam, greatly surprised.

"Ever see one?"

"Never did."

"You must have, Sam. Didn't you ever see one when you were a kid?"

"Never," said Sam.

"Want to go?"

"I think I might be very interested."

"You'll love it," said Charlie.

"Where is this contest being held?"

"There'll be a lot of fights. Joe Hendry's got a big wrecking yard out on Adams Street. They're holding 'em in one of his sheds."

They hied themselves thereafter to Joe Hendry's wrecking yard, a labyrinth of brick piles, old lumber, and assorted junk on the outskirts of town. An air of mystery prevailed. They were stopped at the gate and Charlie was forced to show credentials before they could proceed.

"They're awfully secretive about this," Sam suggested.

"It's best to be," said Charlie. "Of course, there isn't any danger, but it's just as well not to make too much noise."

They parked amid some hundred or more cars that stood beside a shadowy warehouse, sought the carefully shaded door, and entered, but not before Charlie had been required to display his credentials again.

In the center of the shed was a ring some twenty feet in diameter, surrounded by a foot-high strip of canvas, supported by stakes. Several rows of plank circus seats surrounded the ring, rising back into the semigloom.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dry, brittle hair made BEAUTIFUL

One of the most common causes of unlovely hair is a dry scalp. Dry, lifeless and brittle hair which breaks off and comes out is the result of a scalp condition which is easily remedied by Sergeant's for the Hair. ▲ This is a refinement of the fifty-year-old Sergeant's Mange Medicine, and possesses all the therapeutic qualities of the old remedy, but there is now no objectionable odor, nor does it leave the hair heavy with oil. The regular use of Sergeant's for the Hair will lubricate the scalp ... hair will become glossy and alive ... dandruff will disappear ... the scalp will be healthy and hair beautiful. ▲ ▲ Ask your dealer for Sergeant's for the Hair ... 75c. Use it daily. Comb your hair with it. Write to us for free sample and a booklet on the treatment of hair. Polk Miller Products Corporation, 2212 W. Broad Street, Richmond, Va.
In Canada—165 Dufferin Street, Toronto

Sergeant's for the HAIR

[DEAD GAME
Continued from page forty-nine]

Shaded electric lights threw their yellow glare into the circle—or as much of it as could penetrate the haze of tobacco smoke that hung stodgily beneath the rafters. The rest of the shed was in darkness.

The benches contained a couple of hundred men. Twenty or thirty more were milling around within the circle waving handfuls of greenbacks and calling out in hushed voices:

"Ten dollars on the Dom!"

"Five bucks on the Shuffler!"

"I'll take it!"

"Ten to eight on the Dom!"

"Five even that it doesn't go ten pittings!"

Money changed hands; bets were offered and accepted.

Charlie explained the high points to the doctor.

"Those two chickens over there by the scales will put on the next fight. The fellows carrying them are their handlers, their seconds. You'll see when they start fighting. The gray one is a Dom—that's the name of a breed—and the red one is a Shuffler."

"The gray one looks bigger," ventured the doctor.

"I'll bet you five dollars the other one whips him," said Charlie.

"It's a bet."

CHARLIE was wrong. In the very first onslaught the gray bird drove a slim steel spur through his opponent's head, and Charlie's champion was carried out by his tail feathers.

"Whew!" exclaimed the doctor, who had succumbed to the excitement of such swift and deadly fighting. "That gray one was a scrapper. Why, his feet moved so fast I couldn't see them. Your chicken never had a chance, Charlie."

"Just lucky," said Charlie, passing over a five-dollar bill. "I'll beat you the next fight."

By the end of the fifth fight Dr. Simpson had come to the conclusion that cockfighting wasn't as bad as he thought it was going to be. Perhaps his feelings were influenced by the fact that he had won five straight wagers from his host. But he was fascinated by the amazing courage of these feathered warriors. Game fowl they were called. The appellation scarcely described them. They were the most courageous creatures he had ever seen. They fought by instinct and apparently by preference. They were quick as lightning and clever as sin. The doctor could scarcely believe that such tiny hearts could possess such stupendous bravery.

"I've never seen anything like it," he told Charlie. "Why, they're as brave as lions."

"Lions hell!" said Charlie. "Any old gamecock will make a first-class lion look like a scared rabbit. And they fight on the level, Sam. No loafing or stalling or laying down for money. Can't fix a cockfight; no, sir! Put two birds in a pit and they fight on the square, whether anybody likes it or not."

"Their owners bet, too, do they?"

"Twenty-five dollars a fight here," said Charlie. "Each owner bets that much on his bird against the other owner. Winner takes all."

"It's your turn to pick the next one, Charlie. Take your choice."

THE ring was full of men again. A large red-faced fellow entered. Under his arm was a black chicken which he placed on the scales.

"That's a Red Cuban," said Charlie. "They're fightin' fools. And that big fellow is Jim Wooley, a corking handler. He's my choice. You get the other one."

The doctor searched the milling crowd for another chicken and another handler. Suddenly his eyes popped slightly. He half rose from his seat. The other chicken had arrived and was being placed on the scales. The doctor blinked and looked again. Holding it gently in place, his back toward Charlie and Sam, was a young man in a green half-sleeved shirt, tennis shoes, and a pair of corduroy pants. The seat of the pants was tastefully decorated with two broken, bleeding hearts. The young man was unquestionably Oliver, and the bird was Mrs. Simpson's nocturnal nuisance.

The doctor rose, took a step toward the pit, hesitated an instant, and then sat down slowly.

"What's the matter?" Charlie wanted to know.

The doctor blushed uneasily.

"Nothing—nothing at all. I was just—just stretching my legs."

"This is the time you lose a bet. That kid's got no chance against Jim Wooley. He looks a little like that boy of yours, Sam."

"Yes, he does a little."

"Haven't seen him in a year or more," said Charlie. "Too bad we couldn't have brought him along tonight. He'd get a kick out of this."

"Yes, he will," said the doctor.

The ring cleared. Oliver and the red-faced man dug into their pockets and handed some bills to the man sitting behind the scales.

"You say they bet twenty-five dollars on each fight?"

"That's right," said Charlie.

"Hm-m-m-m," mused the doctor. If Oliver won he would have fifty dollars, the fifty dollars he had been talking about all vacation. And these were the poultry contests he had mentioned to his mother! "Hm-m-m-m," he murmured again.

The two handlers—Oliver came under this classification—moved to the center of the pit. Holding their birds

firmly in their arms they placed them head to head. Oliver's Warhorse pecked viciously at the Red Cuban, who retaliated by plucking a billful of feathers from the neck of Oliver's pet.

"That's to get 'em real good and mad at each other," explained Charlie.

Three parallel chalk lines, each one three feet from the next, were marked in the center of the floor. Oliver placed his rooster on one of the outside lines, the Red Cuban was set down on the other.

"Ready," said the referee, crouching on his haunches.

The roosters glared at each other with yellow beady eyes. Their necks stretched forward. Their hackle feathers rose slowly and circled their heads with ruffs of beautiful golden brown and shining black.

"Let go!" said the referee.

The handlers released their birds and stepped back. The roosters rushed together, hopped high in the air, and clashed breast to breast in a whirlwind of flashing spurs, kicking heels, and flying feathers. They bounced apart for an instant, but the Cuban sprang to attack again and drove a gleaming spur deep into the breast of Oliver's Warhorse.

"Handle!" cried the referee.

Oliver rushed to his chicken and the red-faced man helped him pull out the tiny curved dagger.

"We hurt you that time, Sam," said Charlie gleefully. "I think your bird's rattled."

Dr. Simpson had already learned that a "rattle" was the strange guttural clucking sound made by a badly wounded chicken.

"He'll be all right," said the doctor, paying very little attention to Charlie's conversation and a great deal of attention to Oliver. The boy was holding his chicken under one arm and massaging his head tenderly. Just before the twenty-second rest interval had expired he shoved his nose against his rooster's back and blew lustily.

"That warms 'em up," Charlie explained. "The kid doesn't seem to be such a bad handler, after all."

THE second pitting was a repetition of the first. The Cuban was too good for the Warhorse—too fast, too strong, and too smart. He was slowly cutting Oliver's bird to pieces—jabbing him relentlessly with those wicked steel needles and pounding him down with strong, practiced heel beats. But the Warhorse was game—dead game. Not once did he give ground. Not once did he fail to flail back with all the strength his courageous little heart could muster.

They handled the birds again when the Cuban hung both spurs into his adversary's back.

"It won't be long now," said Charlie, rubbing his hands. "That Cuban'll finish him in a minute or two."

"Don't be too sure," said the doctor.

"You still think you've got a chance, huh? I'll tell you what I'll do. I've paid you twenty-five dollars already. You think your Warhorse is so good—let's make it fifty or nothing."

The doctor hesitated. He looked at Charlie, then he looked at Oliver. The boy was working furiously to resuscitate a very indisposed rooster. He wasn't at all flustered or excited, but he was very full of serious business. A tremendous faith in Oliver's ability to accomplish the impossible swept over the doctor. He had seen his son too often in battle not to know that as long as there was breath in his lungs and blood in his body he was a good even-money bet. Oliver had a cool head under fire and amazing ingenuity. If there was any way in the world to make that Warhorse win, the doctor knew Oliver would figure it out.

"I'll take a chance," he said, turning to Charlie. "It's fifty or nothing."

The third pitting was even. The birds were pulled apart when they became hopelessly tangled, neither having done much damage.

The doctor was tense and excited. "I do believe that Oli—that my chicken is getting stronger and that the other one is beginning to tire," he remarked.

"Not a chance," said Charlie. "It'll be all over in a minute."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Are White Teeth Impostors?

4 out of 5 say, "yes!"

Though too few of us realize it, teeth of gleaming whiteness do not signify immunity from diseases that take high toll in health from 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger

NO favorites are played. Pyorrhea and other gum diseases treat everybody alike. They ignore teeth and attack gums. And unless forestalled they ravage beauty and youth. They hurry the destruction of health and teeth. If contracted, only dental treatment of long duration can stem their advance.

But modern dentistry brings you protection. If you will let him, your dentist can preserve the health of teeth and gums. See him at least once every six months. And between visits brush teeth and gums vigorously, every morning and every night. Of course, to obtain the best result, you should use a dentifrice that is good for both teeth and gums.

Forhan's is such a dentifrice. After using it for a few weeks you will note an improvement in the appearance of teeth and gums. For it cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay. In addition, it helps to firm gums and keep them sound.

Prevention is better than cure, so add the daily use of Forhan's and a semi-annual visit to your dentist to the routine of life. It is economy. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist, today. Two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢. Forhan Company, New York.

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Forhan's

for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

" Let go! " said the referee. The handlers released their birds and stepped back. The roosters rushed together, hopped high in the air, and clashed breast to breast in a whirlwind of flashing spurs and flying feathers.

[DEAD GAME
Continued from page fifty-one]

It nearly was in the next clash of beaks and heels. Oliver helped pull a crimson-stained spur from his chicken's neck and worked feverishly on his hurts, which were numerous. He sponged his head with water, ran his finger down his throat—for reasons unknown to the doctor—and stroked his comb strenuously.

" That kid's all right," said Sam.

" You bet he is," said the doctor.

How the Warhorse managed to survive three more merciless pittings was cause for wonder. Barely able to stand on his two feet, cut and bleeding, staggering from weakness, he fought back valiantly every inch of the way. He didn't know what it meant to quit. He just simply wouldn't.

The eighth time Oliver and the red-faced man placed their birds on the line and let them go, the situation suddenly changed. In the twenty seconds of rest the Cuban had faded, had weakened badly, and Oliver's bird had found a new lease on life. He shot at the Cuban with the unexpected energy of a cock just off the walk. He leaped high, brought his heels above his head, and before the Cuban could hop away drove both spurs deep into the Cuban's back.

" Handle! " cried the referee.

OLIVER handled leisurely. He was in no hurry now. He was stalling for time—glad to get all of it he could, for every second the Cuban was growing weaker and the Warhorse stronger.

" You hurt me that time," Charlie admitted.

" On the line! " cried the referee.

The red-faced man placed his bird on the floor; Oliver placed his. The Warhorse's head stretched forward, hackle feathers bristling. The Cuban slumped awkwardly, his head bogging to one side.

" It's all over," said the doctor. " Oli—my bird's the winner. Your chicken's dead and doesn't know it."

" Let go! " said the referee.

There was a flurry of feet and feathers as the Warhorse attacked. His spurs flashed but once. Then he stretched his neck upward and crowed. It was the same song that had disturbed Mrs. Simpson's slumbers. The red-faced man picked up his dead chicken by the feet and carried him ruefully from the pit.

Oliver placed his pet carefully under his arm, walked over to the man at the scales, and received from him a handful of bills. He stuffed them in his pants pocket, hopped nimbly from the pit, and disappeared in the gloom.

" Well—" said the doctor.

" That was a game chicken, Sam," Charlie admitted; " as game a fighting bird as ever I saw."

He pulled out his wallet, removed therefrom the only remaining bills, and handed them over to Sam.

" Here's your twenty-five. I'm cleaned. No argument—"

A whistle shrilled outside, and shrilled again. Men shouted. There was a crash at the door—men shout-

ing—another blast of the whistle—sounds of running footsteps.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the doctor. "What's that?"

"Beat it! The cops!" someone cried.

Men leaped from the benches and scurried toward the door; tried to hide in the gloom.

"The police!" Charlie exclaimed. "The place is pinched! Let's get out of here!"

They jumped to their feet, started toward the door, saw half a dozen uniformed policemen swarming in, turned toward the back of the shed, and groped along in the semidarkness.

"Wait," whispered Charlie. "Here's a door. Sh-h-h-h. Careful." He felt cautiously for the handle, pulled gently—a breath of fresh night air hit their faces. They slid through the door, closed it, and stood breathing heavily.

"Thank goodness we're out of that," said Charlie.

A blinding light flashed in his eyes.

"Where do you think you're goin'?" asked a deep voice. "Wait a minute—wait a minute. Hey, Jack. Here's a couple of them."

"But, officer—" said Charlie.

"Yeah, I know," said the deep voice. "You were waitin' for a street car."

"WHAT'S your name?" the desk sergeant asked Dr. Simpson a few moments later.

The doctor hesitated a moment.

"Robert Brown."

"Well, well," said the sergeant. "The Browns must have been holdin' a reunion tonight. You're the third Robert Brown that was at that cockfight."

He turned to Charlie Case. "What's yours?"

"George Smith," said Charlie.

"Only had one George Smith so far," said the sergeant. "That makes you George Smith the second. Either one of you got a hundred dollars bail?"

"I have fifty dollars in cash and I'll give you a check for the other fifty," said Dr. Simpson.

"You're just fifty dollars short. Your check ain't no good here. How about you?" He turned to Charlie.

"I lost all my—"

"You what?" asked the sergeant, peering at him closely.

"I lost my wallet this afternoon," said Charlie hastily.

"All right, you guys. I'll put you in the tank until you can think of somebody who can produce some cash. Take 'em along, Joe."

Their uniformed escort led Sam and Charlie, those two erstwhile college chums, toward the heavily barred iron door of the tank cell. They looked at each other ruefully, and then Charlie smiled.

"I was thinking the same thing," chuckled Sam. "It was over twenty years ago when we were in jail together—the night we beat Harvard."

The big door had scarcely clanged shut behind them when a young man in corduroy pants walked boldly up to the desk sergeant.

"What's that old guy's name you just threw in the jug there, captain?" he asked.

"Which one?"

"The one with the gray overcoat."

"That's Robert Brown the third," said the sergeant.

"Going to keep him here all night?" The voice wavered for an instant.

"If he can't produce a hundred dollars bail."

"Hasn't he got it?"

"He's got fifty," said the sergeant. "He needs fifty more."

The young man scratched the back of his neck slowly. He sighed prodigiously, fished deep into his pocket, and came up with a handful of bills. He counted them out laboriously—two tens, three fives, and fifteen very mussy ones—looked at them affectionately, sighed again, and handed them over to the sergeant.

"This do it?" he asked.

"Guess it will," said the sergeant. "Hey, Joe. Go in the tank and get that Robert Brown the third, will you?"

"Thanks, cap."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Boy, Page Mr. Lewis!"

When you're about to "give up golf" again, wait! Maybe you should call in the "pro." But just as likely, your form may be all right—and your *underwear* all wrong. Creepy, binding, twitchy underwear has ruined many a score!

Page Mr. Lewis! Thousands did, last summer; and discovered a New Freedom in the famous Lewis Golf Suit. Its magic fabric has a give-and-take that will amaze you. And airy coolness—it evaporates perspiration so quickly! Whether you're stout or slim, Lewis Golf Suit gives you perfect fit; and natural crotch support that keeps you fresh to the last green. Get into one, forget underwear, and enjoy *golf*. Remember, there is only one original Golf Suit, the Lewis. See it today.

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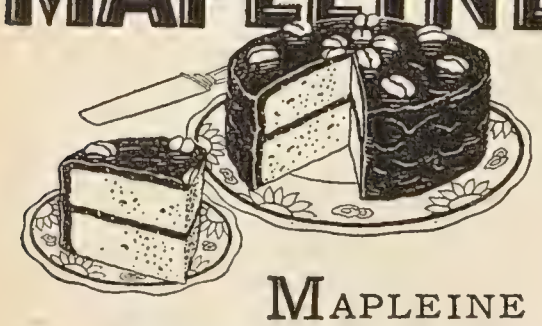


MAPLEINE flavors icings, sauces, puddings, candies, pastries—deliciously!

For syrup—for flavoring

DEAD GAME
Continued from page fifty-three

"Don't mention it, kid."

The sergeant chuckled at the sight of two broken, bleeding hearts on the seat of his trousers as the young man disappeared through the door.

. . . . . .

Dr. Simpson was up early the next morning, but Oliver was up earlier, a rather unusual circumstance for both of them. The doctor found his son in the corner of the back yard by his chicken coop.

"Good morning, Oliver."

"Mornin', pop."

"How is your pet chicken this morning?"

"He's dead."

"Dead?" asked the doctor.

"Dead as a doornail," said Oliver. "Too cold for him out here, I guess—or something," he added blandly.

"I trust you are not thinking of buying any more pet roosters. They are not such good playthings for a boy of your age."

"Nope. They're too hard to keep."

"About that roadster," said the doctor. "I've decided to let you have it now. If you will come down to the office today I'll give you a check for a hundred dollars."

"Gee, that's swell, pop," said Oliver with genuine enthusiasm.

"And, by the way, Oliver. I think you'd better buy yourself a new pair of corduroys. And don't decorate them so distinctively the next time. Even the desk sergeant noticed them."

Oliver was first at breakfast.

"About that pet chicken, mom," he said in dulcet tones. "I've got a proposition to make. I don't think he'll ever get used to this place. I'll sell him to you for a dollar, kill him, and pick him, so we can have him for dinner tonight."

"You're a very sweet boy, Oliver. Are you sure you don't mind?"

"Nope. I don't care anything about him."

"I'll accept your proposition."

The doctor entered.

"Sam," said Mrs. Simpson, "will you give Oliver a dollar? He has sold me that noisy rooster and is going to kill him and pick him. We'll have him for supper tonight."

Dr. Simpson handed his son a dollar.

"For dinner tonight?" he asked his wife.

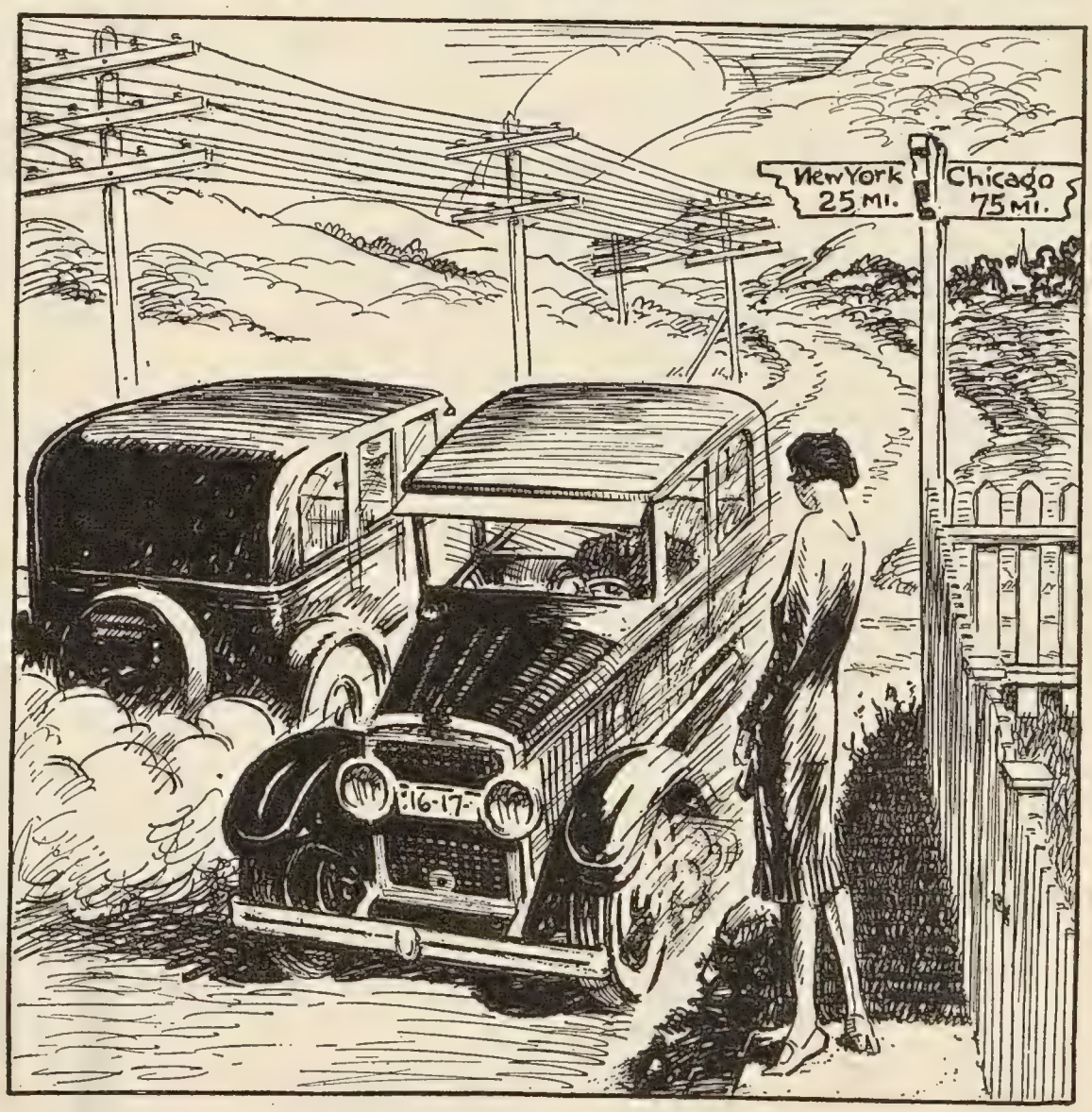
"Yes."

"Do you mind if I ask Charlie Case out? He hasn't been around in ages and he simply loves chickens."

Oliver looked at his father admiringly, snickered surreptitiously, picked out the sporting page, propped it against the sugar bowl, ignored his napkin, and started to eat breakfast.

THE END

How Many Mistakes Here?



The artist erred seven times in drawing this picture. See if you can find all of the mistakes without the aid of the list on page sixty.

While There's Life There's MADAME X

So Now Director Barrymore Leads Forth the Ancient Lady

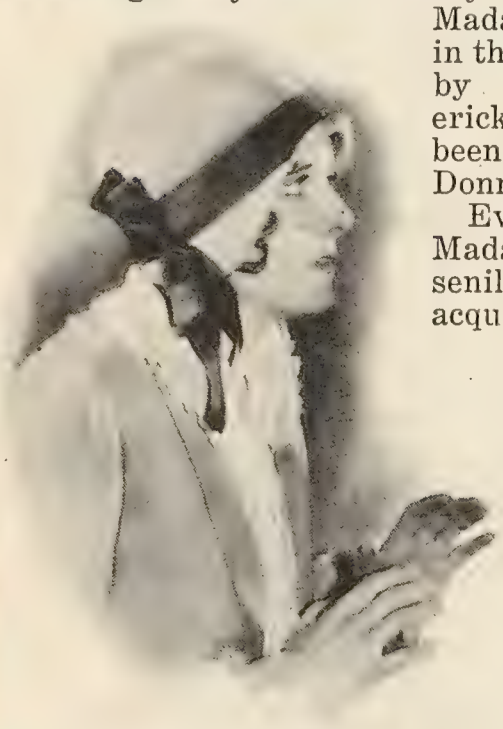
A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★

THAT melodramatic relic, Madame X, written by Alexandre Bisson for Sarah Bernhardt twenty-five years ago, has been filmed again by Metro-Goldwyn. Back in 1920 Madame X was done in the old silent style by Pauline Frederick. In 1916 it had been filmed with Dorothy Donnelly starred.



Sylvia Beecher, the heroine in Innocents of Paris.

Even with bobbed hair, Madame X seems a little senile now, despite her reacquired voice. The drama was—and is—the story of a woman who deserts her intolerant husband and her baby boy, only to realize too late that her love for her child is everything. She drifts to the depths and years later, as the mysterious Madame X, comes to trial for murder. Guess who defends her? The woman's own son, although he doesn't know.

Madame X in its new audible form is one of the first examples of Lionel Barrymore's transformation from an actor to a director. He does very well by the old tear-inducer.

Director Barrymore gets highly competent assistance from Ruth Chatterton (a little over-made-up) as the drunken and déclassée Jacqueline. Raymond Hackett, the young attorney of The Trial of Mary Dugan, again pleads for the defendant in Madame X—and he does it excellently. A real hit is scored by Ullric Haupt as the blackmailer Laroque.

The trouble with Madame X is its slow-paced approach to the big moment of the trial. It lumbers along like a catcher trying to get to first base. Still, when the forlorn heroine looks down upon her son from the prisoner's dock, Madame X will get you.

★ ★

Ingratiating, engaging, and disarming. That's the way the Manhattan critics describe Maurice Chevalier, the imported idol of the Parisian boulevards, in his first Paramount all-talkie, Innocents of Paris.

Chevalier has the quick-reaching personality of the resourceful music-hall artist. And he has something more than a winning manner. There is a dash of sly and jaunty sophistication, as befits the favorite juvenile of the Folies Bergère.

Ruth Chatterton as Madame X in the prisoner's box.

Chevalier, juvenile of the Folies Bergère, in Innocents of Paris.

I regret to report that Chevalier's début is not altogether happy. Innocents of Paris is pretty feeble, besides being a rehash of The Singing Fool with a Parisian background. Chevalier plays a romantic junkman who rescues a little boy from drowning and then falls in love with the child's pretty aunt.

He does everything but sing a mammy song. His substitute, Tell Me, Mother, is something else again.

See Innocents of Paris if only for Chevalier. The producers make the mistake of presenting the French song-and-dance man as the new IT representative of Hollywood. The public itself prefers to detect its sex appeal. And it is treading on dangerous ground to offer Chevalier in this fashion.

★

Two years ago an earnest little play, Saturday's Children, won the Pulitzer prize. First National has translated it into a part talkie for Corinne Griffith.

Two young people marry on nothing at all. The girl gives up her job as a stenographer, the boy hardly can make ends meet. So they part—but they can't stay apart. The original framework of the prize play remains, but somehow the thing seems different. The penetrating quality is gone. The star, too, is obviously miscast.

Do you know that—

Chevalier was born near Paris thirty-six years ago? . . . He learned English during his twenty-six months in a German prison camp, after his capture in the World War? . . . Despite the cast name of John P. Edington, the doctor who appears in the first scenes of Madame X is Willard Mack? . . . Richard Carle, one-time musical comedy star, plays a tiny rôle in Madame X?

Vox

Mr. Gibbons Thanks You All

STIRLING, N. J.—Floyd Gibbons's "The Red Napoleon," is the most rottenest piece of lying filth that I have ever read. This writer has casted all his scruples and dignity aside in manufacturing this narrative of hate. His only object is to poison the minds of the younger generation against that great Russian expierment.

It has ever been the policy of these weak-mined morons to charge that Soviet Russia means to abolish all racial barriers, that is to promote interracial marriages and etc. Anyone well acquainted with the idea's of the Russian Masses know this to be a falsehood of the blackest dye. If this piece of rot was proposed to the most radical of Communists he would probably fly into a rage.

Has not these men daughters? Would they want their virgins to be bred with Mongols?

I have always been a loyal supporter of the LIBERTY but after reading that malicious and spiteful piece of literature, I must admit I have very little respect for either the writer or the editor.—*Robert Horwith.*

HOBOKEN, N. J.—Three cheers for Floyd Gibbons for having the guts to write "The Red Napoleon," and LIBERTY for publishing it.

Our jazz-mad people think little about the Red Menace. Nevertheless it is real. How about the troubles in China, India, Germany, Africa, and the southern countries? Are they accidental? Guess again.—*C. R. Randall.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Am enjoying "The Red Napoleon" very much. It is the funniest thing I have read since "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and the most impossible since "Tarzan of the Apes."—*Bill Douglas.*

The Facts About Col. Roosevelt

PENDLETON, ORE.—"All in the Family," by Theodore Roosevelt. That is some bedtime story.

It may be just possible that he doesn't know that we are living in a progressive age.

I don't believe that the people at large are interested in how many different kinds of bathtubs are in use in his particular family.—*W. H. Daugherty.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—At last your LIBERTY has a writer whose every line, methinks, comes from the pen of a genius.

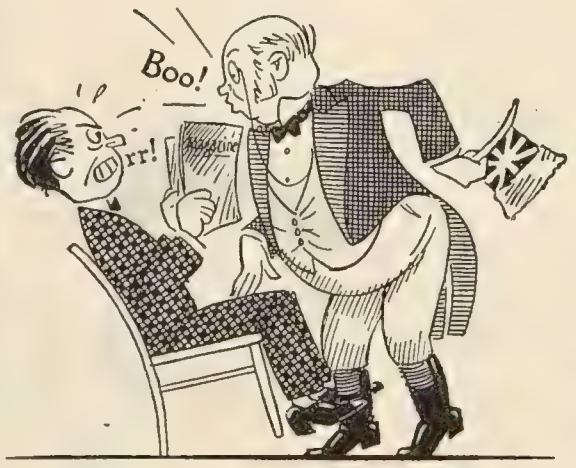
I refer to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. His Dickensesque style of writing about the dinner table is the best thing I have read since reading the English author.

I am a hackman, and I was agreeably surprised, once, to have Colonel Roosevelt shake my hand.

Sign him up for the life of LIBERTY.—*Taxi, Taxi.*

We Didn't Suppose Anyone in Havana Sighed for Home

HAVANA, CUBA—"Fool Errant," by Patricia Wentworth, gives me a pain. For heaven's sake stop publishing those



English atmosphere stories! Here we are, a bunch of Americans sighing for a touch of home—for the customs, ways, phrases, and familiar surroundings of our home towns—and there you are, insisting on transplanting us to England with its frigid lords and fogs.

When we want to read an English book we know better than to buy an American magazine; and when we buy an American magazine we expect to find in it real American stuff.—*One of the Gang.*

Read the First Part of the Quotation Again

CHICAGO, ILL.—In common with one hundred and eight million other Americans (based on your figure of two million circulation) I am not a reader of your magazine, as I find nothing in it to interest or inform an intelligent person. However, a friend called my attention to your recent editorial, "Liberty Also Is a Religion." I was amazed to find such a philosophy of government expressed beneath Stephen Decatur's famous cliché, "My country, right or wrong."

Unless I am greatly misled, our country, "right or wrong," has declared for national prohibition. Commodore Decatur's logic would seem to demand from you the support of national prohibition, right or wrong. However, you will observe from my letterhead that I am a Methodist and thus, in common with five or ten million other Americans, I must be a bigot and fanatic.

I shall continue not to read your magazine.—*John Irwin.*

Meeting of Minds—

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—If you wet Vox Poppers are anxious to discuss the rights of people, may I ask if it has ever occurred to you that the man who does not drink has rights?

It is inconceivable to me, and I have talked with many temperance people, that the temperance people of this country would not permit drinking people to have all the liquor they want if the rest of us did not have to pay for it in dollars and cents, in pain and suffering.

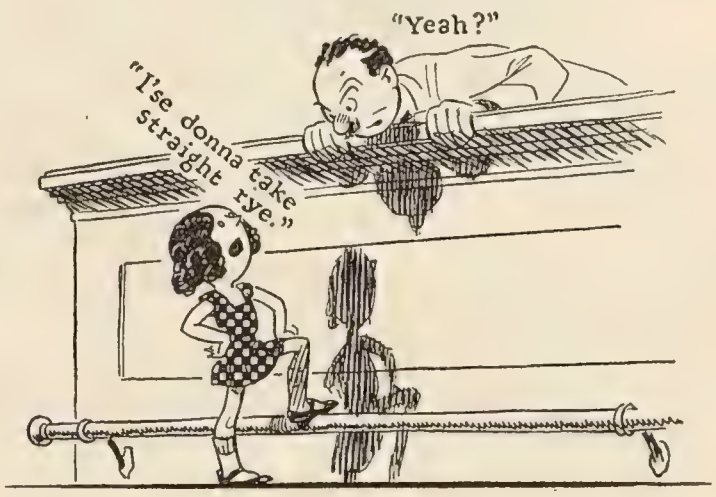
I pay for it when I buy life insurance, in the rate. I pay for it when I buy accident insurance, and automobile insurance, and fire insurance. I pay for it when one of my family or I get hurt on the road. I pay for it in increased police protection.

It has not been an hour since a client was to see me who was out several hundred dollars on account of liquor another man drank.—*George N. Wise, Lawyer.*

—with Pathetic Picture—

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—I just read a Vox Pop letter by T. A. G. Beadley, and almost exploded. He says prohibition has vindicated itself. That was a laugh! He says it is a law for the suppression of crime. I'll say it is—not! On the contrary, it has made a new crime.

When we had whisky and saloons, no boy under twenty-one could get a drink. Now, all a boy needs is a dollar and fifty cents, and just be able to talk enough to make himself understood to the



bootlegger or bartender, and he can get his liquor. And it's the same with a girl.

They make no discrimination between ages or sex. In fact, most of them say a large part of the trade is from girls and boys under twenty.—*R. D. C.*

—on Prohibition

PITTSTOWN, N. J.—Having tried out the idea of one-half of the population (the drys) and found said idea costly, painful, futile, and deadly—

Why not try the wet idea, and amend

Pop

the Constitution to read: "Every citizen of the United States shall drink, every day, one-half pint of hard liquor, one pint of wine, and one quart of beer. Failure to comply with this law shall carry a fine of not less than $10,000 and five years in a federal prison."

This seems only fair.—*Jim Willis.*

Not Knocking Modern News and Fiction, of Course

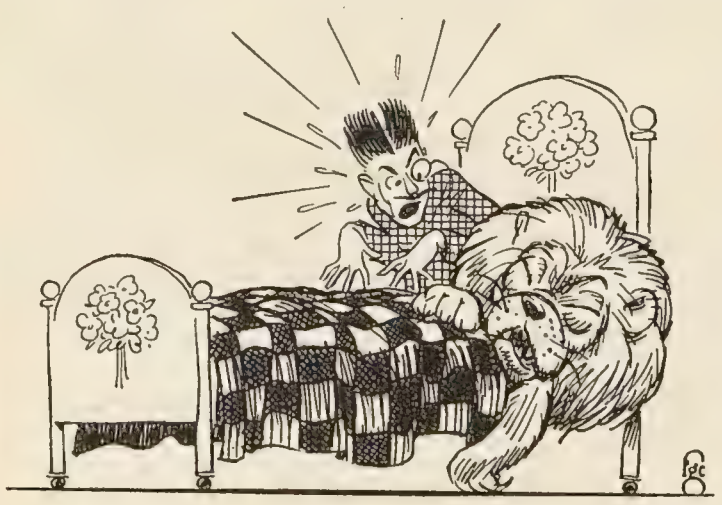
AKRON, OHIO—Obliged as we are to wade almost daily through the stench of prohibition and its trail of crime and debauchery, that pilgrimage in the steps of Joan of Arc entitled "Five Hundred Years Ago," by Clara E. Laughlin, made one feel that the lid of the sewer of modern news and fiction had been raised and a breath of fresh air and a ray of sunshine had entered.

Please don't let us suffocate!—*H. P. Zigraf.*

Sandy Kicked Bodo Out Long Ago—and Look What's Happened Since!

CHICAGO, ILL.—This fake hero, Bodo, who tried to get passionate with our Lil, gives me a sick feeling just under my belt. I've thought and thought of what we could do to peeve him, for he deserves the worst. Of course, an ax murder would be the quickest way out, but here's a juicier thought:

Have him wake up one morning, and sense that there's another head on the pillow beside him. Have him congratulate himself, and think his naughty



thoughts, and say to himself: "Aha! Two heads are better than one—on a pillow."

And then, Bodo Hauptmann Ritter von Felsenheim looks over, and sees that the other head, that other tawny head, belongs to—yes, belongs to—a *full-grown, full-maned lion!*

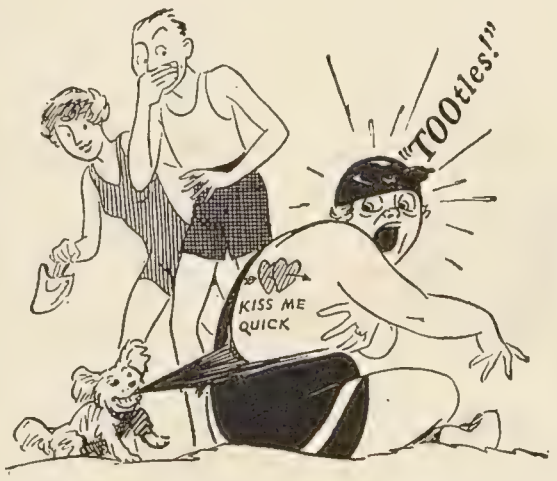
Yessir! That's the right cure for our Bad Bodo Boy.

Have the author who writes your "For the Love o' Lil" work that idea up as one of the series.—*Man With Imagination.*

Maybe. What, for Instance?

KANSAS CITY, KAN.—"The Story of Cedric" was a big dig in the ribs. I mean the one by P. G. Wodehouse about the dandified Beau Brummel who nearly burst when he had to wear formal morning clothes with bright yellow shoes.

Since Mr. Wodehouse writes so well about embarrassed and disgruntled



people, I'd like to give him a plot. I'd work it up myself, only I think perhaps Mr. Wodehouse could do it better. Here's the plot:

A fat and fashionable woman's shoulder is tattooed, but no one knows about it. One day she's on a beach in her bathing suit, playing with her dog, and the dog rips her bathing suit right across the shoulder.

Now—aren't there some swell possibilities for an embarrassing situation right there?—*Almost an Author.*

We Had So Many Wails Like This We've Put the Questions Back

STRINGTOWN, OKLA.—Last night hubby settled himself in his big comfy chair, with a good(?) cigar, and said, "All right, little partner, come on now, and let's see who can answer the most questions in the new LIBERTY."

"But they've left the questions out!" I wailed.

"Aw h—, they'll never get another one of my hard-earned nickels," he said. "That was the best part about it."

So there, now—see what you've gone and done!—*Vera Peeved.*

Wonder Is He Kidding Somebody?

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Some time ago I read, in Vox Pop, a criticism of your "Bright Sayings of Children" department in which the criticizer insinuated that nearly all the bright remarks you have published were made by children around forty years old.

Being the father of little children puts me "in the know" and qualifies me to come to your defense.

It is true that to one not closely associated with children it might appear as if there were some ground for criticism. Most of the remarks published have undoubtedly sounded too sophisticated for a child to anyone but a connoisseur of bright sayings of children.

To prove my point I wish to cite an incident that occurred in our home not long ago and which I can verify with affidavits signed by close relatives and friends whose checks I am holding until times get better.

Wishing to touch up a rough spot on my lower plate I took four of my children—Rawk, Chalk, Jay, and Hawk—aged two respectively, to the basement with me where I keep my emery wheel. In some manner I got my index finger in the way, grinding it off at the first joint. "Oh hell!" I said.

Rawk, one of the four, immediately asked, "Dad, what is hell?"

"Son," I answered, "I don't know."

"Well, it's a damn wonder you'd admit it, you old fool," spoke up all four as with one voice.

Coming from the mouths of two-year-olds I thought it worth recording.—*W. H. Burton.*

A Very Good Question, Miss

CASPER, WYO.—After reading your storry, "The Great War Against Bugs," by Harper Leech, I was so nervous I couldn't walk around on the floor it seemed like I was steping on bugs it got on my nerves why who in the h— want to be looking at bugs all time?—*Just Miss Bracey.*

Possibly It Can Be Arranged

BANGOR, ME.—The electric chair, which Rita Weiman, in her story, "Voltage," represented as being so terrible, is *not* cruel. The only ones to whom it is cruel are the ones who see someone die in it.

I enjoyed(?) the same experience as Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray. I came in contact with a wire carrying 2,300 volts. I was on it less than one full minute and it rendered me unconscious. The only pain I experienced was the pain *after* I became conscious, later, in the hospital.

Anyone who has taken gas to have a tooth removed has been far more uncomfortable than the murderer in the chair.

Give me the electric chair.—*C. Walter MacPherson.*

Helping the Editor

RIVERSIDE, ILL.—I am waiting for a book section to appear in your magazine. Reviews of the best sellers would appeal to everyone, I am sure.—*Elizabeth Pleticka.*

SAFE REDUCING *without the usual danger of* Acidosis

"FAT" is excess baggage of a dangerous type. In fact, it is considered a serious disease by Medical Science. But in the language of an eminent diet authority, "*Many methods of reducing cause more damage than the fat itself.*" So, if you are appreciably overweight, as may be detected from your appearance and from the usual logginess "fat" people experience, you must consider two things:—

For your own present and future good *you must reduce!* And, second, *you must reduce with safety!* Unless you take off weight under the direction of a physician, a type of Acidosis due to improper loss of body fat almost invariably develops. This is the forerunner of serious disorders.

This message is inspired by the teachings and practices of the high authority mentioned. In his words: "If you wish to reduce without Acidosis and its resultant body injury the diet must contain ample starches and sugars." Contrary to unprofessional teachings, sugar *is needed* to properly "burn the fat" and is best secured from ample fresh fruits, fruit juices and vegetables. An adequate supply of these foods will also prevent constipation, supply needed vitamins and minerals and prevent the more common acid-ash type of Acidosis, due to lack of proper balance in foods eaten. "The next principle," continues this authority, "is the elimination of fat from the diet; fatty meats, butter, cream and mayonnaise. *Take fat out of the diet—skim the milk!* Reducing diets must be surprisingly low in calories because fat persons need so little food. This is usually accomplished by cutting out the fat. While it may take 3000 calories to nourish a thin person, 1000 calories may be sufficient for the fat person wanting to reduce." Exercise goes hand in hand with correct diet. Increase walking and other forms of outdoor exercise.

California Sunkist Oranges and Lemons—proved by Science to be richest in juice and finest in flavor—play a vitally important part in Safe Reducing. They help to supply the needed natural sugars, minerals and vitamins. Besides, Sunkist Oranges and Lemons while acid in taste, are alkaline in their reaction in the body. Taken generously each day in conjunction with the diet used by the Specialist quoted they build up and preserve the necessary alkaline balance of the body. Also they contain no fat and are, therefore, low in calories.

"Telling Fortunes with Foods" is a free booklet on Acidosis—*and diets*—which has had the entire approval of this authority. It not only discusses Acidosis in its various forms but gives sufficient Safe Reducing diets for ten days, balanced to prevent both types of Acidosis. Look for the name "Sunkist" both on the skin and wrapper of Oranges and on the wrapper of Lemons. It is your assurance of uniform quality.

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DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT., California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div 1306 Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.
Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes With Foods.*

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

One Year Old *And* No Father

A New For the Love o' Lil

FOR one, two l-o-n-g weeks Lil had been abandoned by her husband. She had turned into a grass widow just as automatically as a green squashy caterpillar becomes a butterfly or a jiggly egg turns into a salmon.

"Any news?" Ma asked over the phone on her grandson's first birthday. It was 3 o'clock. She'd called up every hour on the hour for fourteen days. "If Pop ever walked out on me like that I'd run straight to Reno. . . . Yes, I would, and not to reduce. I'd get a divorce an' lead the happy life of Riley on my alimony. That's a divorcée's silver lining!"

This week's cover picture.

"I'm not a divorcée!" Lil flared right up. "I'm a mother. I won't have my child grow up with lopsided ideas. It develops a baby to be agreeing with one parent and then the other. Squabbles teach justice."

"Squabbles? Justice?" Ma squeaked like static. "Well, if my husband told me to go to hell, I'd swim to Paris for my freedom and I wouldn't bother with water wings. Good-by!" Two tears hopped out of Mrs. Morse's eyes and splashed against her new glasses with their stylish Oxford nose piece.

This telephoned maternal advice didn't cut any matrimonial ice with Lil. She didn't want to run to Reno. If she went at all, it would be on an extra-fare train, surrounded by iced drinks, a bridge table, and the splurgy feeling that her lawyer would pay for this scenic summer tour. As for Ma swimming to Paris for freedom, Lil knew her mother wouldn't trust her breast stroke in water, even if it was salted. She'd just been talking through her ten-cent hair net.

As Lil watched little Ulysses playing, and realized that he was a grass orphan, she wasn't sure that she wanted a divorce in spite of desertion. Sandy would demand the baby for six months each year. He'd take him on business trips, show him tunnels, barges, grain elevators, cows, numbers on freight cars, canals, and drawbridges until he'd forget his mother even on Mother's Day.

Besides, she was quite timid at night. If she divorced Sandy, who would lock the outside doors for her at 11 P. M. and put on the chain? Would freedom satisfy after domestic protection? Of course, she could take courses in interior decoration, but with no home and no husband, what would she decorate? Conventional marriage still looked better than modish separation.

The tinkle of plates and silverware. The luscious odor of newly baked cake. And Meadows came into the play room with a delectable offering. The baby's first birthday cake! Quite a change from his usual 3-o'clock vegetable gruel, spuds, and zwieback.

"Up he goes!" Lil said, lifting her little grass orphan into his chair. "See, Quack is watching from the rug."

Quack, the rubber duck, didn't look as though he'd ever quack again. He had a punched-in stomach and his price mark was half off. Poor Lil didn't look as though she'd ever smile again. Her eyelashes were damp and she had a lump in her throat. The baby would have to eat all the cake. She couldn't swallow even one frosted rosette.

Was the single flickering candle symbolic? When she blew it out—puff, or puff-puff, as the case might be—would that be the finale of her domestic happiness?

"Happy birthday," she sighed. "Poor dear! One year old and no father!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Facing the World)

The jane was as calm as a guy with the St. Vitus dance.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

The Merry, Merry at Monte Carlo

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

Monte Carlo.

DEAR MARG,

Well, here I am at Monte Carlo. Its the place where they do the gamblin. Dont let em kid you that they tear up the bank roll. My gosh, I didnt see two grand laid on the line durin the night. One guy went in with 48 smackers and drew down six thousand for his nights sleep. Sister, that guy could fall down a sewer and come out with a tray full of Hope diamonds. Yea, he was a gimmick too,—a lame guy. Not only that he had one arm,—the Mayo brothers had the other.

He had a bale of straw with him, a catsy blond. She dressed like eighteen from the back but from the front I think she used to tuck General Grant in bed. What a panic!! When his roll was low he didnt rate so good with her either. But when he began gettin the brakes she gave him plenty of Sweetheart, Dearie and stuff like that.

Wait till I tell you about this place Monte Carlo, Marg. Its a beautiful spotless town surrounded by wealth. The smart people go to a place called The Sporting Club. Its more exclusive than the casino, if you know what I mean. Jeweled frails from all over the globe put the dog on at the Sporting Club. The South Americans and the Russians seem to be the biggest gamblers.

The night I spent in Monte Carlo I was watchin a swell dame play the wheel. She ran 400 bucks up to nearly 5000 and then she lost the works. Every time the guy spun the pan she would raise the doody lawnet to her eye, look thru the tea strainer and watch the little ball fall in the wrong hole. Oh, it was brutal the trimmin she got. The jane was as calm as a guy with the St. Vitus dance.

When she got down to her last dime she began takin off the cracked ice. First she gave the herring punnisher a coupla rings. He stuck a mikeroscope in his eye an examined em. Right away the banker advances her ten grand and she blew it all. Then she took off a pair of earrings. The jeweler stuck the cork back in his eye, went thru the same motions and the dame shot the works again. Then off came a string of rocks she had around her neck. The wise guy handed her a roll of bills big enough to choke a rhinosoris. She split em all up all over the board and lost everything but her shirt.

Yea, and another thing Marg, theres plenty of rich mens sons baskin around the Riveria. Theyre a set up for the divorced wimin. What they do to em is nobodys vocation. They build em up and make believe they love em to death. If the sons were any good they wouldnt have the money anyway. First they get the sun all lushed up with a hard luck story about how they played Monte Carlo and lost. Then she wraps her arm eight times around his neck and breathes in his ear and the poor sap cables the old gent for dough. Once they get their hooks on the jack they ace around with the shampaine and the outfits one grand and glorious frolic.

WHY, theres a crackpot on board Marg thats gettin a hansome run around. The wife has him eatin out of her hand. Hes afraid to even open his trap. Shes been cookin his cakes for the past twenty years and now that *hes* gettin a bit old *shes* gettin youthful and rarrin to go. Shes picked herself out a nice young simple chump what looks like a movie extra and she and him are goin to give the husband a run out powder as soon as her kids get old enough to stand the strain.

Listen Georgeous, I was up to Captain Simons cabin the other night on bord the " France " as a gest. Yep, he was showin some movies of the customers he made on board. He took some pitchers of the girls climbin the ladder on a windy day. Smart guy the captain, he knows his onion soup. Gee did I laf when i seen em. He dished up a cocktail called a Carmencita. Three drinks would make you divorce your wife for your mother in law if she posed for a statue of Ben Turpin. The Captain has a radio too. One twist of the dile and he gets Tooloose

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

This advertisement suggested by Thad Dobbins, 13443, Box 316, Fort Madison, Iowa.

If you have a new and original idea, send it to us and if acceptable we will pay $100.00.

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absolutely safe!-

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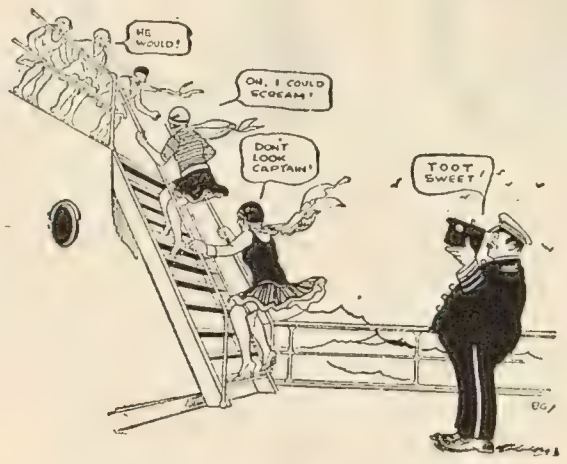
EVINRUDE DIVISION
Outboard Motors Corporation
4005 27th St. Milwaukee, Wis.

EVINRUDE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

France. Too loose is right they raise hell over there, excuse the expresshon.

After spending the night at a swell cabaret in Monte Carlo they loaded us in some nifty foreign cars and drove us over the Grand Cornish road to La Turbie and a place called Nice. Its pronounced Neece instead of Nice. What a ride!! Away up on top you look over the orange and white shattoes on the Mediterranean See. Gosh its fuller romance and sediment.



Smart guy the captain, he knows his onion soup.

Me and the Kentuckey Judge, the judges wife and a girl from Boston by the name of Bertha Clark all wrode in the same car. We had a guide with us by the name of Chirpie. I think he owned a bird store by the sound of his shoes. We also had a french driver along, and the way that frog drove around those narrow turns made Major Seagrave look as though he was walkin on his hands. All we did it seemed, was drive thru grape vines. Thats all they do over here is make wine. The girls wash their stockings in it.

Well, after ridin all day we landed for the night in a place called Nice at the Negresco Hotel. Its one of the fashion senters. Oh, you aint seen nothin until you see those french frails strollin the boolevards. And do they wave the curves to the optics. Brother, theyre WOWS and HOW!! Its a good thing your old man aint here.

SAY, wait till I tell you about the bathroom I drew in the hotel. They had more contrapshions in it than you can imagine. Showers, sprays, nozzles, perfume shooters, and powder jerkers. And the tub! It musta been four feet deep and eleven feet long. I filled it up, jumped in, and had to holler for a life preserver. Who comes in but a nifty french made what wanted to know if I wanted my back scrubbed.

The next day we took the car and drove to a place called Cannes. This is the berg where the wimins fashions come from. Its supposed to be the fashion center of europe. Its the chickest place of em all. Everybodys high hat and Plenty!! Oh yes, they took us to another place called Avignon to the palace of the Popes. What a place! Those guys musta had a grand and glorious time believe me. Theres a gost in every room. Then we went to the Roman Arena at Nimes what was built by the Romans in 76 BC what ever that means. By golly they sure had brick layers them days. They got a bull ring in the middle of it, where all the fans get a kick outer watchin the cows husband go for the slaughter. The bull is the Babe Ruth of this place.

LISTEN Love Lips, we stopped at Avignon over night at a doggie hotel. All the toorists went into the bar after supper and began gettin plastered. A bum cartoonist by the name of Bert Green got a bit boiled and began helpin the bartender serve the drinks. Later the bartender passed out like a mazda and everybody in the party was dealin out the giggle soup. Then the cartoonist got all the frog waitors around the piano and he began playin the Mayonaise and had em all singin. Then he stepped on his foot and began playin the Vocked am Rhine and the joint nearly broke out in a riot. What a night!!!

Well Marg, I gotta go now. Are you gettin your trueso fixed up? Did you tell your old lady were goin for the wedlock rackit as soon as I get back?

I just got a letter from your girl friend with the crockery eye. She wants to be bridesmade!! You better try and block that because a bridesmade with a china peeper will put the jinx on us sure as hell.

Well, cheerio, Im comin back as soon as I reach Marsailles which is the last stop. Give my love to your old lady and tell your old man to go jump in the lake.

He aint never paid me that seventeen bucks for them French post cards yet. Yours trooly.

MIKE SHEA.

P. S.—I reserved tickets on the Panama Pacific Line—were going to spend our funnymoon sailin thru the Panama canal to Hollywood—tell the neighbors!!!!

A honeymoon in a canal! Perhaps Romeo will have more to say about this in his next letter.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 54

The automobiles are passing to the left.

One of the cars has no rear window.

Heel is missing from one of the woman's slippers.

The signboard indicates that New York and Chicago are but 100 miles apart.

The N in New York is reversed.

Only one cowl light on the facing car.

A cross-arm is missing from one of the telegraph poles.

Billy Evans' Greatest THRILL

An Umpire Picks the Peak of 4,000 Ball Games

By

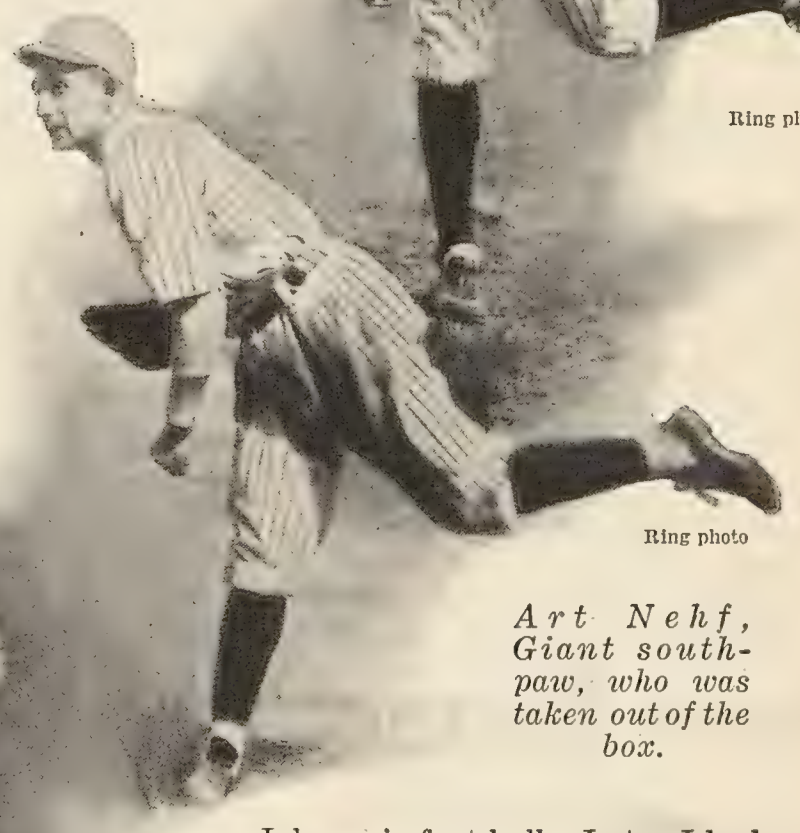
HUGH FULLERTON

(Fourth of a series on "greatest games" chosen by various baseball notables)

Billy Evans as he looked behind the mask.

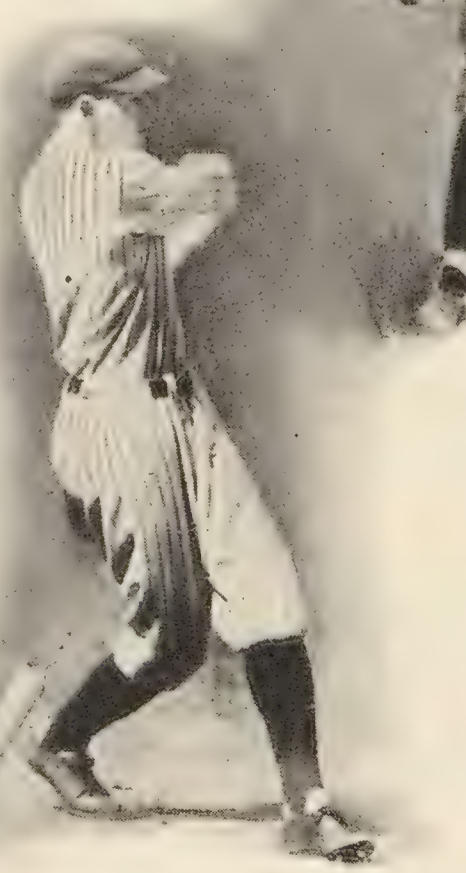
Herb Pennock, Yankee pitching ace, who beat the Giants.

Ring photo



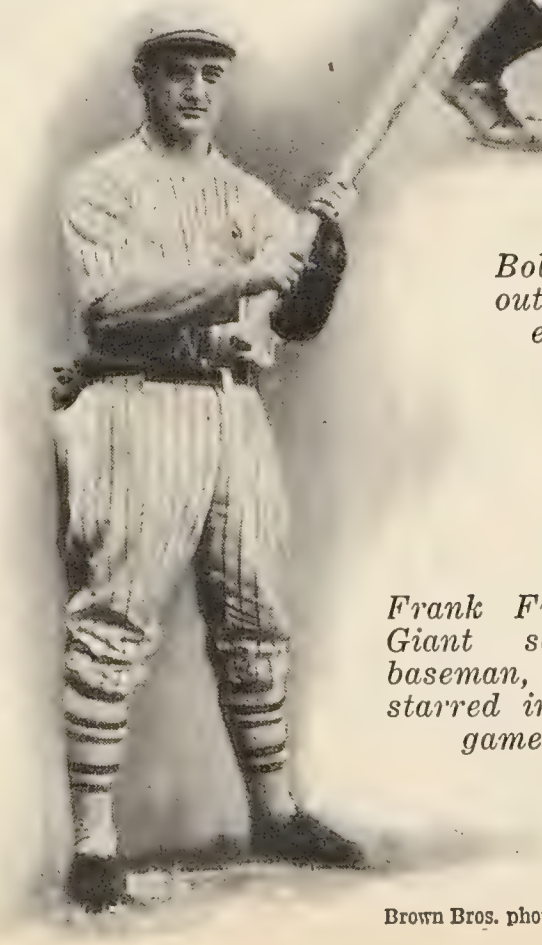
Ring photo

Art Nehf, Giant southpaw, who was taken out of the box.



Ring photo

Bob Meusel, Yankee outfielder, who delivered in the pinch.



Brown Bros. photo

Frank Frisch, Giant second baseman, who starred in the game.

BILLY EVANS, famous for twenty-two years as an umpire and now head of the Cleveland baseball club, remembers the game that gave him the greatest thrill, and he has umpired nearly 4,000 of them. I asked Billy which game it was, and he replied:

"Having umpired close to four thousand major league baseball games and having seen about everything that is unusual in baseball during a period of twenty-two years it would seem impossible to name the game that gave me the greatest thrill. But it is not. I remember every play and detail as if it were yesterday. It was the sixth and final game of the World's Series of 1923.

"I umpired the first game Walter Johnson pitched in the majors in the fall of 1907. He made his début against the pennant-winning Detroit Tigers and, although beaten 3 to 2, the remarkable performance he gave remains among the great thrills I have had in baseball. Here was an unknown 'busher' pitching his first game, holding the slugging Tigers helpless. A team noted for its liking for fast-ball pitching could do little or nothing with Johnson's fast ball. Later I had a thrill when Johnson shut out the New York Yankees in three successive games.

"I have umpired four no-hit games, including the perfect game Charlie Robertson of Chicago turned in against Detroit, not a man reaching first base. I have seen scores of games in which thrilling plays at bat and in the field have featured almost every inning, yet to that game played in the 1923 World's Series between the two New York teams goes the palm for giving me the greatest thrill of my career."

THE situation which led up to Evans' great thrill probably never again will be duplicated. The Giants had beaten the Yankees in the World's Series of 1921 and 1922. When these clubs again won the championships of their own leagues in 1923 the odds were that McGraw's team would trounce their rivals again. The first game was a repetition of the other years. The Yankees got away with a three-run lead, but the Giants kept plugging away and won in the ninth inning when Casey Stengel hit a home run.

Pennock pitched the next game and proved that a smart left-handed pitcher could beat the McGraw team. His victory restored the confidence of the American leaguers. They fought harder, and when the sixth game came, led in the series three games to two. Twice on successive days Pennock, a pitcher who was frail physically, had rushed to the rescue of Bob Shawkey and saved the games, and yet Huggins started him in the sixth game despite the fact he was overworked and arm weary.

It was evident, early in the game, that Pennock was tired. He lacked his speed and curves and was forced to fall back upon cunning, skill, and his courage. Yet Evans

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

This famous doctor's prescription relieves gastric distress heartburn acid stomach

AFTER a hearty meal—agony, distress? Thousands have learned that Pepto-Bismol brings quick, pleasant relief from indigestion, sour, acid stomach, heartburn and gastric fermentation. Pleasantly flavored, it soothes the delicate stomach lining. Whenever your stomach is upset, take a teaspoonful of Pepto-Bismol, repeat every half hour until completely relieved. At your druggist's—50¢. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y.

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MAKERS OF UNGUENTINE

Recommended by doctors for children because of its mild action

Pepto-Bismol

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

thinks he pitched the greatest game of his career that day. Babe Ruth started Pennock off well with a home run in the first inning after two were out. But the Giants were rushing the attack. Hits by Groh, Frisch, and Young sent a run across, and more might have counted, but Witt's perfect throw cut down Frisch trying to reach third on Young's hit. A double play halted the Yankees in their second, and Pennock, using slow slants, held the Giants until their fourth, a magnificent catch by Frisch preventing the Yankees from scoring. In their half the Giants forged ahead. Frisch caught the Yankee infield asleep and beat out a bunt, and with two out Cunningham's hit sent him across the plate.

THE Giants were hitting Pennock hard and steadily, but the Yankee defense tightened. They could not stop the assault, however, and Frank Snyder's home run in the fifth and Frisch's triple and Meusel's single in the sixth added two more runs and made the Giants seem sure winners. Only the magnificent courage of Pennock and fine support held the score that low. Realizing that he did not have his "stuff" that day, Pennock worked slowly, studying each pitch, relying upon cunning and control to offset his lack of speed and curves.

When the eighth inning started, the Yankees had made but two hits and Nehf was pitching superbly, although showing symptoms of weakening. After Ward flied out, the next two Yankees at bat in the eighth drove out hits. Nehf tried to steady and force the Yankees to hit bad balls. Then he attempted to put more "stuff" on the ball, passed two batters, and forced a run across the plate.

With Ruth coming to bat and the Yankee fans wild, McGraw took his wabbling left-hander out and sent "Rosy" Ryan in to pitch. Ryan walked Dugan, forcing in another run. Ruth fanned, and the Yankee fans groaned and howled at the great Babe as he hurled his bat down and strode away in disgust.

BOB MEUSEL, the Imperturbable, strolled up to the pan. He waited while Ryan pitched one strike.

The next ball was to his liking and he drove it viciously straight over second base. Two runners raced over the plate and Joe Dugan, slightly lame, was tearing for third.

Cunningham picked up the ball in center field and hurled it toward third to stop Dugan and end the rally. The Giant infield was all out of place. The catcher was late and was tearing down to be behind Groh, when the ball took a bad bound, leaped over Groh's head, and before it was retrieved Dugan was across the plate with the fifth run of the inning. The score was 6 to 4—and the Yankees, clinging desperately to their lead, took the game and series.

Charles A. Comiskey's idea of the greatest game he remembers will be reported by Mr. Fullerton in an early issue.

THE BOX SCORE

YANKEES

	AB.	R.	H.	Po.	A.	E.
Witt, cf	3	0	0	3	1	0
Dugan, 3b	3	1	0	2	1	0
Ruth, rf	3	1	1	1	0	0
R. Meusel, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Pipp, 1b	4	0	0	12	0	0
Ward, 2b	4	0	1	0	7	0
Schang, c	4	1	1	7	0	0
E. Scott, ss	4	1	1	1	2	0
Pennock, p	2	0	0	0	1	0
Hofmann*	0	0	0	0	0	0
Haines†	0	1	0	0	0	0
Bush‡	0	0	0	0	0	0
Johnson§	0	1	0	0	0	0
Jones, p	0	0	0	0	1	0
Total	31	6	5	27	13	0

GIANTS

	AB.	R.	H.	Po.	A.	E.
Bancroft, ss	4	0	0	1	7	0
Groh, 3b	4	1	1	1	2	0
Frisch, 2b	4	2	3	1	5	0
Young, rf	4	0	2	0	0	0
E. Meusel, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Cunningham, cf	3	0	1	0	0	1
Kelly, 1b	4	0	0	19	0	0
Snyder, c	4	1	2	4	0	0
Nehf, p	3	0	0	0	5	0
Ryan, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Stengel‖	1	0	0	0	0	0
Bentley¶	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	36	4	10	27	19	1

* Batted for Pennock in the eighth. † Ran for Hofmann in the eighth. ‡ Batted for Witt in the eighth. § Ran for Bush in the eighth. ‖ Batted for Cunningham in the eighth. ¶ Batted for Ryan in the ninth.

YANKEES	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	—6
GIANTS	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	—4

Home runs—Ruth, Snyder. Three-base hit—Frisch. Double play—Nehf, Bancroft, and Kelly. Left on bases—Yankees 2, Giants 5. Bases on balls—Off Nehf 3, Ryan 1. Struck out—By Nehf 3, Pennock 6, Ryan 1. Hits—Off Nehf 4 in seven and one-third innings, Ryan 1 in one and two-thirds innings, Pennock 9 in seven innings, Jones 1 in two innings. Winning pitcher—Pennock. Losing pitcher—Nehf. Umpires—O'Day, Nallin, Hart, and Evans. Time of game—2 hours 5 minutes.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

That Would Fix Him

My sister and her fiancé were disagreeing over some detail of their coming wedding. Little Patsy spoke up, "Don't be arguing with him, Aunt Gertrude. Tell him you won't marry him."—Mrs. H. A. Bauer, 4120½ Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

She'd Finish the Job

I had been called a great distance from home due to the illness of my grandmother. A neighbor asked my little cousin how long I would be away.

"Until her grandmother dies," was the surprising answer.—W. G. Green, Hotel Stevens, Dyersburg, Tenn.

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The RED NAPOLEON

A Correspondent's Inside Story of the War of the Races (1933-1936)

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

IN previous installments Mr. Gibbons has told how Karakhan, the Red Napoleon, having mastered the eastern hemisphere and organized its man power, forced war upon the United States by invading Mexico. Canada, as well as South America, had aligned herself with us, and on March 1, 1934, Red air bombers and troopships began a great attack at Puget Sound. The archaic coast defenses could do nothing, the American and Canadian land forces were swiftly driven back, and Karakhan's expedition made good its foothold.

Meanwhile, at the opening of hostilities, he had returned Mr. Gibbons and Speed Binney to this country. Mr. Gibbons was called at once to Washington, where he found some difficulty in convincing members of President Al Smith's Cabinet that his dispatches from Europe had not exaggerated the menace to America. Thanks to pacifism, the nation remained apathetic even after hearing the dismaying news from the Northwest. But when terroristic rapings of American white girls by Karakhan's Red Chinese followed, proving that his order to "conquer and breed" was in effect, then, tardily, American manhood made ready to fight him.

Whit Dodge, left behind in Red London when Mr. Gibbons and Speed were returned, has got back by submarine to America and a naval lieutenancy. Margot Denison is still in Karakhan's power, as companion to his wife, Lin, in Ireland.

P. & A. photos

At the left, Boston Common, looking toward the State House. The first Red air bomb landed on the common near Park Street. At the right, the entrance to the Milk Street station of the Washington Street tunnel, Boston. Here a bomb and a panic among the refugees took 1,200 lives.

PART TEN—KARAKHAN INVADES NEW ENGLAND

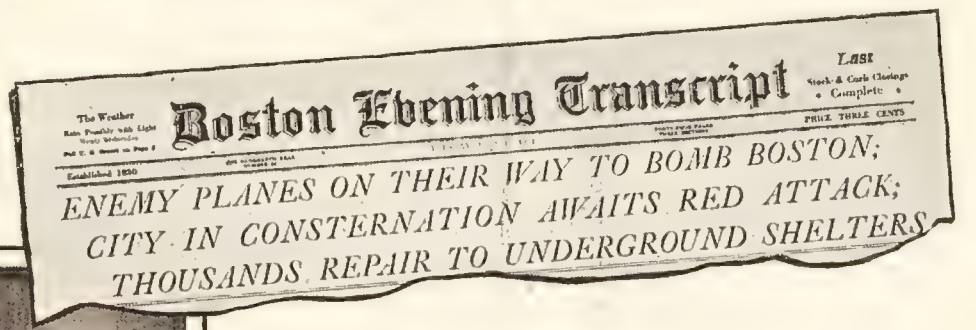
AS I attempt this résumé of the remaining months of 1934—that terrible first year of the war in America—I realize, reluctantly, that any balanced account of that frightful epoch, within the scope of general reading, must of necessity touch but briefly many of the tremendous events that advanced the yellow invasion closer to the heart of America which was now the last stronghold and hope of the white race.

Books of popular reminiscences. war maps, military analyses, economic surveys, and historical chronologies record the details which I am forced to omit. After all, the events of those months are fresh in memory. And my object is to report the cataclysm in relation to my association with the Red Napoleon himself, whose exile I share today here in the peace and sunlight of Bermuda.

My years as a war correspondent had hardened me to battlefield carnage, but nothing had brought the horrors of war home to me so poignantly in 1934 as the death of my favorite nephew, eighteen-year-old Jimmie Byrnes. He was just one of the many thousands of that heroic, untrained First Million of Americans whose nameless graves around Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, marked the advancing lines of Karakhan's yellow hordes in the Pacific Northwest.

Dozens of American army friends of mine had gone to their deaths on the southwest front in the jungles of Tehuantepec, holding the invaders back from the Gulf of Mexico, only to turn Karakhan's Mexican invasion into an overland advance toward Panama.

With me throughout the year was the tragic thought



Boston Evening Transcript

ENEMY PLANES ON THEIR WAY TO BOMB BOSTON;
CITY IN CONSTERNATION AWAITS RED ATTACK;
THOUSANDS REPAIR TO UNDERGROUND SHELTERS

The front page of the Boston Evening Transcript of June 19, 1934, when even this conservative newspaper resorted to large headlines. During the raid that night, its offices were shaken by a bomb.

of a beautiful English girl in the hands of the enemy and separated by the breadth of the Atlantic from the two boys who would have fought each other—or the world—to the death for her.

Margot Denison's strange but dangerous association as companion and fellow prisoner with Karakhan's wife was a matter of constant fear—a fear I shared with Lieutenant Speed Binney of the Air Corps and Lieutenant Whit Dodge of the Submarine Service.

Whit cursed the defensive policy that kept our navy bottled up in the Gulf of Mexico. Speed damned the political and administrative blunders that left America defenseless in the air. That naval inferiority and that aërial defenselessness, together with the unpreparedness of the land forces, opened the door for the events which I am about to report.

Covered by a cloud of seaplanes which completely annihilated the puny Canadian air resistance, Karakhan began the landing of troops on the unfortified Northumberland Strait coast of New Brunswick.

In two days of easy fighting the Red invaders, pushing inland, were in possession of the main line of the Canadian National Railroad from Nova Scotia to the Province of Quebec. The harbors, mining areas, and industrial

P. & A.-Lejaren a Hiller photo

Crowds in Times Square, New York City, watching the Times' war map and bulletins on the night of June 17, 1934. Bangor, Maine, had just fallen to Karakhan.

centers from Pictou to Campbellton were occupied, and shattered Canadian regiments of unseasoned militiamen had joined the panic-stricken migration of the civilians to the south.

HIGH-FLYING Red seaplanes, released from enemy air carriers and cargo ships off the Maine coast near Bar Harbor, bombed the inland railroads and disrupted communications across the Maine-New Brunswick and Maine-Quebec frontier. While engineers worked to repair the gaps, northbound trains of American reënforcements were held up and thousands of Canadian refugees forced to continue their southward exodus on foot or plunge into the endless stream of motor traffic that clogged the roads.

On the third day of the offensive, Red transports, troopships, and light cruisers, following an advance screen of mine sweepers, steamed boldly up the St. Lawrence River, making successful landings at the important railroad points of Rimouski and Rivière du Loup.

In the intervening space of eighty miles, the invaders, chiefly Siberian Mongols and North Slavic communists, took possession of the railroad along the south bank of the river and landed thousands of tons of field guns, tanks, and equipment. Columns pushing southward from Rivière du Loup cut the front of the National Transcontinental Railway where it turns east from the Province of Quebec into New Brunswick.

The sum total of resistance to this enormous operation consisted of ineffectual air encounters by isolated squadrons of American and Canadian planes, sporadic land fighting by vastly outnumbered units of Canadian militia interspersed with civilian volunteers, and the efforts of American submarines, which succeeded in sinking four enemy transports and one light cruiser in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

American military apologists had explained that Karakhan's success on the northeast front was attributable:

1. To superiority of his air forces.
2. To the absence of all coast fortifications, due to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

P. & A.-American Press photo

A remarkable photograph of the partial destruction of the Copley Plaza Hotel in the Red bombing raid on Boston, June 19, 1934. This explosion demolished the already damaged front of the hotel, killing nearly 200 persons.

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

Canada's century-old dependence upon the British navy for defense.

3. To the weakness of the Canadian land forces on account of their largest strength being employed against the Red line in British Columbia.

4. To delay of American land forces in reaching the front, due to the repeated destruction of Canadian-American rail communications by enemy air bombers.

5. To Karakhan's unimpeded lines of water communication extending uninterruptedly back to Liverpool, Queenstown, Antwerp, Hamburg, Cherbourg, Boulogne, and Lisbon supply bases.

From my personal observations throughout those exciting days and nights when Lieutenant Binney and I flew, motored, and walked hundreds of miles along the retreating Canadian front, I can only consider all of the five reasons above enumerated as supporting proofs of the military genius of the yellow man who combined them.

Karakhan bent the very physical features of the country to his will. He could ignore the wilderness on the north bank of the St. Lawrence. His light naval forces in the river guarded the right flank of his land forces, which rested their left flank on the backbone of the Notre Dame mountain range. Down this well protected corridor on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, from thirty to fifty miles wide, his troops advanced victoriously on Quebec.

Physically the city rose on the same rocky pinnacle that Wolfe and Montcalm gave their lives for on the Plains of Abraham, but actually its defenses were as archaic against modern weapons and war from the air as the muzzle-loading cannons ornamenting its ancient ramparts.

For a hundred years of costless security, the penny-wise colonials of the Dominion had depended upon

the British navy as their only defense. There was not a single modern fortification or piece of heavy ordnance along the river from Lake Ontario to the sea.

Without the British navy barring the way, the St. Lawrence was a broad and open highway leading to the heart of Canada.

On Karakhan's left was the mountainous uninhabited wilderness comprising the northern peak of the state of Maine. Even this region of virgin forest, untapped by railroads or motor roads, was utilized by him. The thousands of small lakes became the airdromes for his mobile seaplane fleet.

Night and day huge transport planes carried forward the fuel, bombs, and supplies for these new air bases, which could not be attacked by land forces by reason of their inaccessibility.

Located centrally as they were between the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence valley, their strategic position enabled them to dominate a radius of 200 miles in all directions. Tankers and air carriers in both the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic provided additional bases of supply.

I encountered only one American who found any satisfaction in the difficult problem presented by Karakhan's ingenious attack.

Colonel Willoughby Watkins, retired engineer of the United States Coast Defense, actually smiled as he presented the following question:

"Now why do you suppose Karakhan's wastin' all this time and trouble, plowin' round through farms and timberland and fishing villages up round the St. Lawrence, when he's really aimin' to get into the United States?

"He don't care anything about the Canadians. He's out to lick Uncle Sam. Why do you suppose he didn't jump us down on our coast—land his forces in Massachusetts or Delaware or Norfolk, like the British did when they came over from Bermuda and burned Washington? Now why do you suppose he didn't try it?"

"I'll bite, Colonel," Binney interrupted in a tone not entirely respectful. "Why?"

"Because the U. S. Coast Defense is the only damn arm of the U. S. service that's worth a damn," replied the colonel emphatically. "We've got forts, fortresses, and emergency gun mounts all along the Atlantic seaboard from Key West to the Bay of Fundy, and we've got big guns mounted on the coastal railroads, and tractor-drawn cannon for the motor roads all along the coast. We could bust hell out of him anywhere he tried to set foot ashore. And, by God, sir, that's the reason he's trying to get into us through Canada!"

"All right, Colonel, but what happened to your coast defenses on Puget Sound?" Speed reminded him. The Colonel suddenly got red in the face.

"The —— —— pacifists in Canada and America have been bellyaching about the 'frontier of peace' for a hundred years, and they stopped the proper fortification of Puget Sound! If they'd let us arm the place as it should have been, that yellowbelly wouldn't have dared to try a landin'. The navy and the army and marines do all the talkin', but it's the coast defenses that have kept the U. S. A. a white man's country!"

QUEBEC fell to the Reds June 15, and Karakhan, establishing headquarters there, flew from the highest flagstaff above the mansard roof of the Chateau Frontenac, for the first time anywhere in the world, the new standard of his armies—the flag of miscegenation.

This rainbowlike emblem of his own design consisted of different colored rays emanating from a rising sun of composite hues. It symbolized the blending of the red, yellow, white, brown, and black races into the only species of mankind recognized by the Red Union—the HUMAN RACE.

The flaunting of this flag above the heads of the remaining French Canadians of Quebec was another defiance to the white man's color prejudice. Frenchmen who complained about the billeting of Karakhan's blacks in the same houses with white women and children were reminded, publicly, that France had quartered her Senegalese soldiers in the homes of German women during the

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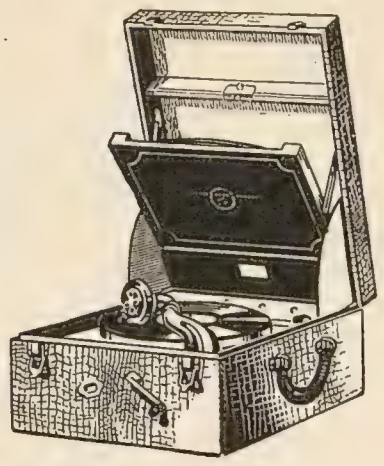

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page sixty-seven]

French occupation on the Rhine. America heard it over the Red radio.

Speed Binney and I, motoring south from Armstrong, Quebec, along the road to Augusta, Maine, loaded our car with French women and children refugees and the bundles of clothing these refugees had saved. One, a white-haired Frenchwoman whose eyes held traces of both horror and resignation, spoke:

"Oh, m'sieu', you couldn't know—I have seen our soldiers dead, unburied in the fields. Our girls—my daughter—taken, killed; my husband, my grandsons, forced to work in labor gangs under the yellow man with the whip. Every day in the village of St. Damien they shoot more—they kill! By the roads, bodies of our priests hang by the neck from the telegraph poles! Sacré Dieu! I have seen too much!"

Hampton Ferguson's forced surrender of the 20,000 survivors of his shattered Canadians at Fredericton, New Brunswick, marked the collapse of the Maritime Provinces.

Halifax had been taken by land from the rear and Red troopships and battleships filled the harbor as it had been filled back in the days of the first World War.

In the investment of St. John by the Red land forces, enemy ships entered the Bay of Fundy and unloaded supplies or debarked troops in this harbor, in which was located the largest graving dock in the world—an asset of tremendous value to Karakhan's navy operating in the West Atlantic.

America's "flivver army," so named from its varied types and kinds of impressed automobiles, from light delivery trucks to elegant limousines, failed to hold along the railroad line from Woodstock to St. Andrews, and under a constant downpour of gas and explosives from the air, was forced back across the border into Maine.

Without fuel, these troops destroyed or abandoned their improvised transport and retreated along the line of the Canadian Pacific and the Maine Central, and roads leading south.

Carey Orr in the Chicago Tribune, June 7, 1934

One of many bitterly satirical cartoons that appeared in American newspapers after Karakhan's penetration of the long sentimentalized weak spot in our coast defenses.

THE invaders had gained their first foothold in New England.

Pushing eastward along the Maine coast and southward down the valley of the Penobscot, their concentrated land and air assault on Bangor resulted in the destruction and occupation of the city two days after the capture of Quebec.

On the war maps in front of American newspaper offices, the battle line in New England on June 17 ran southward from Quebec along a line ten miles east of Jackman and thence to the coast at Belfast, Maine. Bangor was in the hands of the enemy, and the American line based its defense on the motor road connecting Augusta with the town of Armstrong, Quebec.

This front from the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic was 200 miles long.

American morale on the home front was jolted. Men turned away from the bulletin boards with grim looks in their eyes. Women questioned them.

Successive headlines in the hourly extra editions expanded slight tactical successes of American units, but this misdirected optimism failed to overcome the spread of fear.

In the five successive months of the war, 5,000,000 men had been called to the colors by President Smith. The uniform was to be seen by thousands on the streets of every American city. But for every selected man fortunate enough to receive regulation khaki, there were at least two still in civilian attire, with only a badge to indicate their service—a three-inch khaki brassard worn on the left arm.

The training camps from one end of the country to the other were packed to overflowing, with insufficient or no accommodations for the housing and feeding of the men and a woeful deficiency in instructors to train them. Thousands had never had a firearm in their hands, and for tens of thousands the government was still unable to provide.

THEY spent their time principally in setting-up exercises, field drill, and camp chores.

Theaters and halls were taken over, and in several states, penitentiaries and jails were emptied to provide quarters for the waiting draft.

Half-finished divisions of untrained recruits had been hurried to the fronts in Oregon and Mexico to replace veteran regular and National Guard divisions which had been withdrawn from the line and called back across the continent to face the greater menace in the Northeast.

Among the defeated American troops who had tried to stem the southward sweep of the Reds, morale was not of the highest.

They charged the army aviation with failing to protect them from air attack, and the Quartermaster's Department with inability to supply the fighting line with food and ammunition.

"So you're a flier, huh?" an infantry lieutenant remarked with some contempt, as Mr. Lynn, proprietor of the Hotel North in Augusta, introduced him to Speed Binney and myself. "I used to read about you war birds in France. Didn't have nothing to drink but champagne. Did a hell of a lot of fighting in the magazines about ten years after the war, as I remember it. Real hero knights of the air! Must have been different from this war. The only Yank planes I saw up north were flying south as fast as they could, with Chinks shooting feathers off their tails."

Speed's face reddened and he locked his hands behind him in a muscular effort that betrayed itself in a tensing of his shoulders.

"You're right in one way, buddy," he replied slowly, once more in possession of himself. "I'm only a kiwi. I haven't had my hands on a plane in three weeks. There are none."

"What do you mean he's right only in one way? Where's he wrong?" Mr. Lynn asked. "Why shouldn't our fliers stand and fight and defend the doughboys?"

"That used to be our damned fool system," Speed replied. "And that's why we haven't got any air force today. Every division commander on the front wanted the air corps split up and a part of it sent to him for the protection of his special division. That's what we did at Puget Sound. That's what we did in Mexico. That's one reason why they licked us.

"I've seen Karakhan's air fleet knock down everything that got near it, all the way across Europe. He didn't do it by peddling out planes to every regimental commander

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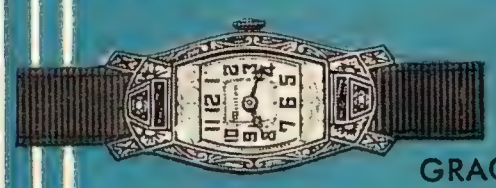
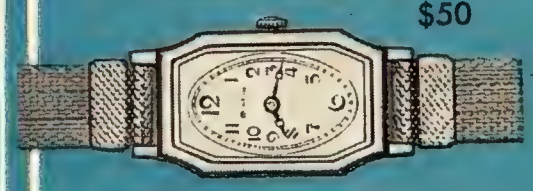


GRACIA
$50



MARTHA
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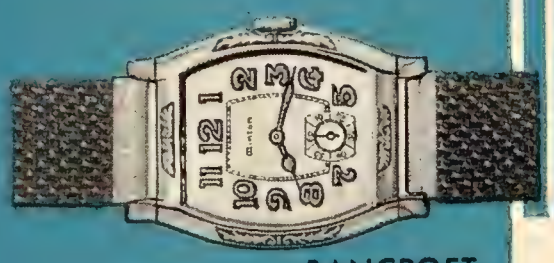

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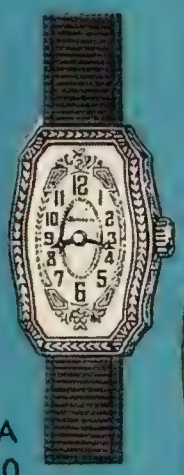

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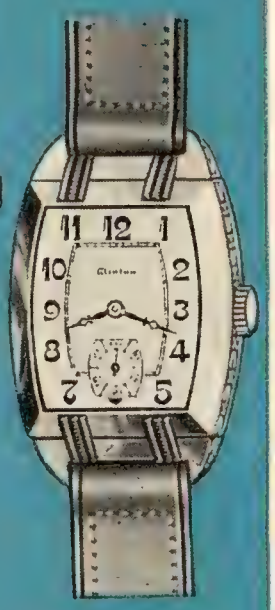

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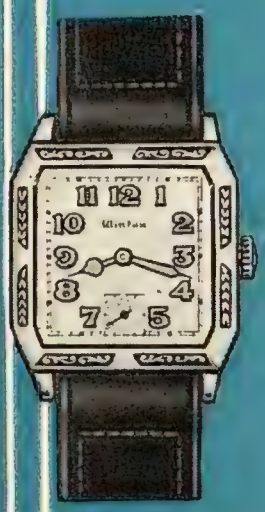

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CO-ED
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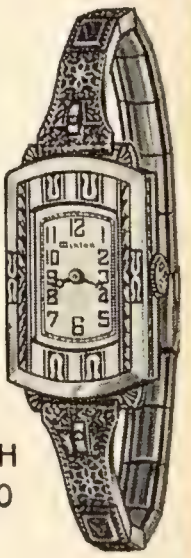

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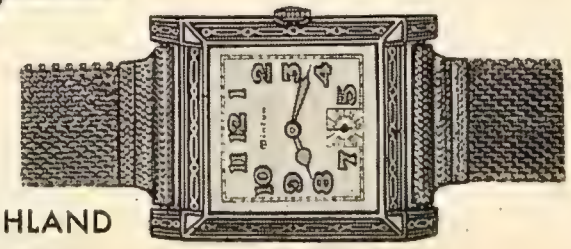

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SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

"It's all wet!" *said Noah . . . .*

"which reminds me that I'm dry!"

It was raining. It had been raining. It continued to rain. Mr. J. L. Noah, president of the Noah Navigation Company, Ltd., was down in the mouth and up in the air.

"This ark business is all wet!" he declared petulantly, "and if I ever get out of it, you can bet two pounds of animal crackers that I'm going to make for the dryest spot in the Sahara Desert. I want to reign where there is no rain.

"I'm sick and tired of looking at rain and listening to it . . . but there's just one consolation—I don't have to *drink* rain!"

Into the old navigator's eyes came a look of rare contentment as he pressed a buzzer for the second chimpanzee—"A bottle of carbonated beverage from the ice box, Jo-Jo," he ordered, "and you might take a look at the Weather Report for tomorrow!"

* * *

Which reminds us to remark that it will always be Fair Weather in your household if the ice box is laden with bottled carbonated beverages.

Free! *Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D.C.*

Bottled beverages *Carbonated*

AMERICAN BOTTLERS —OF— CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

for air patrolling. He did it by concentrating his air strength into a superior, mobile force and using it offensively. You can't win battles on the defensive in the air any more than you can on land or in a street fight. Victory goes to the side that hits the hardest blow.

"We've been spreading out our air forces and pecking at the enemy like a lot of pigeons. You know what happens to a pigeon when the hawks get after it?"

Some American air strength, however, did remain; but it had been concentrated and withdrawn for offensive action. The headlines of June 18 vindicated this change of policy in the following manner:

U. S. PLANES BOMB HALIFAX

DIRECT HIT ON RED CARGO SHIP CARRYING T. N. T. CAUSES HOLOCAUST IN HARBOR AND CITY

LOSS OF LIFE ENORMOUS

Karakhan's Atlantic Base Blown Off Map, etc., etc.

The published accounts greatly exaggerated the damage inflicted and completely ignored the fact that more than half the American planes participating were destroyed by vastly superior Red air forces which attacked them upon their return flight.

American optimism over the success of the Halifax raid was short-lived. Karakhan retaliated the following night by launching terrific air raids over Boston. Binney and I happened to be there, visiting the father and mother of Whit Dodge in their Beacon Street home.

From a wartime drawing by Clayton Knight

The second air raid over Boston in the night of June 19, 1934. Red bombers raining destruction on the Massachusetts State House and the historic Beacon Hill section.

"Beg pardon, sir"—the faultless butler addressed the elder Dodge as we sat in the rigidly precise New England living room—"but the telephone operator has just informed me that enemy airplanes are approaching the city and a raid is expected.

"The police are spreading the alarm by telephone and everyone is advised to cover all lights, extinguish all household fires, keep off the streets, and remain in the lower floors or in the basement of the house."

"Very good, Higgins," Mr. Dodge replied without emotion. "You will give the necessary instructions to the servants and arrange a divan and a coverlet for Mrs. Dodge in the basement. I would like a chair, a table, the electric reading lamp, and a pot of tea. And I say, Higgins, send down my copy of this evening's Transcript."

Binney and I bid good-by to the elderly couple and stepped out into the June night.

Fire apparatus patrolled the streets, sounding bells and sirens. The city was darkened. Hundreds packed their families in cars and sought the country, but the absence of headlights and street illumination resulted in countless collisions and traffic jams.

The first Red bomb landed in Boston Common, just off Park Street. The detonation blew all of the windows out of the State House and caved in the Cambridge tunnel and the Boston subway near the point where they cross at Tremont Street.

The raiders released brilliant calcium flares, suspended from small silken parachutes. Searchlights of the anti-aircraft batteries, located on the outskirts of the city, whipped the sky with beams of brilliance. Then came the downpour of death. One bomb, falling in the courtyard of the Copley Plaza Hotel, wrecked the front and one wing of the building and killed 180 occupants.

ANOTHER bomb crashed through the roof of the Milk Street station of the Washington Street tunnel, where 3,000 people had gathered for protection. The bodies of several hundred victims were terribly mutilated by the blast, but the greatest loss of life came from the ensuing panic. Hundreds of men, women, and children were trampled to death or suffocated in the mad crush of terror-stricken humanity following the explosion.

The congested districts of Charlestown and East and South Boston were shaken by dozens of bombs, and thousands of lives were lost in the collapse of newly erected apartment houses and in fires that broke out in the frame and brick tenement district surrounding Bunker Hill.

In Cambridge, a Red incendiary bomb, landing on top of the large building of the Athenæum Press, destroyed the well known publishing house of Ginn & Co. Another wrecked the Harvard stadium. Boston counted its dead, and the survivors of the terrible retaliation breathed a sigh of relief as the sound of the explosions and the crashes of the anti-aircraft defenses ceased, indicating that the raiders had passed over.

Throngs of the curious emerged from their shelters and returned to the downtown streets to see the damage wrought, or to shudder at the long rows of pitifully twisted bodies being brought out from demolished buildings and from the depths of the Milk Street station.

Then the second raid broke over the city. This one, as was learned later, was launched from Red sea carriers standing off the coast. Again the bombs fell, but this time there had been no warning. The planes had come in from a terrific height and dived on the city with silenced motors.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page seventy-one]

The crowds in the streets changed to panic-stricken mobs, shrieking, screaming, plunging down stairways, clogging the subway stations, hiding in cellars. The bursting of the water main in front of the Boston Opera House trapped 800 men, women, and children who were drowned like rats in the flooded basement. Gas mains broke and new fires started on the hill in Charlestown and in the Back Bay.

The physical damage inflicted by the raid was not great, and was of little military value. But the horrible loss of over 7,000 lives sent a shudder across America. Criticism hurled at Washington for the absence of air defenses was supported by the public generally throughout the country.

One wing of the Army Air Corps, consisting of fifty-four fighting planes, was almost annihilated in its heroic but futile effort to bring down the sky raiders. Only five of our airmen survived the fight.

A significant feature of the raid, which the American public failed to grasp, was that of the hundreds of bombs dropped, only three had landed anywhere near the docks and shipping district. Karakhan had no desire to destroy these facilities, which were useless to America since our ships no longer dared sail the high seas. The raiders had carefully avoided damaging the docks. Karakhan had use for them later.

One result of the Boston raid was that governors, mayors, and chambers of commerce from towns and cities all over New England petitioned Congress vigorously for the assignment of anti-aircraft batteries and air defenses to their cities; and the general staff in Washington came under a flood of bitter criticism. It stubbornly opposed this dissipation of what remained of the country's essential defenses against air attack, and President Smith had the political courage to back it up.

It could not be explained publicly that the anti-aircraft forces, and particularly the mechanized groups, were concentrated on the protection of the primary war sinews of the country: namely, the steel mills and coal mines of Pennsylvania, the water-power units at Niagara, and the vital communication arteries for iron ore at Sault Ste. Marie.

WITH the tremendous docking and terminal facilities of Quebec, St. John, and Halifax now at his disposal, Karakhan was able to accelerate his advance down the valley of the St. Lawrence and into eastern Maine. The major weight of the drive was directed in Canada.

Successively the hard-pressed lines of Canadians and Americans, stretched north and south across that forty-mile corridor, were forced to give way.

Their communications were cut behind them under a downpour of bombs. Their front lines reeled and fell back under the repeated mass attacks. Light naval forces in the river, far back of the enemy lines, shelled the American resistance points from long range. The ground forces were exposed day and night to bomb and gas attacks from above.

Trois Rivières on the right flank fell, admitting the Red naval forces to the broad expanse of Lake St. Peter. Southward from the river the defenders were compelled to withdraw from Thetford Mines to Sherbrooke to prevent a flanking movement on their exposed left.

On the Maine front the enemy pressure was lighter but persistently applied, ever assisted by squadrons of seaplanes that flew in from cargo ships stationed off the coast. Bath, Maine, was occupied by forces advancing along the coast roads through Rockland and Waldoboro.

The civilian population of Augusta moved southward through Lewiston to Portland, and after a sharp day's battle the Reds occupied the capital of the state.

American-Canadian casualties were high. Division after division, dug in behind barbed-wire defenses in reserve positions, were rolled up in the advance.

So determined was their resistance that the survivors who managed to trickle back from the front were hardly

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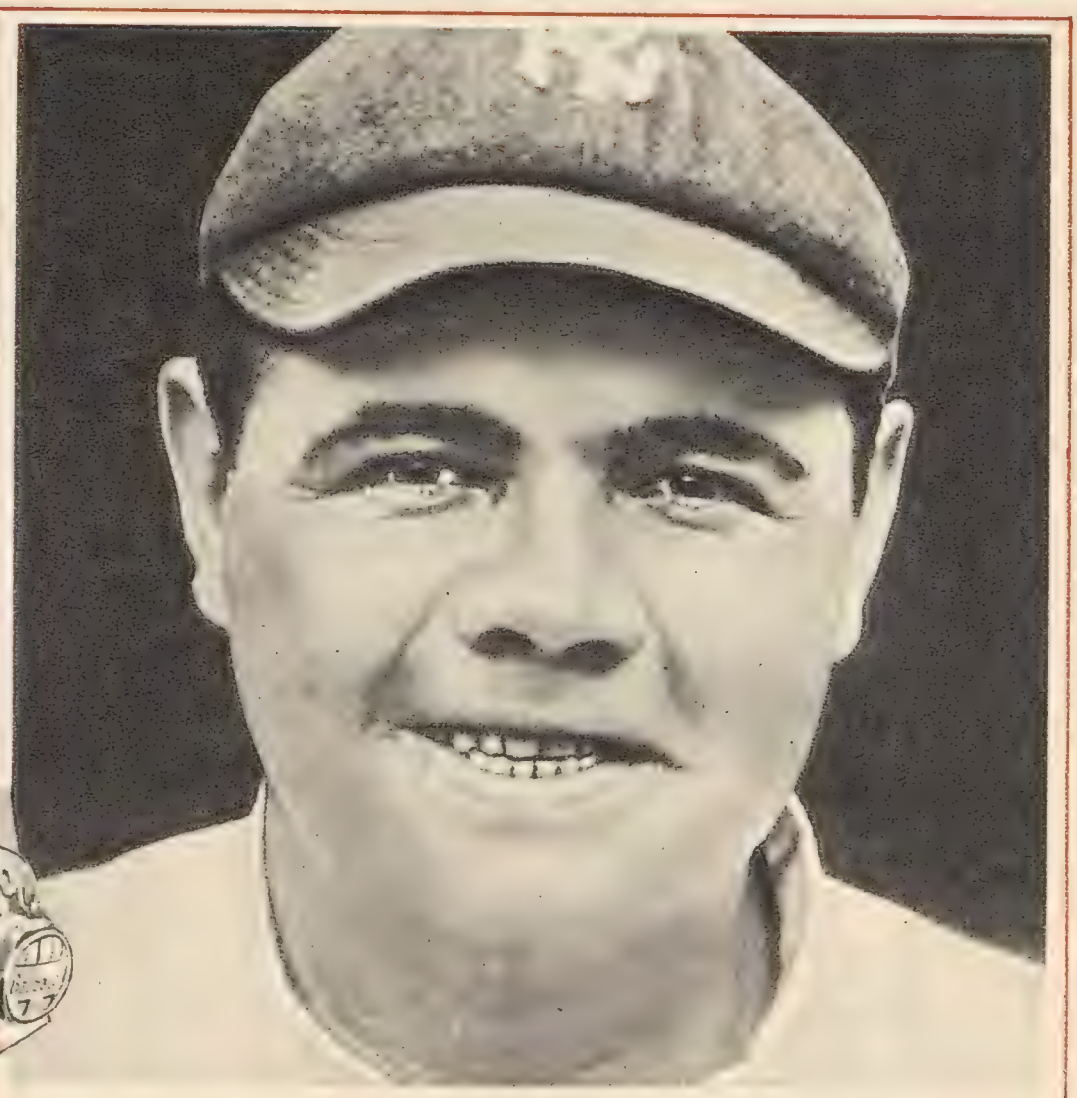

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sufficient to maintain the identity of their units. Machine gunners without ammunition fought on with rifle and bayonet, many of them dying beside their useless guns.

Karakhan's sweep up-valley from Lake St. Peter now straddled both banks of the river. The railroads leading into Montreal from the south and west were cut by air bombers as fast as engineers could repair them. Motor roads back of the Canadian-American line were torn up with huge craters, disrupting wheel transport.

On the morning of July 20 the Red advance penetrated Montreal from the north. Red hordes, moving along the right of way of the Canadian Pacific from Joliette, succeeded in crossing the Ottawa River, in spite of determined resistance by French-Canadian infantry and massed light field guns firing repeatedly from the heights of Mount Royal Park.

Karakhan, who personally directed the attack, employed his unopposed air forces to drench the wooded heights of the park with clouds of smoke and gas.

From the river, opposite Chambly, Red cruisers bombarded the city with eight-inch shells. Austrian field guns on the south bank of the river subjected the city to a terrific drum fire.

SHELLS that fell short in the artillery duel with the Canadian gunners on Mount Royal Park destroyed half the buildings of McGill University and the Royal Victoria Hospital on the edge of Fletcher's Field. Hundreds of helpless wounded and war nurses were killed.

Before withdrawing, the city's defenders set fire, but not effectually, to the extensive Angus shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The demolition squads did a better job on the locks of the canal which routes water traffic to the Great Lakes, around the Lachine Rapids. This vital communication link was completely destroyed.

Montreal capitulated on the afternoon of the 21st.

On that day the line of the front marking Karakhan's advance ran from a point on the St. Lawrence slightly southwest of Montreal, southeastward across the Richelieu River, across the old Canadian-Vermont frontier between Phillipsburg and Richford, through West Burke and Gorham in New Hampshire, and thence to the Atlantic coast at a point ten miles north of the harbor of Portland, Maine. In the thirty-six days of terrific fighting, the Reds had advanced approximately 170 miles along a front over 200 miles wide. The forward movement of the yellow horde had averaged four miles a day.

Americans and Canadians had understood how, in 1918, the German military machine had rolled across Flanders at that rate, but the bitter experience of actuality—the terrible story so apparent on the war map—had been necessary now to bring realization that such a thing could happen in North America.

Our military apologists picked a meager shred of optimism by comparing Karakhan's sweep across Europe in 1933 with his invasion of New England in 1934, and concluding that American resistance had been stiffer. It was the first time the yellow horde had encountered a nation free from internal class dissension.

In next week's installment, Karakhan takes Boston and penetrates northeastern New York. He brings Lin and Margot from Ireland to New England, and Margot informs the Americans of his plans for a great spring offensive. Washington and New York City are bombed from the air.

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FOOL ERRANT

PATRICIA WENTWORTH'S

Serial of

Dangerous Men and a Girl's Devotion

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

HUGO ROSS wanted to marry Loveday Leigh. But first there was danger to face. Hugo was secretary to Minstrel, an eminent English inventor, and Minstrel was plotting to sell invaluable plans to a foreign power, and to make it appear that Hugo had stolen them.

Hacker, Minstrel's assistant—Hélène de Lara, Loveday's cousin and hostess—Miller, a foreigner: all three were helping Minstrel.

Hugo was intrusted with the plans. At an inn, Hélène attempted to dope him. Hugo simulated doped sleep, and let her take from his pocket a set of false plans, which she gave Miller. By ill luck Hélène flirtatiously made off with Hugo's flute—and the real plans were in the flute!

PART ELEVEN—LOVEDAY LENDS A HAND

LOVEDAY looked up from a book. "What ages you've been, Hélène! Did you do your shopping? What did you buy?"

Hélène gave a faint laugh.

"One doesn't always have to buy things—sometimes one has them given to one."

Loveday went back to her book. If Hélène wanted her to ask questions, she just wasn't going to do it.

Mme. de Lara went on speaking softly to the fire:

"Yes, sometimes one has things given to one. That is better than buying—isn't it? Anyone can buy; but a gift may mean—ah well, who can tell how much a gift may mean?"

Loveday continued to read.

Hélène sighed.

"He's so young, poor boy!" She hummed just above her breath: "'No, there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream!' You are too young, *chérie*, to know what that means."

Loveday's shoulder jerked.

"Ah well," said Hélène, "you *are* very young, Loveday. And I wish—oh, I wish I were as young as you, because, you see—*he* is young!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Loveday.

"I was talking about Hugo" said Hélène sweetly. "Hugo Ross—poor boy!"

Loveday looked up.

"Why is he poor?"

"Well, he hasn't any money—has he?"

"That's not what you meant."

Hélène blew her a kiss.

"Are you interested? He would be flattered. But take care, *chérie*—he is mine."

"Is he?"

Hélène made a little malicious grimace. "You are—interested in Hugo Ross?"

"Why shouldn't I be?"

"Why should you, when you have only seen him once?"

"Perhaps I fell in love with him at first sight," said Loveday with the grave stare of a child.

"D'you hear what I say? Pick it up and give it to me properly! And don't come using your filthy foreign oaths to me!"

"If you did, you are wasting your time."

"Because he is yours?" said Loveday.

Hélène nodded. She walked across to the sofa, picked up her fur coat, and took out of the pocket the two halves of Hugo's flute.

"Is not this an original *gage d'amour?*" she said. "He gave it to me to keep for him—until he comes." Her voice sank to a low murmur on the last words.

Loveday's heart thumped hard. She didn't believe for an instant that Hugo had given the flute to Hélène—Hélène was just swanking—she had taken the flute. But why had she taken it? What had been happening? And what was going to happen?

She got as far as this, and then—the hand that was holding her book closed hard on a sharp corner; the corner made a deep dint in her palm, but Loveday didn't feel it. Hélène was holding out the two halves of the flute; the open ends were toward Loveday, and she could see in each the edges of a tight-rolled paper whorl.

She gripped the book, and she didn't cry out. Her heart gave another thump. She laughed and said, "I can't think why on earth you didn't go on the stage. You've got a simply lovely voice for it. I wish I could do things with my voice like that. Oh, by the way, Emily rang up."

"*Emily?*"

"Yes, Emily. She's back—and I can go home tomorrow. Aren't you pleased?"

"Ah now, I have loved having you—I think you know that, my dear."

Loveday didn't know it at all. But she admired the beautiful thrill in Hélène's voice and the mournful affection in her eyes.

"You seem to want me more than Emily does," she said. "Emily was just having a sense of duty about me. She said I could come back tonight if I liked, but she'd much rather I stayed till tomorrow—if you can put up with me till then."

"Oh," said Hélène, "but if she *wants* you—"

"She doesn't."

A fleeting gleam of annoyance just showed in Mme. de Lara's eyes.

LOVEDAY gazed at Hélène because she was so dreadfully afraid of looking at the flute. If only Hélène would go out of the room! She had an inspiration.

"Why don't you ring Emily up? Then *you* could give her the welcome and find out whether she's really raging and craving to have me back tonight. Because if she is, I know you'd be beautifully unselfish about it—wouldn't you? I mean you'd give me up—wouldn't you?"

"Of course," said Hélène. She went to the door, opened it, and turned on the threshold. "I don't think you really appreciate Emily," she said, and went out.

"She's simply dying to get rid of me," said Loveday to herself. "She's dying to get rid of me because she's expecting Hugo."

She jumped up with a little angry thrill running all through her. Next moment she was at the table and one of the halves of the flute was in her hand.

The plans had been rolled up very tight. She couldn't move them. How long would it take Hélène to make Emily have her back tonight? She undid her brooch, and with the help of the pin she got the tight roll to move. The paper tore, and a shred or two fell. A little more, and she could catch hold of it and pull. Out it came, and went down inside her jumper. Now the second roll. It came out more easily.

Loveday could hear Hélène at the telephone. Her voice was a great deal higher than usual. Emily was probably being firm. What on earth was she to do with the plans?

She rolled them the wrong way to straighten them. But they were awful things to hide—they crackled. If she pushed them down inside her jumper, they would crackle every time she moved. Horrible things! What on earth *was* she to do with them?

Hélène's voice stopped.

In a panic Loveday folded the papers across and shut them between the pages of her book. She pushed the book down between her and the chair.

Hélène found her kissing the top of Pif-paf-pouf's head. She smiled indulgently.

"Emily does want you, my dear. What did I tell you? I knew that she must be longing to have you back. Poor Emily! I have ordered the car for you at once. I knew she would want you to be there for dinner."

Loveday kissed Pif-paf-pouf again, slid him gently on to the hearthrug, and got up, clasping her book. She

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# of course the *name* is important!

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THE MULLED **CATSUP**

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FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-five

was now as anxious to get away as Hélène could possibly be to see her go.

"I shall just have to throw my things in," she said. "Emily's cook turns puce with rage if anyone's late for dinner." She ran upstairs.

In six minutes Loveday was descending the stairs ready for the road. Hélène came out with a beautiful parting embrace. Loveday was enfolded, kissed on both cheeks, and murmured over.

It was nearly half an hour later that Mme. de Lara's sad-faced foreign butler opened the door of her little sitting room and announced Mr. Ross. Mr. Ross came in in a hurry, heard the door close behind him, and beheld Hélène all in misty gray. She was bending over a great bowl of Parma violets; the attitude was one of extreme grace.

She said, "So you have come," and her voice was low and sweet.

Hugo found himself stammering her name.

"M-M-Madame de Lara!"

"Yes—Hugo?"

Hugo held out her note. "You asked me to c-c-come."

"Yes—Hugo."

It was a boiling fury that was making him stammer. He looked away from her and saw the flute.

It was lying on a little polished table guarded by a pair of Chinese dogs, fierce in white china which had withstood the changes and chances of four hundred years.

Hugo saw the flute, and the fury went out of him, leaving him cold and quiet. If she had the papers, she had them. He would soon know.

HE said, "You told me to come for my flute. Why did you take it, Mme. de Lara?"

She sighed and touched her lips with the violets.

"Perhaps I wanted to see you—Hugo." Then after a little pause, "Are you angry?"

Hugo said "No" quite truthfully. He wasn't angry any more. He walked to the table and picked up the two halves of his flute. Had she taken it for his sake, or for the sake of the plans? Everything turned on that. If the plans were there, if the plans were safe—

He turned the flute in his hand. The plans were gone.

He laid the flute back on the table and walked across to where Hélène was standing, watching him.

"I came here because I wanted to ask you a question."

"Yes, Hugo." She spoke like a girl who is shy of her lover.

"I came to ask you where my papers are."

Hélène de Lara gave a cry of surprise.

"Your papers! Ah now, what do you mean—Hugo?"

"You know what I mean."

"*I—know?*"

"Yes, Mme. de Lara."

"But I know nothing. What papers?"

"Mr. Minstrel's plans. I was taking them to town. I missed them at the Wheatsheaf. Where are they?"

A look of horrified distress crossed her face.

"Hugo—you do not mean it! It is not true!"

"I missed them at the Wheatsheaf."

Mme. de Lara caught him by the arm. The few sweet violets she had been holding fell to the floor.

"Hugo—my poor boy! If it is true, it is—what is it for you? Oh, it cannot be true!"

Hugo pulled his arm away.

"You were at the Wheatsheaf when I got there. I drank coffee with you. I went to sleep. After that the plans were gone."

His very bright blue eyes were fixed on her face. They read agitation, pity, sweet concern.

"Oh, my poor boy! Then it was my fault. What can I do? You were so tired—I had not the heart to wake you. And I was not out of the room for more than three or four minutes. If the plans were taken, it must have been then."

Hugo smiled. She found an irony that startled her in his eyes. She said "Oh!" And as the little sound left her lips, the door opened.

"Mr. Minstrel—Mr. Hacker," said the butler in his sad monotone.

The two men came in, and Hacker banged the door. Hugo had turned. He saw Minstrel grimly furious, Hacker the bully confessed, with an air of triumph as who should say, "The rat's in the trap. Now for some sport!"

Minstrel opened his overcoat with twitching fingers, glared through a silent minute. Then with an abrupt and nervous gesture: "Well, Ross—well?"

That he was in the wrong, and badly in the wrong, Hugo knew well enough. He had left Leonard to tell the tale he should have told himself. But there had been just the one faint chance of finding the flute unrifled. On that frail chance he had risked everything and lost. He looked steadily back at Minstrel and spoke quietly:

"Leonard has told you."

Ambrose Minstrel came out with a word which is not usually heard in drawing-rooms.

"Leonard!" he said. "Leonard has told me! Why is it left to Leonard to tell me, whilst you skulk here behind a woman? You've your lying story, no doubt, but you haven't the guts to stand up to me with it, you miserable, white-livered thief!"

He stared with his bloodshot eyes at Hugo.

"What have you got to say for yourself? My plans are gone."

"They were stolen," said Hugo.

He said this because he had to say something. He had to take his cue and play the part for which he had been cast. The play was set.

"Yes—stolen," said Minstrel with an oath. "Stolen by you and sold by you. D'you think you can humbug us? Come on, Hacker! Tell him what you told me!"

Hacker came forward. His air was sober, but his voice had the bully's note.

"You'd better make a clean breast of it," he said.

"It would be v-very convenient for you, Hacker—wouldn't it?"

Hugo had a fancy to rewrite his part. He saw Hacker stare.

"You can't get away with it, you know. You're caught out. As it happens, I'd business at the post office, and the girl asked me about the telegram you sent—something about having overcharged you. Well, I thought it a very funny telegram, and I thought it my duty to take a copy of it for Mr. Minstrel."

"What telegram do you mean?"

"ARE you going to pretend you don't know? It won't do, Ross. You wired to a fellow called Miller to meet you at five o'clock. As you didn't specify any place, it's obvious that this had already been arranged between you. You did meet Miller at the Wheatsheaf, on the London road about five miles this side of Frayling. You met him there, and you gave him the plans. You needn't trouble to lie, because Leonard's evidence can't be explained away."

Hugo looked at Minstrel.

"Are you going to say you didn't dictate that telegram to me?"

Minstrel swore again.

"You young pup! Is that your line? If it is, you'd better drop it." He laughed his rasping laugh. "So I told you to wire to Miller, did I? Perhaps I told you to sell the plans!" He laughed again. "Tell that to a jury and see if they'll believe you! Go on, Hacker!"

"It's not the first time I've come across this fellow Miller. He came nosing round here a few months back, and we sent him off with a flea in his ear. He's some sort of a Bolshevist agent and a thorough bad lot. When I went to your rooms in town and found Miller there, I thought it my duty to inform Mr. Minstrel. But he wouldn't listen to me—he said he knew when he could trust a man, and he damned me into heaps for interfering."

"That's true—I did." Minstrel was scowling, his hand at his beard. "I don't often say I'm sorry about anything, but I was a damned fool not to kick you out then and there. I was a fool, and I've got to pay for it."

"I don't think it would really have suited you to kick me out then, sir," said Hugo.

He had the satisfaction of hearing Minstrel explode:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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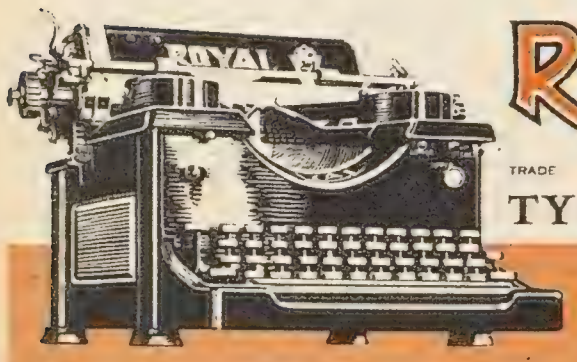

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FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-seven

"What d'you mean by that? What the blank, blank, blank d'you mean by that?"

"Something that may interest the jury," said Hugo.

Minstrel glared.

"Go on, Hacker," he said. "So *I* sent the telegram! Let's see if he'll say I wrote the letter you've got in your pocket."

"You'd better chuck it, Ross," said James Hacker. "The game's up. When Leonard came in with his story, we searched your room. This letter was found there."

He took out of his pocket a folded sheet, opened it, held it out.

"It's from a man called Rice, offering you five thousand pounds for the plans."

"I don't think he mentions plans," said Hugo. "The jury won't like it if you exaggerate, you know, Hacker. Did you find that letter tonight? Do you know, I thought you'd had it longer than that. And when did you add the naughts to Rice's fifty?"

Hacker was betrayed into bluster.

"Here—none of that! That won't go down!"

"I'll keep it for the jury," said Hugo.

Minstrel caught Hacker by the arm.

"That's enough," he said—"that's enough and to spare. Let him talk to the police if he wants to talk—I've heard enough. Hélène, may we use your telephone? . . . Ring up Ledlington, Hacker—tell them what's happened and ask them to send someone along with a warrant. No, I'd better speak myself—I'll have to make the charge. And meanwhile— Here, Hélène, those shutters of yours lock, don't they? . . . I thought so. Lock 'em, Hacker, and then we can leave Mr. Ross to devise a few more ingenious fairy tales—he'll need 'em."

With a look of contempt he turned on his heel, opened the door for Hélène to pass out. Hacker had drawn the white-painted shutters across the garden door. He locked them now and came back with the key in his hand.

THEN the three of them went out. The door closed, a key turned. Hugo was alone. He stood and looked at the door for a little while. Now that the thing had come, he felt quite quiet and cool. Nothing really mattered except the plans. Had they got them, or had they not got them? And then . . . when he said "they," which of them did he mean?

There was Hélène de Lara—and there were Minstrel and Hacker. Hélène had had the flute—and the plans were in the flute—and the plans were gone. Hélène therefore had had the plans. But had she handed them on to Minstrel and Hacker, or had she got them still? Was she, in fact, playing Minstrel's game, or was she playing a game of her own—a game in which she beckoned Hugo as a partner? She had looked at him as she went from the room—a quick backward look unseen by the others; her eyes had said something—had promised and implored.

After a minute he turned from the door and began to walk slowly up and down. It was when he turned for the third time that he saw the brooch. It lay under the table where the Ming dogs grinned fiercely over his flute. He stooped and picked it up: a basket of silver tracery heaped with tiny jeweled flowers—Loveday's brooch.

He had seen it on the front of Loveday's pink dress yesterday evening; he knew it at once. He wondered how she had dropped the brooch, and whether she had gone back to Ledlington. He hoped she had gone back, because he didn't like her being in the sort of house where Miller and Hacker could come and go as they chose.

He turned the brooch over to look at the catch. The catch was all right, but the pin was so much bent that it fixed his attention. What on earth had she done with the pin to bend it like that? She couldn't have worn the brooch in that condition—the pin was all wrenched to one side and wouldn't meet the catch. What had she been doing to wrench it like that? And why had it dropped just here by the table where his flute was lying?

He looked from the table to the brooch, and back again to the table. Then he bent forward and picked up a tiny shred of paper from the carpet just at his feet. It was a scrap of tracing paper. He stared at the bit of paper, and

then at the two halves of his flute. The brooch—the flute—the scrap of paper—Loveday!

He had wedged the plans pretty hard into the flute. Someone must have had a job to get them out. They might have been pried out with a longish pin; but the pin would get badly bent, and the paper might be torn. An empty flute, a bent pin, a torn scrap of paper, and—Loveday. Hugo very nearly shouted her name aloud, because all at once he was joyfully, unreasoningly sure that it was Loveday who had taken the plans.

He put her brooch in his pocket and examined the table closely. There were one or two more shreds of paper. He picked up the flute and held the open ends to the light. *And the open ends were scratched!* They were most blessedly and indubitably scratched.

The relief was so immense that it set Hugo's spirits bubbling crazily. He flung the flute back on the table. He wanted to laugh, and he wanted to shout. Nothing mattered if it was Loveday who had the plans.

But he must get away from here and go to her. The plans must be safe in the hands of Mr. Green of the Air Ministry before Miller discovered that he had been done. He hadn't the faintest idea how he was to get away.

A soft, undefined sound made him turn toward the hearth. The right-hand curtain moved, slid back, and discovered a door which Hélène de Lara was closing behind her.

Hélène let the curtains fall and came forward with a finger at her lips. With her other hand she caught at his sleeve.

"S-sh!" And then, "Oh, Hugo!"

"What is it?"

"I want to help you—Hugo."

She breathed quickly, and she was pale; the hand on his arm trembled.

SHE whispered close to his ear:

"I can help you to get away."

He drew back half a pace.

"And suppose I don't want to go?"

"You must—you must!"

"W-will you tell me why?"

"Because you *must* go."

This was what Hugo had said to himself; but he felt curious to know why Mme. de Lara should say it. He didn't trust her the hundredth part of an inch. He said:

"Why should I run away from a p-perfectly m-monstrous accusation?"

She was holding his arm now with both her hands.

"Hugo—I must make you see—I must make you understand. You're *ruined* if you stay. You are absolutely ruined, because they have such proofs." She shook him in what appeared to be an access of terror. "There's that letter offering you money. And Leonard says he saw you talking to a stranger in the lane one day, and he says he heard the man say you could fix your own price. And James Hacker says the girl at your rooms told him what friends you and Miller were, and that she'd heard Miller offering you any price you liked.

"No, Hugo—*listen!* You *must* listen. I only want you to see what proofs they've got. There are other things too—James told you he knew about the telegram. Oh, can't you *see* that you haven't got a chance? And Ambrose is so vindictive. He's cruel—*cruel*.

"Hugo—I'll let you out. They don't know I've come. I can help you to get away. You must go abroad where they can't touch you—I have a friend who will help you. You're not safe in England—Ambrose means to send you to prison."

Hélène was holding out the two halves of the flute.

It wasn't very easy to think in the midst of all this; but something quite clear and definite came to Hugo—a clear and definite conclusion. Mme. de Lara was lying when she said that Minstrel and Hacker didn't know that she was here. He felt quite sure that they knew, and he felt quite sure that she was here because they wanted him out of the way. Hélène was there to scare him, to get him to bolt.

THAT was the plan—a much cleverer plan than he had guessed. They wouldn't risk a prosecution. They wouldn't need to risk anything if they could induce Hugo to give himself away by bolting. Hugo in the dock might be dangerous; but Hugo a fugitive in France would be the very convenient scapegoat which they needed. The whole thing stood out sharp and clear.

This, at least, was true. He must get away, and get away quickly. And yet—if Loveday hadn't got the plans, he would be damning himself past hope. Not for the first time, the only thing to do was the thing that would damn him deepest if it didn't come off. It was hit or miss, but he had to chance it.

"Hugo—*say* something," said Hélène de Lara.

Hugo found himself stammering. "W-what do you w-w-want me to s-say?"

"Oh, so many things—only there is not time now. But one day we will meet, and you shall tell me all—all that is in your heart."

Hugo wondered if she would like it if he did. He imagined not.

He said, "How c-can I go?"

And in a moment she was at the shuttered door, unlocking it.

"This way—you must go this way—down the terrace steps and along the path." Her breath caught. "Oh—the little path! Do you remember? We came along it together. . . . Oh, you must go!"

He asked no better. But she had not played her scene to the finish yet. As he opened the door and stepped out on to the gravel, she was beside him.

"Oh, why cannot I come too?" she breathed.

"*P-please* go in."

But when he had crossed the terrace she was still at his side, a faint gray ghost in the light which came from the open window.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-nine]

"Hugo—wait! I have things—to say."

"G-good-by!"

"No, not good-by—not like that!" She pushed something down into his pocket. "There is the address I told you of—the friend who will help. You will need a passport, and you must get across quickly. He will help you if you show him what is in the packet. Oh, you must go!"

The last sentence did shake him a little; it had such a heartbroken sound. Was it all acting? He hoped with all his heart that it was—but he wasn't sure.

He had descended a couple of steps, when she called his name in an anguished whisper:

"Hugo—don't go!"

"I m-must."

He turned to say it, and felt her arms about his neck. She kissed him twice. Her face was wet. With a gasp she pushed him away.

"Oh, go—*go!*" she said; and without a word Hugo went.

He had never been so glad to say good-by to anyone before.

Hélène de Lara went back slowly to the house. Her face was tear-stained and her eyes tragic.

Ambrose Minstrel, with his back to the fire, cocked an eyebrow and pulled his beard. James Hacker, sitting carelessly on the sofa end, swung his legs and tried to look indifferent.

"A most effective scene!" said Minstrel. "Effective and affecting! I was touched to the quick. My compliments, Hélène!"

Hacker's black eyebrows drew together.

"Well, he's gone," he said—"to the devil, I hope."

"France will do," said Ambrose Minstrel. "I hope he realizes what a vindictive person I am, and that the only way he can escape penal servitude is by putting the Channel between us without a moment's delay. I don't think he's got much brain, but he'd better not have time to use what he's got. I hope you bustled him, Hélène."

Hélène threw back her head.

"He is gone. Is that not enough for you?"

"Chuck it!" said Hacker. He put a hand on her shoulder. "Look here, Hélène, you make me sick when you gas like that."

THE hand that was on her shoulder closed in a grip that made her cry out, and as the cry left her lips, the front doorbell rang in a hurried violent peal which was immediately repeated.

Hacker's grasp tightened for a moment. Then he jumped down and made a stride toward the door, and at once there came voices, footsteps, the rattle of a handle, and the vehement entrance of Mr. Miller unannounced.

He banged the door behind him and stood up against it out of breath.

"Where is he? Where is he?"

"What is it?" said Ambrose Minstrel sharply.

Hacker was staring incredulously. "What's up? Speak, can't you?"

Mr. Miller's face was pale and glistening, his red hair rumpled; he seemed half choked with rage and hurry. He pulled an envelope out of his coat pocket and flung it furiously on to the floor.

"See what the dash, dash, dash, dash blank has given me! See how he has us fooled!"

"*What?*" said Minstrel. The one word carried so much violence that Mr. Miller, with a gasp, stopped swearing.

"He has us betrayed—bamboozled! He has the trick on us played, that cursed secretary of yours!"

"*What?*" said Minstrel again.

He glared first at Miller, and then at the crumpled envelope. Two of his great strides brought him to the door.

"What's this? What are you saying? Pick it up," he said, and stirred the paper with his foot. "D'you hear what I say? Pick it up and give it to me properly! And don't come using your filthy foreign oaths to me! Do you hear? Pick it up and speak with respect, or out you go! You're not in your damned Leningrad now, Mr. Miller, and you'd do as well to remember it and mind your manners. Thank you—that's better."

He took the envelope with a certain lofty air, drew out the papers which it contained, unfolded them, glanced them rapidly over, and burst into savage laughter.

"He's right! By gum, he's right! Here, Hacker—here's for you!"

HE rolled the papers into a rough ball and tossed it to Hacker.

"Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest! It's the old moral—'Despise not thine enemy.' We've been done, my dear Hacker—done brown by an innocent, lisping fool of a boy!"

Hacker was smoothing the papers out. He was darkly flushed, but his big hands were steady.

"What is it?" said Hélène de Lara. "What has happened—James?"

Hacker held out the envelope.

"Is this what you took from him at the inn?"

"Yes—it is."

"Your envelope?" He addressed Minstrel.

"My envelope, Hacker—not my plans. Our young friend has most ingeniously extracted the plans. What you have there is rubbish!"

"He must have had it ready." Hacker spoke in a dull, brooding voice. There was something alarming about his restraint. "How did he know?"

He took Hélène by the arm with violence.

"Did you tell him? Did you give us away? Because if you did—"

Hélène cried out, "I did not—oh, I did not! Ambrose—he is hurting me! James!"

"Let go of her!" said Minstrel contemptuously. He pulled his beard, frowning.

Miller looked from one to another. He was wiping his face with a dirty silk handkerchief.

"Where is he? And where are my plans?" he burst out. "I come here because at the hotel they tell me that he has gone away in your car, with your chauffeur. It was in that car he came—isn't it? And in that car he go—and what is that? Is it your car—or what is it? What makes this? Where is he? Am I played false with? Do you betray me too?"

"Dry up!" said Hacker.

He left Hélène and came to Minstrel's side.

"Why did he come back?" he said.

Minstrel nodded.

"You have some gleams of intelligence." He rolled a red baleful eye at Miller. "That chattering monkey appears to have run to tongue. Yes—you said, why did Ross come here? That's it—why did he?"

"He came here?—he came back?" said Miller excitedly. "And why did he do so—and where are my plans?"

"Hold your tongue!" said Minstrel. "You'd better." He dropped to a low confidential tone: "He changed the plans in the car—got the false ones off on Miller—and then he came back here. Great Jupiter! Why did he do that? Why didn't he get away with the plans? He could have given Leonard the slip easily enough."

He put out a gaunt, stained hand and beckoned Hélène.

The curtain slid back, and discovered a door which Hélène was closing.

"Come here! And mind you tell the truth. You *invited* him here?"

She laughed.

"How dreadfully obvious! If you want to know, I played a little trick on him—when he was asleep at the inn. I took his flute, and I left a note to tell him that if he wanted it—" She smiled and looked down.

"I see. And he came—for—his—flute—"

He stared across her at the table where the flute lay between the grinning china dogs—stared, then went over and picked the two halves up, one in each hand. He came back as he had gone, slowly. Then all at once, with an indescribable ferocity of manner:

"He came for his flute, did he? Then why did he go away without it? You little play-acting liar!"

"Ambrose!" It was a frightened gasp.

"Hélène!" There was a frightful mockery in voice and manner.

She put her hands to her face and shivered.

"Ambrose — don't! James!" She took a step toward Hacker, but Minstrel's long arm came out and plucked her back; the bony fingers clamped her wrist.

"Ambrose—it is true. I would be afraid to tell you anything that was not true—*Ambrose.*"

He gave his raucous laugh.

"Stick to that—you'll find it safer. So you took his flute. Why?"

She spoke from behind her hands in a sobbing whisper.

"I wanted — him — to come—and get it."

"A youthful idyll in fact! Strephon and Phyllis!" He pushed her to arm's length, pulled down her hands roughly enough, and laughed again. "Phyllis! Great Jupiter —*Phyllis!* Well, you took the flute, and he came for it. He—came here—for his flute—at a moment when everything—*everything* depended on his getting clear away. He came—back—here—*for his flute.*"

Next moment she was at the table and one of the halves of the flute was in her hand.

HE had slipped the two halves into his left hand. He tossed them, now, into the air and saw them fall.

"I don't think he came back for your *beaux yeux,* Hélène. He came back for his flute because—the plans were in the flute."

"By gum!" said Hacker. The dark flush ran up to the roots of his hair. "By gum—you're right!"

He caught up one of the halves and shook it.

"It's empty—now," said Minstrel. "The plans were in the flute, and we left him alone with it and helped him to get away."

"What is this—what is this?" said Miller. "What is it that you say? What have he done?"

Hacker made a plunge at the door.

"He hasn't gone far. If he's made for the station, I'll catch him with the car."

"No!" said Hélène. "No, James—wait! You're wrong. Listen! No—really. Oh, you must listen to me! I was here when he came in. He went straight to the flute, and he picked it up. And when he turned it in his hand, I could see into the halves of it, and they were empty."

"You're not making this up? You'd better not." This was Minstrel with a rasp in his voice.

"No—it is true—really true. And besides—" She hesitated.

"Besides? Go on!"

"Ambrose! How rough you are! I am telling you. Just before he came in, I was looking at the flute. You know—I put it together—I tried to play it. Then I took it apart again. There was nothing in it—*really*—except—"

"Except *what?*"

"A little shred of paper dropped out—on to the table—oh, the smallest piece. I heard him coming and—"

Minstrel and Hacker were at the table. They spoke low to each other. Hacker moved the china dogs, went down on his hands and knees, searched the carpet, and found what Hugo had dropped—a shred of tracing paper. He got up, holding it out on his palm.

"The plans were there—the plans are gone. Will you swear the flute was empty when you handled it?"

"Yes, it was empty. It was empty before Hugo came in."

"The plans were there. This is a piece of the paper. You brought the flute here, and then—what happened then?"

"I brought it in here. I put it on the table."

"You put it on the table. Was anyone here?"

"Loveday! Oh!" said Hélène. She gave a little scream. "*Oh!*"

MINSTREL and Hacker were close on either side of her. Miller made a sound, then stopped because Minstrel jerked about, looked at him.

"*Loveday?*" said Hacker. Then quickly, "Did you leave her alone? Could she have got the papers out?"

"I went to the telephone," said Hélène.

"And left the flute?"

"Yes—I left it. How could I know?"

"Then *she* stole the plans."

"Great Jupiter!" said Minstrel quite softly.

Hacker broke in again: "Where is she?"

"Gone home—gone back to Ledlington, to Emily Brown."

None of them had heard the door open. The sad-faced butler stood there looking apologetic.

"It is Mrs. Brown on the telephone, madame."

"Mrs. Brown!" Hélène's hand went to her throat.

"Yes, madame." He stood there bowing.

Minstrel nodded, and Hélène de Lara went out quickly.

They heard her cross the hall and then the door closed behind Antoine.

No one spoke until, with the sound of running feet, Hélène came back, opening the door with a push and slamming it behind her. Her eyes were really frightened.

"She's gone," she said.

"Gone?"

"Loveday—she's gone."

"Pull yourself together."

"She's gone," said Hélène in a shaken voice. "Emily says—they found her suitcase in the porch—nobody has seen her—she's gone."

"Then she *did* take the plans!" said Hacker with an oath.

Hugo's and Loveday's troubles aren't over yet. Watch their further adventures, and learn their final destiny, in next week's concluding installment of this story.

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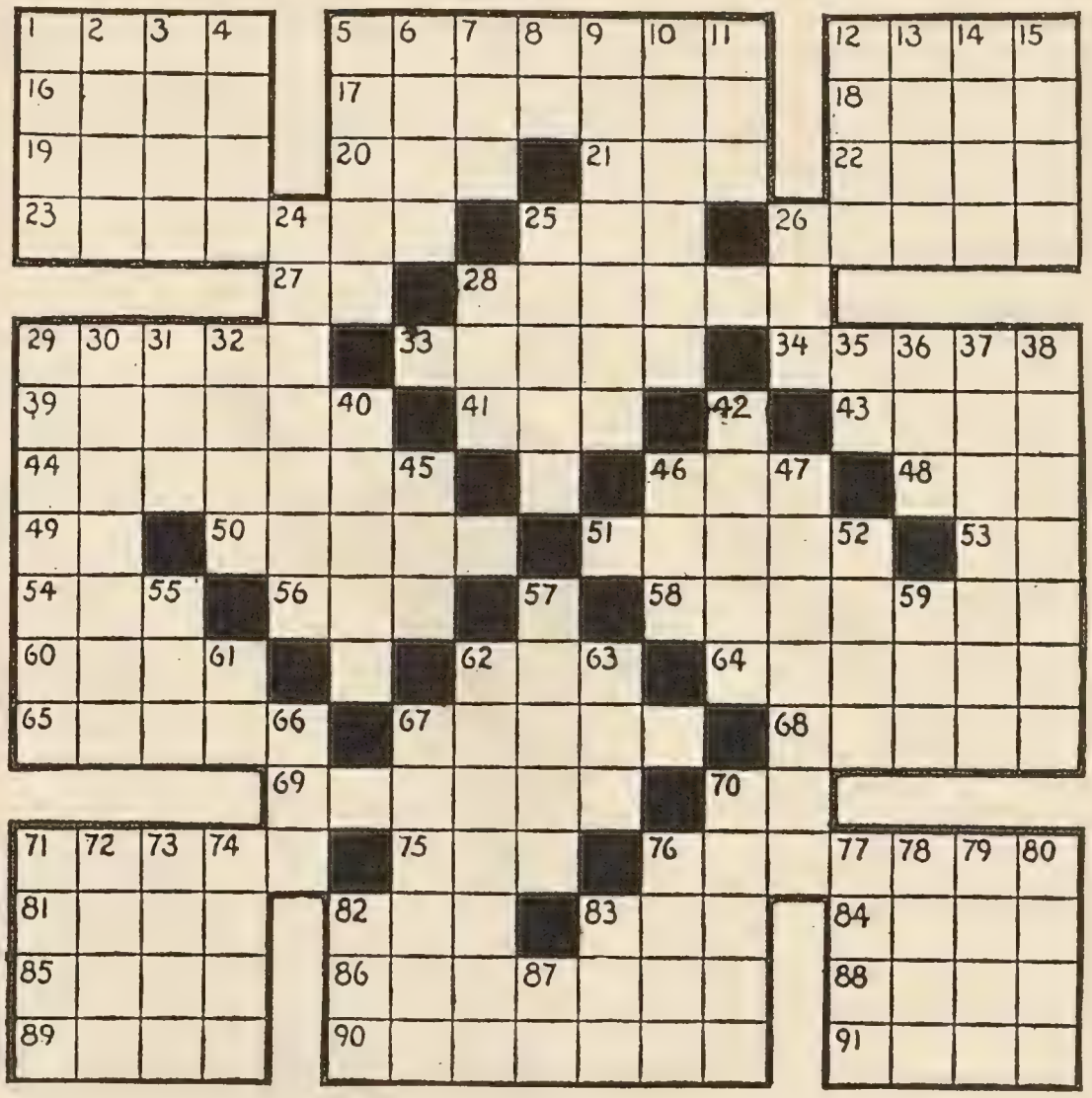
Two New Puzzles

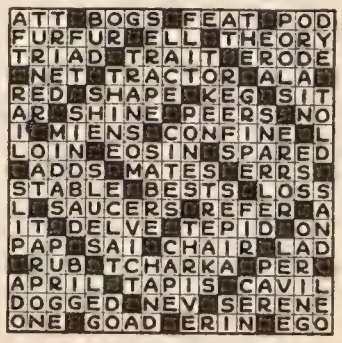


HORIZONTAL

1 Is obligated to
5 Reverenced
12 Inspired with dread
16 Incarnation of Vishnu
17 Stimulate or incite
18 Foundation
19 Seed covering
20 Man's nickname
21 Article
22 Bird of prey
23 Established
25 High priest
26 Serpent
27 Like
28 Pungent eatables
29 Walk pompously
33 Profits
34 Paces
39 Springs up
41 Freeze
43 Wings
44 Region on both sides of Niger River
46 Jump
48 Beverage
49 Note of the diatonic scale
50 Crude potash
51 Irish poet
53 Measure of area
54 Lofty mountain peak
56 An area of ground
58 Make faces
60 Jump
62 Gear-wheel tooth
64 Strikes
65 Stalk or stem of grain
67 Of the Pope
68 Exert pressure
69 Unburnt sun-dried bricks
70 Pronoun
71 One of the twelve disciples
75 Youth
76 Spanked
81 Beyond in amount or degree
82 Manner; style
83 Spasm
84 Scarce
85 Sidelong or malign look
86 Barren
88 River in Belgium
89 Weapons
90 Ran out (cant)
91 Preparatory school (slang)

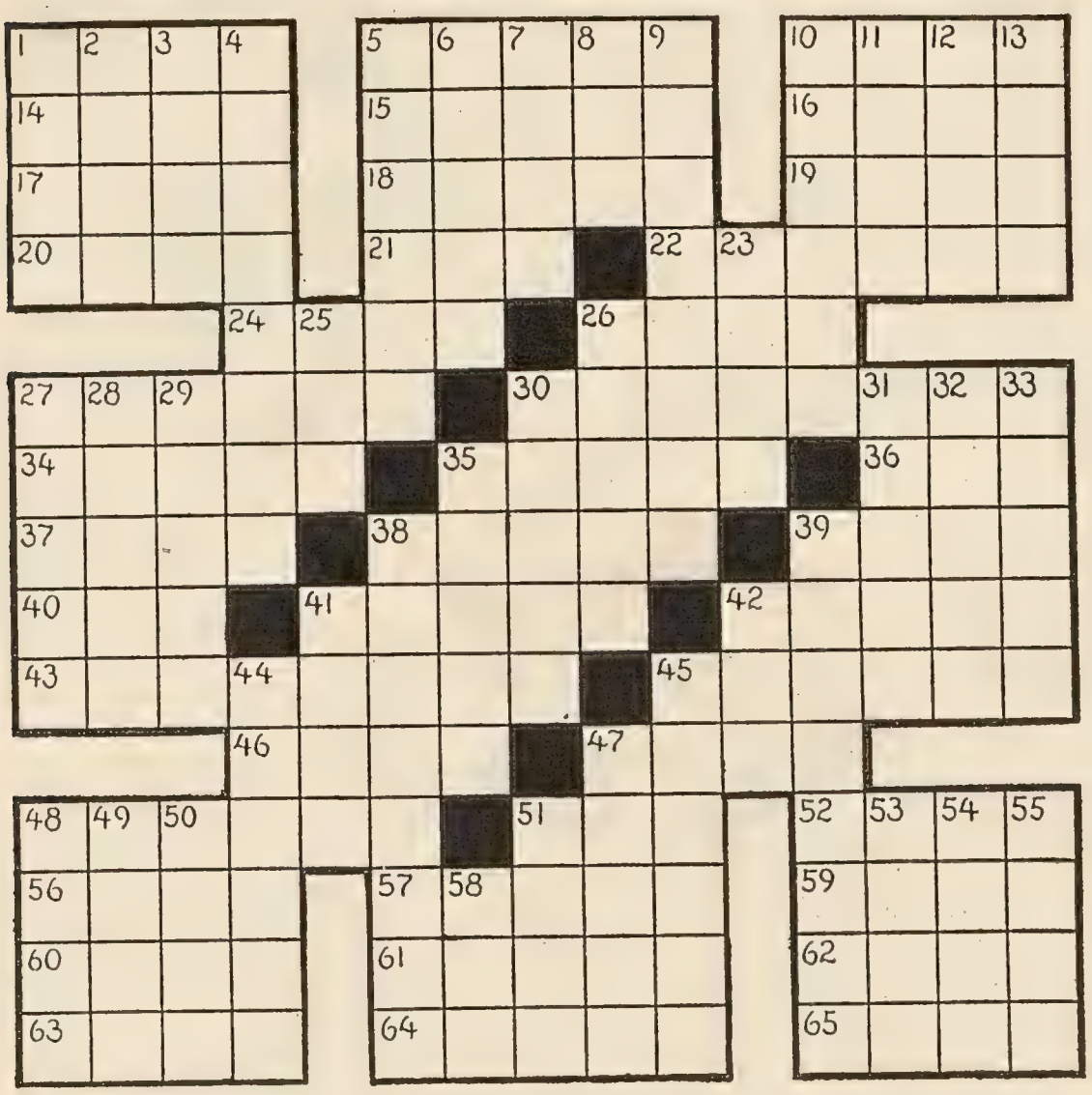
VERTICAL

1 Ancient money of account (plural)
2 Small skin tumor
3 Send forth
4 Brine
5 Classifies
6 Woman's name
7 Vigor
8 Printer's measure
9 Step of a rope ladder (nautical)
10 Science of morals
11 River in Scotland
12 In bed
13 Division of a city
14 Slave
15 An animal
24 Of the side
25 Heroic poems
26 Equine animal
28 Capuchin monkey
29 Foot covering (plural)
30 Form of verse
31 To equip
32 Utilizes
35 The symbol for tantalum
36 Note of Guido's scale
37 Sumptuous abodes
38 Prophetess
40 Fodder receptacles
42 Ill-bred persons
45 Islet
46 Swine
47 Dressed affectedly
52 Arabian commander
55 Equality
57 Acted spiritlessly
59 Devoured
61 Parent
62 Small table or tray
63 A fuel
66 Conflict
67 Civil
70 Abhorred
71 Austrian seaport
72 Always
73 Abound
74 Strays
76 Stack
77 Minute quantity or portion
78 Den
79 Language of Scotch Highlanders
80 Profound
82 A viper
83 A tree
87 Note of the diatonic scale



Answer to last week's puzzle

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 To take the part of another
5 A system of phonetic notation
10 Disease of cultivated plants
14 Watering place in Scotland
15 Biblical town (Num. xxxiii)
16 Any of several vetches
17 Parasitic insects
18 Altar slab
19 A city in Kansas
20 River in Germany
21 Inquire
22 Bombards
24 Ceased to be present
26 Device for arresting or limiting motion
27 Head of an Arab clan (plural)
30 Load-line mark on a vessel's side
34 Any measured or regular beat
35 Protect with crossbars, as a window
36 A constellation
37 Priest of a Mohammedan mosque
38 An intimate companion
39 A bubble formed by effervescence
40 Tackle used to hoist an anchor
41 Throw
42 A fruit
43 Tolling a funeral bell
45 Forms by twisting
46 Incalculable periods of time
47 Versifier
48 A deep red color
51 More (music)
52 Exalted
56 Passageway in a mine
57 Any of various willows
59 Feminine proper name
60 Happening not long ago
61 One single occasion
62 Wanting fullness or sufficiency
63 Word of ratification
64 Charger
65 Support for a square sail

VERTICAL

1 A variety of the game of ombre
2 Lizard of the Philippine Islands
3 European cyprinoid fish
4 A doctrine in ethics
5 People of an ancient empire
6 Excessively corpulent
7 A cenobite
8 A pronoun
9 Moral or spiritual purity
10 Precipices
11 Masculine proper name
12 Appendage of certain seeds
13 Insects
23 Habitual abode of one's family
25 South American wood sorrel (variant)
26 Popular cant
27 New and fresh
28 Relating to man
29 To fill with exultation
30 Sharp point or sharp-pointed instrument
31 A fat
32 A formal parting; farewell
33 Something which draws or attracts (plural)
35 Broad smiles
38 A kind of apple (plural)
39 Joyously
41 Free mass of floating ice
42 Be indebted to
44 Pertaining to a season of fasting
45 Traveled
47 To enlarge or repair by adding
48 Gay and lively celebration
49 Masculine proper name
50 Ceremony
51 Waste away with longing
53 An intention or design
54 Snarl
55 Style of an artist
58 Habitual drunkard

C	R	A	B		B	O	O	Z	E		S	M	E	W
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T	O	D	S		S	T	I	E	S		E	L	S	E

Answer to last week's puzzle

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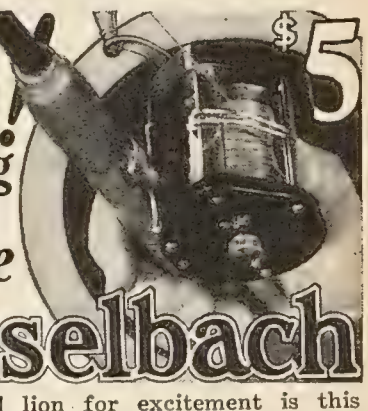

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Cool Meals for Hot Days

By Ethel Somers

An attractive dessert is made by filling orange skins with appropriate ices.

NOW is the time to prepare for sultry days ahead. No matter how cool you may dress, you will suffer from the heat if you eat the wrong foods.

Correct summer cookery tempts us to proper eating habits. The foods chosen must be light yet nourishing, and refreshing menu items should be given prominence.

Toasted Tower Sandwiches

6 slices broiled bacon, chopped
2 tablespoons minced olives
¼ cup minced pimento (or 2 hard-cooked eggs)
3 tablespoons mayonnaise
Lettuce, if desired
12 thin slices bread
6 tomato slices ½ inch thick
6 cubes cheese
6 slices uncooked bacon
Parsley to garnish

MIX the first four ingredients until well blended and spread between two buttered slices of bread in sandwich fashion. Lettuce may be added. Place the resulting six sandwiches on a grill or on a broiler rack with the broiling flame turned high, and brown on both sides. Top each of the toasted sandwiches with a slice of tomato cut one-half inch thick. Mount with a cube of cheese; add a slice of bacon, halved and arranged crisscross over the cheese. Place again under the broiler flame and cook until the bacon is crisped and well browned. If the grill is being used, assemble all after broiling the bacon. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

Tower sandwiches form a good main dish in sultry weather.

Rolled Watercress Sandwich

½ loaf fresh bread
¼ cup butter
1 cup minced watercress

CREAM the butter and blend it with the minced watercress. Remove the crust from the bread before slicing. Before cutting into one-eighth inch slices spread each lightly with the creamed-butter-watercress mixture, covering the slice right to the outer edges. If a wide spatula is available, place the sliced bread in rows and spread all at once. Lay the slices on a dampened towel to prevent drying of the surface, which would result in cracking when the sandwich is rolled. Then, with the aid of the towel, roll each slice into a tight roll, just as you would a jelly roll. The result will be a thin roll one-half to three-quarters of an inch thick and three to four inches in length.

Wrap the rolled sandwiches in a dampened towel and place in the refrigerator until ready to serve.

Orange-Flower Dessert

7 orange skins
½ pint orange ice
1 pint pineapple ice cream
½ pint whipping cream
2 tablespoons sugar

SIX of the orange rinds are to be used as containers for the dessert service, while the seventh is grated. The containers are formed by cutting each rind into eighths, leaving a circle at the base uncut (radius three-quarters inch). Fill with pineapple ice cream topped with orange ice; garnish with whipped cream flavored with sugar and grated orange rind.

Some Good Salad Combinations

Dandelion greens, pickled beets, minced bacon, grated onion.
Dandelion greens, cress, chives.
Asparagus, chives, orange, endive.
Celery, apples, green pepper, escarole.
Carrots, cress, cabbage, lettuce.
Tomato, celery, green pepper, watercress.
Watercress and grated onion.
Lettuce and very thinly sliced cucumber.
Lettuce or any salad green, shredded.

PLACE the cleaned and chilled vegetables in a salad bowl. It is very important that they be well dried after washing. At the table, in the French style, toss the vegetables with a salad server while sprinkling over the ingredients three tablespoons salad oil, one tablespoon honey or sugar, one tablespoon vinegar or citrus fruit juice, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-sixteenth teaspoon pepper. It is important that the seasonings be thoroughly blended throughout the vegetables. Herein lies the art of the French chef's tossing. If desired, the dressing may be thoroughly mixed in a cruet before scattering over the salad.

Suggestions for Fruit-Juice Cocktails

1 cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon confectioner's sugar or sugar sirup.

½ cup grapefruit juice, ½ cup cold water, 1 to 2 tablespoons confectioner's sugar or sugar sirup.

¼ cup diced or crushed pineapple, ½ tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon confectioner's sugar or sugar sirup.

1 tablespoon lime juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 2 tablespoons grape juice, 2 tablespoons sugar sirup.

⅔ cup ginger ale added to any of these combinations will give zest.

ADD the chosen ingredients to one-half glass of cracked ice just before serving. Sugar sirup, which is preferable if at hand, may be made by boiling together one cup of sugar and one cup of water to 218° F. or until a thin sirup forms. If this is to be kept, add two tablespoons of white corn sirup.

WARM weather demands specially thought out dishes if we are to keep hitting along at full efficiency. The recipes given on this page are designed to tempt the most heat-jaded appetite. Many others, including recipes for cooling salads, nourishing and snappy drinks, etc., will be found in the three LIBERTY cookbooks. Each of these handy little books costs only 10 cents. You may have all three for 25 cents. In sending for them please use the coupon.

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SMART COIFFURES

By EILEEN BOURNE

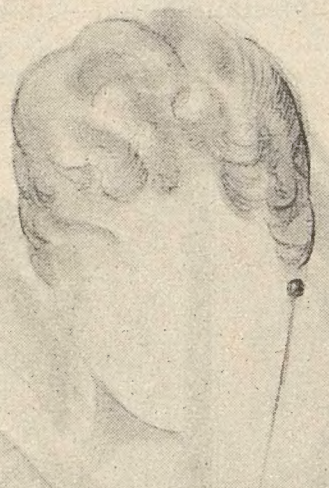
THE status of the coiffure is so little changed from a year ago, we haven't any radical departures to offer. The long-haired cult has a few more devotees, but the short-haired ranks haven't been noticeably depleted. What individuality you can bring down upon your own head is about the only hairdressing news there is. And here you are permitted a wide latitude. You can steal an idea from the old masters, from Greek sculpture, or from one of our modern painters. Everything goes—if it prove becoming and chic. If you're weary of the old style, try a new one.

Training and discipline are needed to achieve this "easy" coiffure.

At the left: Early American—reminiscent of Colonial days and white wigs.

Above: Soft rolls relieve the severity of straight hair and center parting.

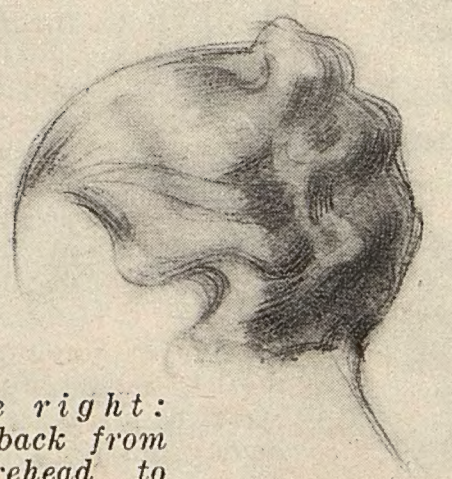
Above: A petal fringe and petal-like waves falling softly over the ears.



Above: Raggedy Ann back and front —suitable for a cute, pert maiden.

At the left: Artful artistry with the shears made this windblown bob.

Above: Curls arranged high in front with a plain cut at the back.



Above: If Nature denied you the widow's peak, make one of your own.

At the right: An ear half curtained has a delicate, feminine lure.

At the right: Drawn back from the forehead to meet small curls.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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Style Logic for Brown Hair

By Bettina Bedwell

Patou's Mimosa in yellow and white.

Paris.

TRACKING down a brown-haired woman whose art with clothes and the wearing thereof has put her away up front among the best dressed in the world is no vacation pastime. I have had to winnow out many who did it by instinct, or because their high-priced dressmakers told them to. What I wanted was one who had worked out a lot of clothes wisdom in dressing up to her brown hair and its complementary complexion; one who was recognized by the powerful minority of expert clothes critics in Paris to have the spiritual as well as "material goods" of chic.

Allow me to present the lady, who is by all odds the wisest as well as the most successfully dressed brown-haired woman in Paris—Mme. la Comtesse Bouet-Willaumez, picture herewith. She has remained true to her brown hair *au naturel*, and by clever selection of clothes has made this color something quite as much to be raved about as gold or raven locks. She is tall, slender, athletic, with blue-gray eyes and medium complexion—just like you and me. Style logic made her success.

Comtesse Bouet-Willaumez wears only clear, true colors, never anything brilliant or dead looking. She limits her color scheme to three shades in a season, and these are, this year, black, white, and clear, pure beige. No brilliant surfaces in fabrics for her, but *mat* materials, or rich, velvety tissues.

Mustn't outdo your hair, you know. If you wear dead black your hair appears immediately richer in tone, and white has the same effect. Beige, if it's clear and delicate, also makes brown hair appear more beautiful. If you can get a brown that complements your hair, you may wear it. Keep away from mixed tones of any color. Brown-haired women may wear pink if there is some gold in their hair, and this is true also of yellow and blue. Green is for those whose locks are generously sprinkled with red. Be sure these shades are clear as a summer sky. Mme. la Comtesse wears grayish beige stockings with all dark-colored clothes, and flesh tones with bright shades and white. All extremities, such as hats, bags, shoes, etc., should be in one color. The scarf or a flower is a charming "pick-up" to a sober costume.

A black coat with a beige, yellow, and black frock.

As to hats, Comtesse Bouet-Willaumez says: "Always choose hats that suit your individuality of face and head. Why wear a cutaway hat if you look better in a down-turned brim? I know I look best in brimmed hats, so that if all Paris were wearing small cutaway hats, I should stick to my own ideas. If I had a small-featured face, I should always wear a small hat. Your hair needn't be considered in choosing your hat. Wear one that complements your face and head, and don't forget that it must be in harmony with your full-length silhouette.

"I love tweeds or corduroy for sports and practical wear. I never wear furs for sports. I find brown suède more harmonious than any fur.

"I am tall, but I wear long, slender lines none the less, and I always wear my skirts well below the knees. The waistline is placed not high or low, but to secure good proportions between waist and skirt. I wear only the simplest of pumps, and for sports low-heeled oxfords.

"I never go out morning, noon, or night without a dress that has its coat, and this is possible to the most limited wardrobe by keeping to one or two colors."

Four of Comtesse Bouet-Willaumez' favorite costumes are sketched by her husband, who is a well known artist.

This princesse gown of black chiffon is from Patou.

Comtesse Bouet-Willaumez wearing a Lelong tailleur of black tweed with a black-and-white foulard scarf.

A suit and sweater in beige with a white blouse.

"Reach for a Lucky - instead of a sweet"

"The only cigarette I serve to my friends"

Marjorie Oelrichs

Miss Marjorie Oelrichs, Prominent in the fashionable circles of Newport and New York

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

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24,872 doorbells brought this beauty-answer

[And 69 skin specialists agreed. I've seen the records!]

YOU really should *hear* some of the questions that fill my days! Questions about sterling silver and bonds and galoshes and baking powder and—Camay.

For I've the fascinating job of giving advice to business men about women and their ways! Not that I depend on just what I think or feel. I go out and talk to hundreds of women and girls about every important new question.

Did *your* doorbell ring?

But when the makers of this new kind of soap — Camay —came to me and asked me to contribute what *they* called the "woman's angle," I found they had already talked to literally thousands of you.

For example, some of you in Dayton, Ohio, who are reading this, may remember answering your doorbell some months ago to find a caller who said, "Good morning—*will* you tell me which of these perfumes you like best?"

Again, in Buffalo, New York, some of you had two callers—one who gave you a cake of Camay and asked you to try it; another, several weeks later, to ask you about Camay's lather. "Was it instant and free? Did it feel soft and velvety on your face? Did it rinse off quickly?"

In all, there were calls on 24,872 of you before Camay became its present smooth, creamy self!

I made a beauty-call, too!

Now with all that, you may think there was nothing left for *me* to do. But I wanted to have scientific medical approval of the perfect mildness and gentleness *I myself* had found in Camay's fragrant, feathery lather.

So I took Camay to the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States, himself one of the best-known skin specialists in the country.

He was most sympathetic with Procter & Gamble's desire to give you a perfumed complexion soap of the proper quality—that would give your skin the *right* kind of care to keep it fresh and clear and lovely. He agreed to have Camay analyzed, and test it thoroughly in use.

Why dermatologists approve Camay

And he also sent copies of Camay's analysis to 68 leading dermatologists and asked them to examine it and test Camay too. Most of these doctors are heads of the department of dermatology in the largest American universities and hospitals.

Now I am very happy to tell you that because these skin specialists found Camay was gentle enough for even the most delicate complexions, they have given Camay their unanimous approval.

So you can know Camay is just the kind of soap these scientists would recommend for *your* complexion.

Could *any* soap offer more?

Helen Chase

Free! For you—Complexion help from famous skin specialists. All the things I learned about complexions from the famous dermatologists I consulted about Camay. Dry skins; Oily skins; Sensitive skins are all discussed. Care in Winter and in Summer; with Hard Water and Soft. And many other important subjects. Write for Booklet A to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-69, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE